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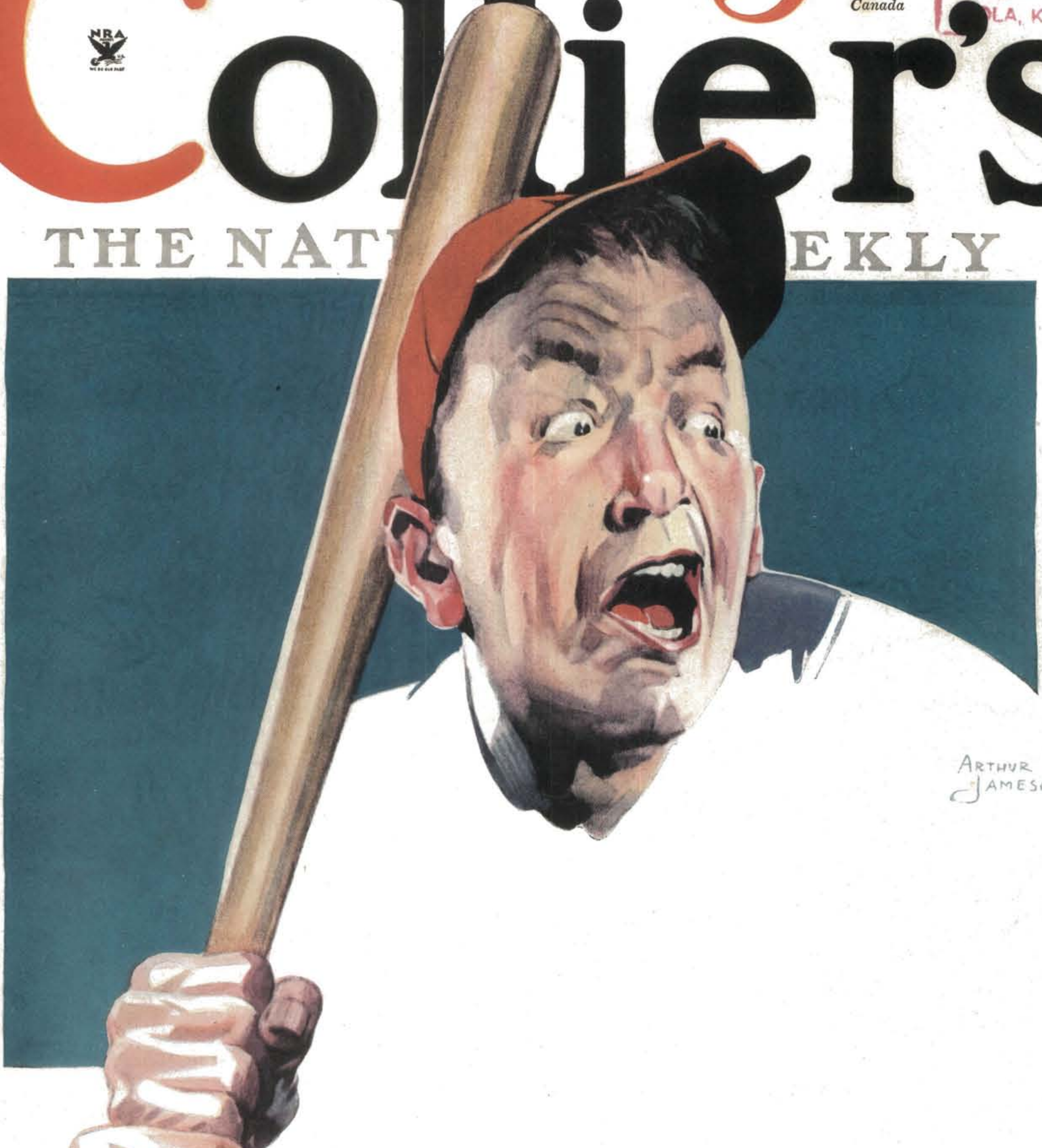

ARTHUR E. JAMESON.

Fannie Hurst

W. B. Courtney

Bernard DeVoto

Quentin Reynolds

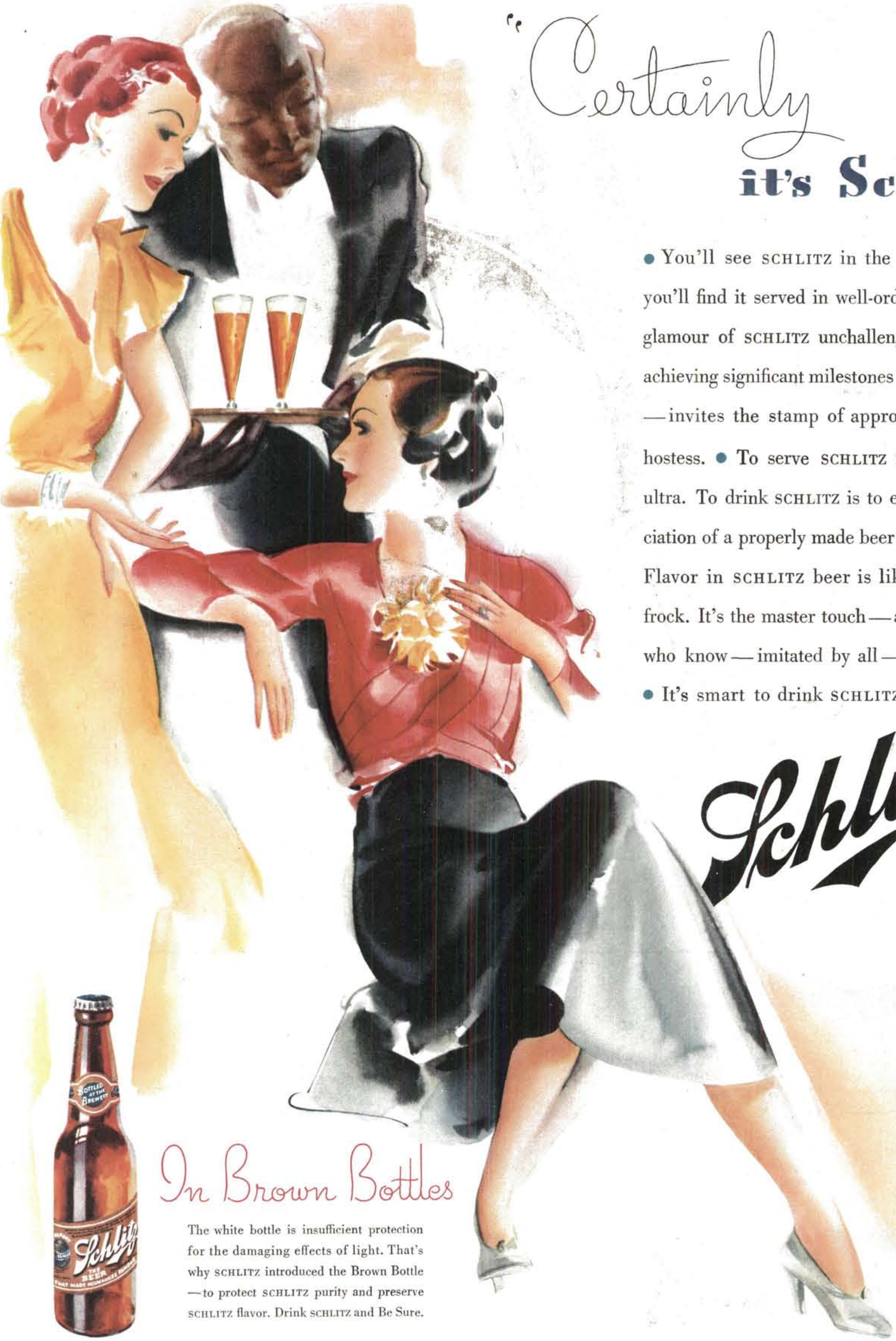
Arthur Somers Roche

PRIL 14, 1934

"Certainly it's Schlitz"

• You'll see SCHLITZ in the smartest places—you'll find it served in well-ordered homes. • The glamour of SCHLITZ unchallenged leadership—in achieving significant milestones in the art of brewing—invites the stamp of approval from the smart hostess. • To serve SCHLITZ in Brown Bottles is ultra. To drink SCHLITZ is to exhibit a keen appreciation of a properly made beer of marvelous flavor. Flavor in SCHLITZ beer is like style in a Worth frock. It's the master touch—appreciated by those who know—imitated by all—achieved by a few. • It's smart to drink SCHLITZ in Brown Bottles.

Schlitz


Bottled at the Brewery
Schlitz
The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

In Brown Bottles

The white bottle is insufficient protection for the damaging effects of light. That's why SCHLITZ introduced the Brown Bottle—to protect SCHLITZ purity and preserve SCHLITZ flavor. Drink SCHLITZ and Be Sure.

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Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

"YES, MOTHER. *She's right here*"

AT THE close of the day, at the end of the week, at the turn of the year, when your mind ranges back to sum it up, what counts for most?

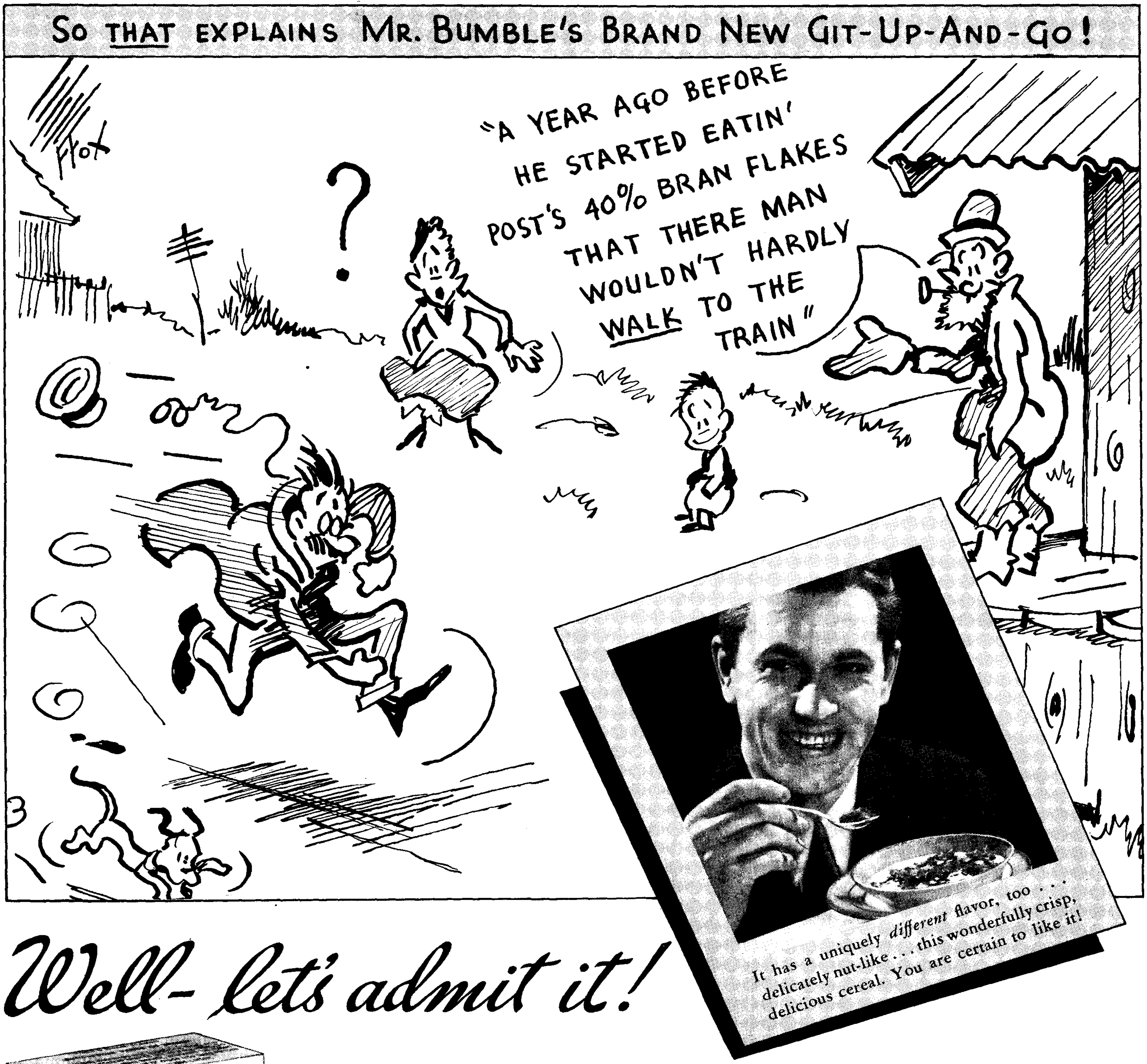
Is it not the people you spoke to and what you said to them and what they said to you? The ideas born in conversation, the new slant given to your thoughts by a word or two, the greetings and farewells, the advice and the admonitions, the hopes confessed and questions answered—these and a thousand other vocal expressions of human contact make up the story of our lives.

To be cut off from human contact is to live but part of life. The wonder of the telephone is that it multiplies human contacts, restores broken ones, strengthens strained ones and constantly develops new ones. In spite of distance or storm or inability to move about freely, you can be as active, sociable, alert and informed as you wish by telephone.

Just think of this the next time you use the telephone. With no greater effort than the calling of a number or the turning of a dial, you can speak to almost anyone, anywhere. No place or person is far away when you can say—"I'll call you up."

Is this somebody's birthday? Is someone in another town being married or celebrating a wedding anniversary? The sound of your voice and your good wishes will brighten the day. The rates are low. You can make a daytime station-to-station call to most places 75 *miles away for about* 50c. *During the evening and night periods many rates are* 15% *to* 40% *lower than in the daytime.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM


SO THAT EXPLAINS MR. BUMBLE'S BRAND NEW GIT-UP-AND-GO!
"A YEAR AGO BEFORE HE STARTED EATIN' POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES THAT THERE MAN WOULDN'T HARDLY WALK TO THE TRAIN"
?
FFox

It has a uniquely *different* flavor, too . . . delicately nut-like . . . this wonderfully crisp, delicious cereal. You are certain to like it!

Well- let's admit it!

Post's
40% BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
THE NEW CRISP PACK
A Delicious Cereal
A Gentle Laxative

This astounding change in Mr. Bumble is, perhaps, a bit er—exaggerated!

HOWEVER—we *will* go this far. We'll make the suggestion that if you are feeling slow, low and "generally no good", the trouble might easily be a sluggish intestine—the kind of trouble that frequently results from insufficient bulk in the diet.

That's why we'd like to make this simple suggestion: Why not start eating Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat? It contains bran for that bulk you need—the bulk that is necessary to keep food wastes moving normally and naturally along the intestinal tract.

You may be surprised at the difference it makes in the way you feel. And you'll surely be surprised to find what downright "good eating" Post's 40% Bran Flakes is. A lot of people are inclined to call it the most delicious cereal they know.

So why not try eating it regularly for awhile—for the enjoyment you'll get as well as the good it may do?

All grocers have Post's 40% Bran Flakes. And it costs so little! It is a product of General Foods. © G. F. Corp., 1934

Collier's The National Weekly for April 14, 1934

Choice of Weapons

By Bernard DeVoto

As wild a romance, in its curious way, as any the West ever knew. And it all happened in the quiet Boston sector

THAT was a strange year, 1919-20, when some three hundred of us came back to Harvard after military service. It was strange to wear trousers that let the breeze up one's legs, strange to see Harvard Yard inhabited by young boys, strange to be a student and subordinate after giving commands for many months. That last strangeness met me at once. I was in a room where a minor official was directing registration. He spoke to me curtly and contemptuously. Now I had been the most inglorious of infantry captains, never having crossed salt water, but after all I had been a captain. I replied with equal curtness, and even more contempt. So the astonishingly young Harvard boys gaped at me and out of a corner shambled a tall Yankee with his hand out.

Talbot King grinned at me, and when I heard his half stammer, two years dropped away. "Nice s-summary court, Benny. So you survived a war to die of boredom at Harvard C-college?"

"Why boredom?" I asked. "I'm glad to be back."

In the summer of 1917 we had shared a pup tent in the Harvard Regiment, an engaging and slightly preposterous military organization. King and I had left it at about the same time, he to report to a flying school, I to take a "commission from civil life," and this was our first meeting in more than two years. Wandering across the Yard with him, my mind hummed with questions. I wanted to ask him about T. Stuart Blaisdel, the student-captain of J Company, whom King and I had once so memorably humiliated. I wanted to ask him about Penelope Thornton, whom I would always remember smiling in the sunset light at Barre. Oh, especially I wanted to ask him about Penelope.

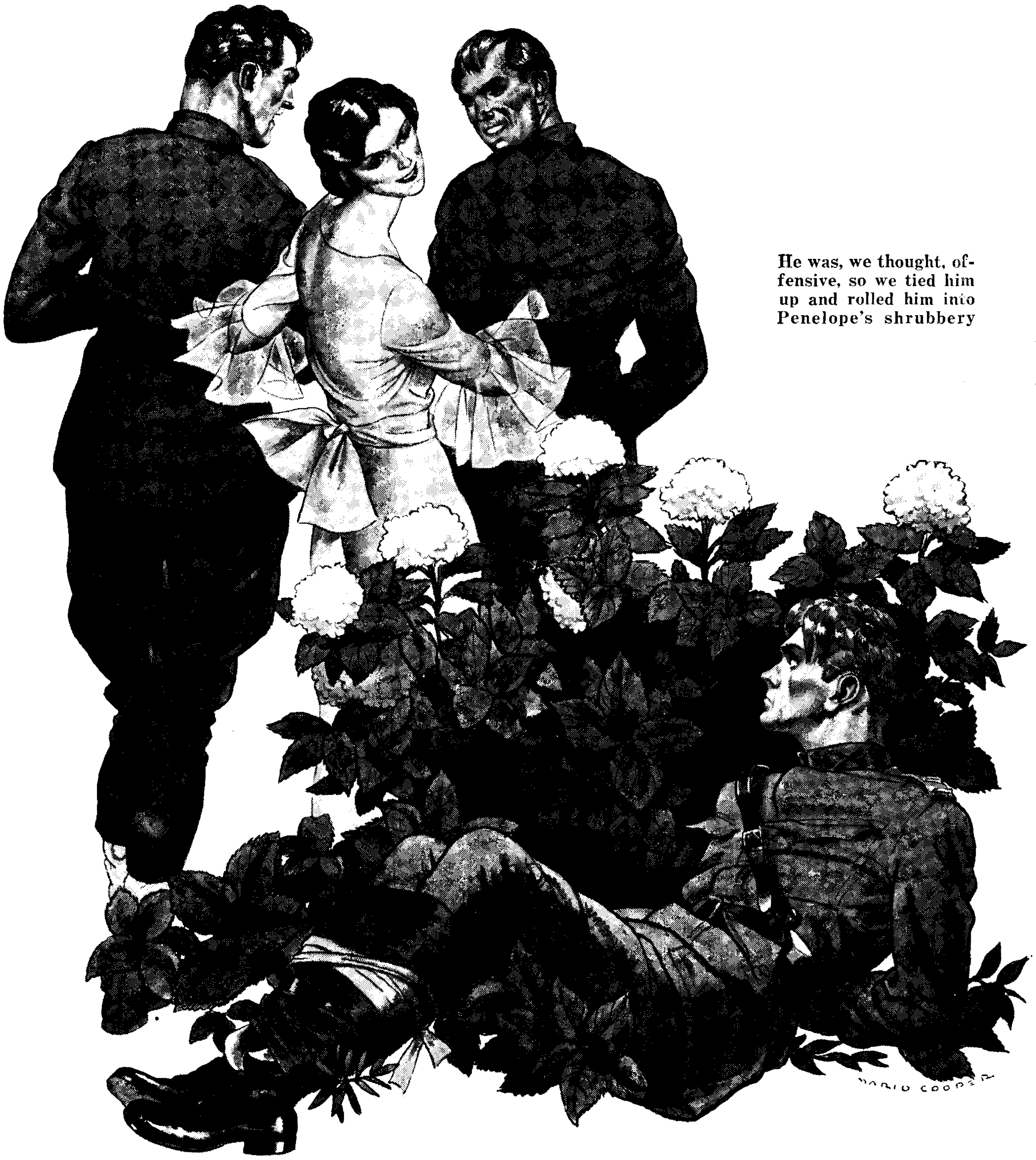
"Harvard," Tab solemnly assured me, "is more war-torn than Ypres. You just get back today? Then you can't have seen the worst. Wait!" He looked at his watch. "Yes, right now, every day at four P. M. precisely." He turned back, mysteriously excited, mysteriously amused, and halted where several paths converged on University Hall. "I tell you, Benny, it's something to see. . . . On the dot! Prompt and breath-taking."

SOMEONE was coming down the steps. In tweeds, swinging a rough ash stick, he might have been a tailor's drawing of correct informality. I didn't recognize him at first, but then when I saw recognition in his face, the expression somewhere between welcome and dislike, I knew him. T. Stuart Blaisdel! At once my mind slipped back two years, to the Harvard Regiment in camp at Barre, to the most amusing day of my military career. Blaisdel had been, that day, so very unsure of himself—and Penelope had been so utterly delightful!

That morning King and I had been sent out on a tactical problem and had got lost in a swamp. We emerged late in the afternoon, black with swamp water and green with slime, near Penelope Thornton's summer place. Penelope fed us on the lawn, laughing at our mud, jeering at our discomfort, utterly amused by two waterlogged privates of infantry. Her eyes, though, warmed toward Tab King and she grew thoughtful. She said, "I keep forgetting that you aren't just playing soldier, that you're facing more risks than just malaria from a swamp—I've fed you, I claim a souvenir." Then Tab said, his homely Beacon Hill face copper in that sunset light, "G-give you my rifle or my wrist watch—say which."

He was buckling the drenched strap on her wrist when through the shrubbery entered Student-Captain Blaisdel. Retreat was over at camp and Blaisdel, very beautiful in tailored serge, was calling on Penelope. We were to agree that Blaisdel lacked the faculty of command! Two of his subordinates were AWOL, they were in the company of Penelope, and the more annoying of them had her by the hand. He made the mistake of asserting a doubtful authority, alone, with the odds against him. He was, we thought, offensive—so we tied him up in our sodden leggings and rolled him into Penelope's shrubbery.

And then had followed the moment I most vividly remembered. Arm in arm with Penelope, we strolled away in that amazing sunset. The light changed and suddenly she and Tab were looking at each other—Tab mud-covered, Penelope smiling, dark and lovely. Watching, I irrationally thought, "This is a beginning, this will come to something!" And Penelope looked at Tab's watch on



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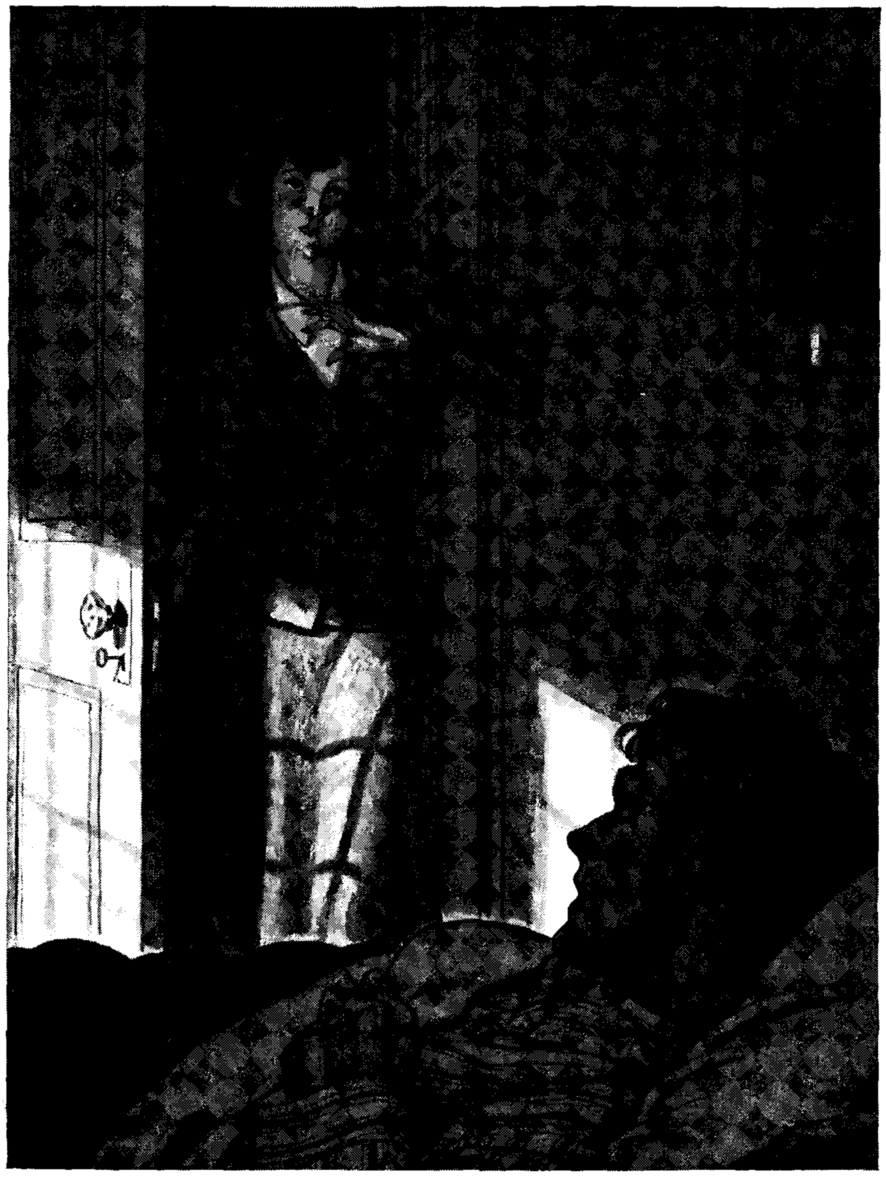


I woke suddenly. Someone was whispering my name

Mario Cooper

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

her slender wrist and said, "It's a nice war." I didn't know it then, but that moment in sunset light was the first of my three pictures of Penelope.

So now, the war over, we met Stu Blaisdel in Harvard Yard. He said, in a custom-made voice, "How are you, King? Happy to see you, Benny."

His manner was formal but touched with a dignified warmth. He courteously welcomed me back to Harvard. He hoped that King and I would have a successful year. He hoped we would call at his rooms—he wanted, he said, to keep in touch with the undergraduates. His walking stick saluted us and he moved on. I was mystified by his blend of arrogance, authority, insecurity and faint hostility.

I gasped. "That's *Stu Blaisdel!*"

"Wrong," Tab said. "You have gazed upon Assistant Dean Blaisdel."

BLAISDEL, whom I had helped to hog-tie for officiousness, a dean of Harvard? King grunted. "There's a lot of new assistant deans. But I associate the tweeds with Wolf Creek—you remember his superb uniforms in the Regiment? . . . Oh, Blaisdel came back after the Armistice and took the war degree. *Honoris causa*, you know, for heroes."

I remained unbelieving. "What did Student-Captain, the Assistant Dean Blaisdel, do in the great war?" I inquired.

"Don't be vindictive, Benny! Well, if you must know, Corporal Blaisdel was company clerk of a detachment on guard duty on the East River."

"It was a good war," I decided, echoing Penelope.

"Why didn't we drown the beggar in the swamp?" King said.

He said it with such a startling bitterness that, a moment later when we reached his suite on Mt. Auburn Street, I mentioned Blaisdel again. I didn't resent the new dean, and I could not understand Tab's amazing resentment of him. As he talked, I formed a suspicion.

"Look here," I said, "what happened to Penelope?"

Tab's face was reticent at once. "Another catastrophe. For one thing, she sets up to be the post-war girl—hard-surfaced, impervious, new age. That set of delusions. But the worst is—she has been captivated by our new assistant dean."

That explained a lot, but it wasn't easy to take. "But she can't! You and I deflated him at her very feet."

"Ah! Brutality and sheer v-vulgarity. P-pen told me so herself."

I was remembering my expectation in that sunset. "Listen, Tab," I said, "all I got from the great war were some hangovers. No glory, no spectacle, nothing that could go into a movie. If I missed out on wound stripes, I'm entitled to a war romance. I've had you and Penelope cast for it. The vision of that romance has made up for a lot of my forced listening to you heroes of the A. E. F."

"We had a romance," he said genially. "There were gusts of tears when I was ordered overseas. But when I got back, she decided I was just a bum." He shook his head. "I didn't go to war either, till I came back from France. Then Pen and I fought through the Argonne. We still do whenever we meet."

"What did you fight about?"

Tab was vague. "What does it matter? We fought—plenty. My being a bum, maybe. Maybe we were just born to annoy each other. Maybe a girl can't like a fiancé's failure to lose a leg for glory. And maybe it's her horrible, low taste for deans."

"She can't take him seriously."

"Don't give odds, Benny. Blaisdel lacks the faculty of command, but he's got a driving urge. He comes from Wolf Creek, and that hurts, and he's got to bury it."

Again that shocking vehemence! "I come from a little Rocky Mountain town you never heard of," I said. "I don't consider it a disgrace."

"Ah, but Blaisdel does." I saw that Blaisdel symbolized something to him; he was trying to cover with his derision a strong and complex pressure. "You ought to study the dean, Benny. Remember the snappy uniforms and Captain Blaisdel bringing J Company down the road, a distinguished figure. Very comforting to a soul that has a secret shame because of Wolf Creek. . . . That kind of soul can really think it's aristocratic to be old Boston. Yah!" he exploded. "He's got to get a foothold on the Back Bay or perish of inferiority. I don't mind Pen deciding I'm a bum—she may be right. But to be the dean's stepping stone to Beacon Hill!"

I perceived that he was deeply and angrily in love. If Penelope had really discarded him for Blaisdel, his antagonism to the dean was not hard to understand. Oh, well! I voiced what fragments of army fatalism I could recall and took a drink.

"We're old issue, Benny," Tab said melodiously, later on. "We don't fit, there's no place for us. Move in here and live with me and we'll mourn together."

So I moved into the Mt. Auburn Street suite.

IT WAS at the Gayley dance that I first saw Penelope. Dark, slender, immensely sure of herself, she stopped short on the floor when she saw me and let a command show in her eyes. I marveled at the gleaming black bobbed hair, the frank and lovely calves, the flame-colored chiffon frock. Penelope was beautiful! I marveled—and obeyed that command.

She looked at me speculatively. "I wonder if I should rejoice that you didn't perish of shellfire, Benny," she said. "You were all set to be a hero but you ended just a veteran. It could be pretty mortifying."

She led me out of the Hotel Monadnock's torrid ballroom into halls more torrid still. We found an unoccupied divan. Penelope attacked at once in full force.

"Purely in the interest of public decency, Benny, can't you try to see that Tab King is sober now and then?"

"His habits don't offend me," I said stiffly. "Besides, they're his affair."

Her eyes became brown scorn. "What beautiful loyalty, Benny! Faithful to your buddy, to your old comrade in blank cartridges! Don't pretend to wonder why our war romance died. I grew up and lost my taste for comedians. No one can be seventeen forever."

The war romance might be over, I thought, but certainly it had not died. Penelope was far from indifferent to Tab. I had no way of knowing what caused her furious anger and disdain. But it fell far short of being the unconcern of a clean break.

Her forehead creased. "Here he comes—under full sail!" I granted her some justice, for, to be quite frank, Tab was tight. Oh, not obviously—just irritatingly.

"How do you find the post-war girl, Benny?" he asked. "The aim is to be hard as the tundras of the frozen north. If you succeed, then the vulgar world can't harm you. Correct me if I muff the lines, Pen."

"You don't amuse me much," she told him.

"No, but I increase your self-righteousness. I help you to feel superior."

"Are you sure you have any effect on me?"

HEADLONG at each other's throats! I had thought of it as a romance and it was just a battle piece. So at this moment Blaisdel came up. However sure I might be that I understood Tab or Penelope, I was never sure of Blaisdel. His manner at this moment had self-possession, a warm deference for Penelope, and—and what? I thought I made out a faint suspicion. When he looked at Tab or listened to him, his eyes had an almost imperceptible shadow of uneasiness.

He said: "You're making out all right with international law, King?"

Tab stared. "International law?"

"You're taking courses in it, aren't you?"

"Perhaps I am." Tab blinked. "You may be right."

Penelope said curtly: "A veteran has to find the classroom childish."

She thus drew Tab's attention away from the dean. "And you find me distressing, Pen? Maybe we can warm the fellowship." He stopped a waiter who was passing with a tray. Tasting the punch, he shuddered. "Respect for the law is being carried too far when it keeps you sober at a Gayley dance. It would be just merciful to spike this."

He took a flat flask from his pocket—we had entered that era—and held it toward Penelope's glass. Pen shook her head. He moved on to Blaisdel, who also declined. Tab urged him, "You've no idea—it can humanize even the annual Gayley classic."

Blaisdel smiled. "Sorry," he said, "being a dean hampers my freedom."

The point might be considered overscrupulous but, I admitted, it was valid. If he felt his office, then violating a still unfamiliar law in the presence of undergraduates would be a mistake. But Tab's lip flared.

"Not even to take the frost out of a dance that invokes Boston's kindness on behalf of still another Gayley sister? You're a stern man, Stu."

"King," Blaisdel said quietly, "you're accepting their hospitality, aren't you?"

The moment would have been his if he had stopped there. But he went on and a rebuke that would have stung became a blunder. "If you ask me," Blaisdel finished, "criticizing it isn't the best form."

Tab said instantly and with fiendish sweetness, "By the st-standards of W-Wolf Creek. The Bostonians are a laxer people, Stu."

At once I saw Penelope blush the color of her dress. She turned on her heel. An usher was passing; she touched his arm. "I think you'd better take Tab King away," she said. Her voice was tranquil but it carried—people heard. "He's obnoxiously drunk. You'd better save Mrs. Gayley any further embarrassment." Thereupon she put her arm through Blaisdel's and walked into the ballroom with him.

A few days later Tab and I were sitting in the suite when Tab said sweetly, "America is the land of opportunity. From the log cabin to the steam yacht, from canal boy to President, from Wolf Creek to Beacon Hill."

He handed me a Transcript which described how, at the correct kind of tea, Penelope's parents had announced her engagement to T. Stuart Blaisdel. I stared at it. I was angry.

My anger concentrated on Tab. "Why," I said, "don't you get out and make a try for what you want? For the only thing you ever wanted?"

"Maybe you underestimate the dean's charm, Benny. He may have a dominance you've never guessed. And, remember, Blaisdel is no bum."

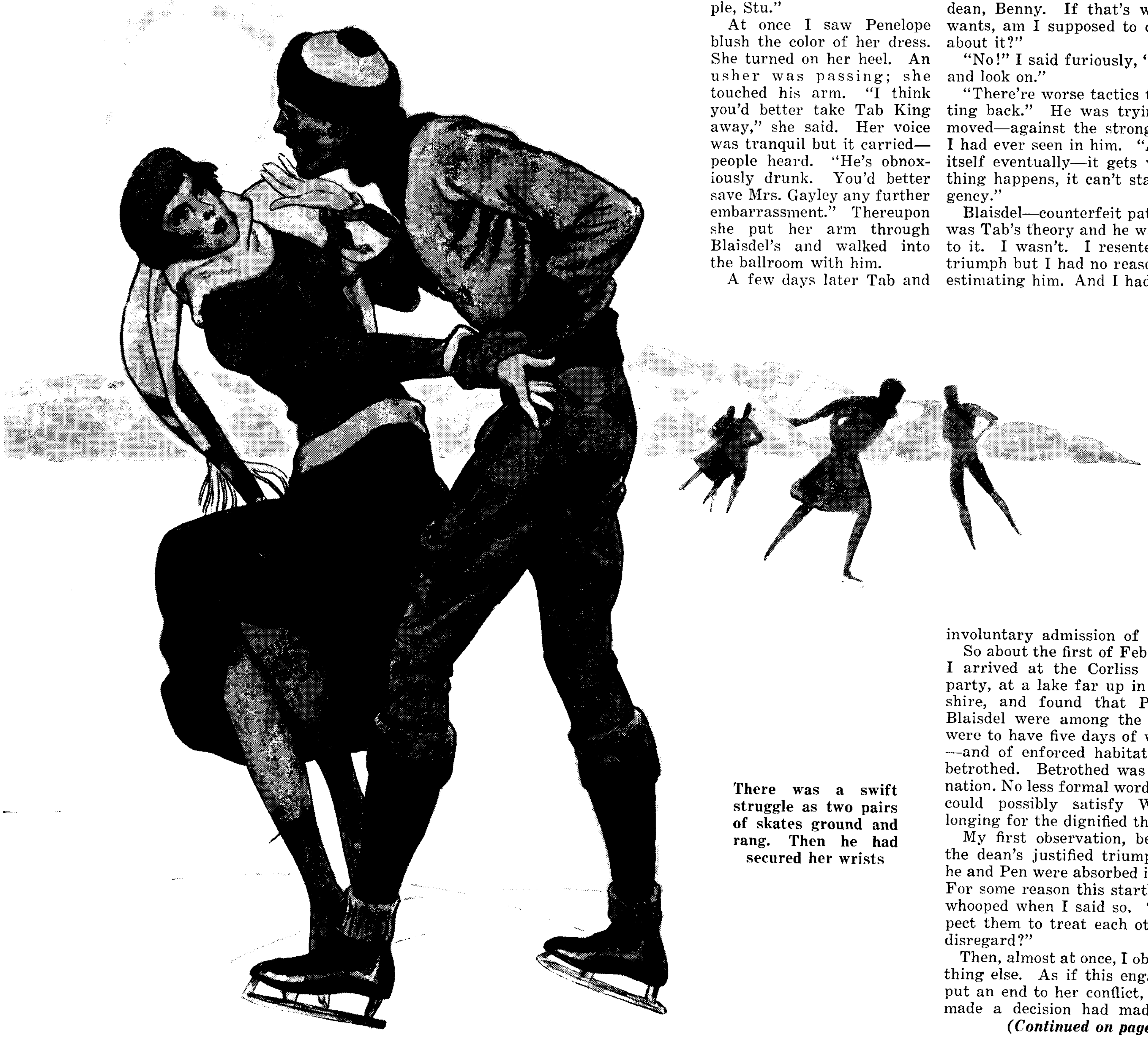
"PEN'S never known her mind all winter. Listen, a girl who resents anybody that much is simply begging to be convinced against her will."

"Ah, but I'm not an actor, I'm a c-comedian." Pose fell away from my stoical roommate. "Or then again, she may suffer from admiration of *Ersatz*—and if she does, Benny, the hell with her, not me." He stood up, gesticulating. *"Ersatz,* Benny! You never saw any, fighting on the home front. I saw some—gas masks of our late enemy. They looked like leather, but they weren't. If they got wet they just crumbled. It was paper—it was *Ersatz,* substitute, counterfeit, fake. Just like the dean, Benny. If that's what the girl wants, am I supposed to do something about it?"

"No!" I said furiously, "just sit back and look on."

"There're worse tactics than just sitting back." He was trying to be unmoved—against the strongest pressure I had ever seen in him. *"Ersatz* shows itself eventually—it gets wet or something happens, it can't stand an emergency."

Blaisdel—counterfeit patrician. That was Tab's theory and he was committed to it. I wasn't. I resented the dean's triumph but I had no reason for underestimating him. And I had, at last, the involuntary admission of Tab's words.



There was a swift struggle as two pairs of skates ground and rang. Then he had secured her wrists

So about the first of February he and I arrived at the Corliss twins' house party, at a lake far up in New Hampshire, and found that Penelope and Blaisdel were among the guests. We were to have five days of winter sports—and of enforced habitation with the betrothed. Betrothed was Tab's designation. No less formal word, he drawled, could possibly satisfy Wolf Creek's longing for the dignified thing.

My first observation, beyond noting the dean's justified triumph, was that he and Pen were absorbed in each other. For some reason this startled me. Tab whooped when I said so. "Did you expect them to treat each other with icy disregard?"

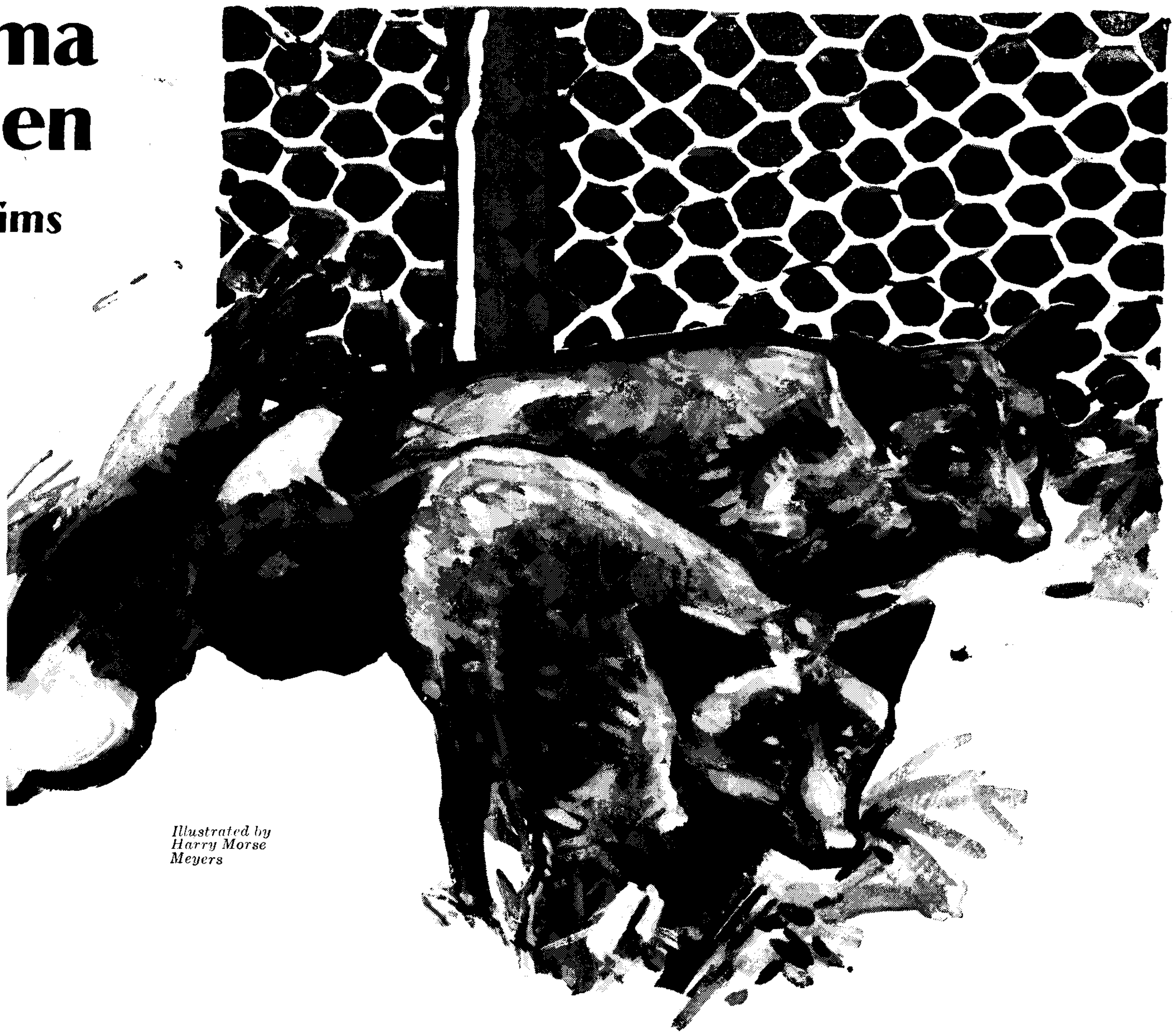
Then, almost at once, I observed something else. As if this engagement had put an end to her conflict, as if having made a decision had made a defense

(Continued on page 37)

A Diploma in Women

By Marian Sims

She wouldn't take no. So —they were married. What happened you will understand perfectly— even if you've never been in love



Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

Her reaction was one of the surprises. "Roger, you're not going to kill them?" she said

EVEN while his mind was refusing to accept the fact, Roger knew the thing was really happening to him. Erin was standing beside him, wearing misty white and that virginal, ethereal expression that even the most materialistic women manage to achieve at such a time. In the choir loft above them violins had begun to whisper.

The minister was speaking—sonorous, beautiful words. Empty, farcical words, following as they did upon that scene in Erin's drawing-room last night.

Roger's mind went back to the scene—to Erin, staring at him with coolly speculating eyes.

"You mean," she had said with deadly calm, "that you've lied and tricked me all this time, and that you're trying now—of all times—to throw me over?"

"I haven't lied and tricked you," he protested desperately. "I did love you. I still do. It's just that I can't accept the terms after all."

"But you knew all the time what the terms were. Isn't it a little late to be—welshing?"

She still hadn't moved. He wished to God she would: that she'd throw things—break up the furniture—anything but sit there like a graven image.

"It's better to welsh now than later, isn't it?" *If she wanted to call it that he wouldn't deprive her of the satisfaction; he was past caring about trifles.* "I didn't realize what home—what the West—meant to me until I'd seen your sort of life. I can't give it up and be a glorified office boy in New York: I've felt smothered ever since I've been here. I'd loathe myself and end by loathing you." His voice lost its defiance and pleaded desperately. "You fell in love with me out there, Erin, and I fell in love with you; why can't we go back? We wouldn't rot; we could come East every few months—"

"And the rest of the time we'd live on a fox farm?" Her tone had held unbelievable depths of contempt.

He felt a sudden surge of nostalgia for his silver foxes—beautiful, flowing little creatures that had stared at Erin with bright, hostile eyes, sensing in her a natural enemy whose whims had occasioned their living and their death.

"Yes," he said softly. "We'd live on a fox farm. You *did* like it, Erin, when you were there. You thought the place was beautiful. . . ." *The rooms of his memory were hung with pictures of Erin in the West. Erin at his dinner table, giving to the beautiful possessions that were part of his heritage their first real meaning for him. Erin on horseback, her eyes lifted to the far white brilliance of Mt. St. Nicholas. Erin in his garden, with the moonlight transmuting her hair to spun silver.*

Watching her intently, he saw that her mouth had quivered, and hope leaped like a flame within him. But her voice was steel.

"Beautiful to look at, Roger, but not to live with."

She wouldn't release him. "We'll get a divorce as soon as we decently can, but we're going on now."

"There's no decent time to get a divorce like that," he said contemptuously. "Tell 'em anything—that you found I was a fugitive—I don't care."

She smiled, and his hands ached to choke her. This must be how civilized people commit murder, he thought.

He realized with a start that the minister was addressing him, above the whisper of the violins: "Do you, Roger. . . ?" and he heard his own voice, ironically reverent: "I do." That was the worst of civilization, Erin's civilization; it even taught you to be mechanically reverent in all the proper places.

"Do you, Erin. . . ?" And Erin's response, in a steady voice with the faintest of metallic overtones: "I do."

THERE was a reception afterward. When it was over he changed clothes automatically and went grimly down to endure the final ordeal of rice and raillery. *Erin, he noticed with reluctant admiration, was dominating the moment; was preserving to the last the hard, bright surface of her personality.* And women, the novelists said, were tender, fragile things, to be cherished and protected. Protected—that was a laugh!

A car was waiting, insolent and shining and hard—like Erin, he thought. When they were alone in the tonneau the thing moved smoothly away. He wanted desperately to get out and walk; he needed fresh air, and room to think. *But once more, and for the last time, he swore silently, he would yield to the demands of Erin's civilization.*

For the first time since the nightmare began she turned and addressed him directly. "Where did you tell him to go?"

The surface, he realized, had cracked a little. "To my hotel. I'm getting out there. I made a reservation for the West at eight."

"And—our steamer passage?"

"I canceled it. I told you I was going to."

"Then I'd better. . . ." she didn't finish the sentence.

"You can do as you choose." He was past caring—past politeness. Her refusal to let him go had released him from all feeling of obligation.

She said nothing. He turned, at last, and stared curiously at her. "What on earth made you do it, Erin?"

She was staring at her hands, clasped in her lap. "I can't even imagine, now. Suppose you tell me."

"I think I can." His mind was working again. "Because it was the first time you hadn't gotten your way, and you wanted to keep your record clean. You thought when it was done I'd give in. It wasn't love; you'd have come with me willingly if it had been."

The hands tightened suddenly and then relaxed. They were beautiful hands, and they wore his mother's solitaire and an exquisite diamond circlet he'd bought three days before.

"The same thing might be said for you. If you loved me *you'd* have given in."

"No. A man can't give up the work he loves for idleness and go on being a man."

THERE was no use arguing. The irresistible force and the immovable body. She might have begged; might have tried out the time-honored methods. Even now, he knew, she could probably reduce him to a pulp. But in spite of this mess Erin had her pride. She said quietly:

"It looks as if I'd guessed wrong. Do you mind if I go out on the same train and spend a few weeks? After that it won't be so—spectacular to arrange a divorce."

He did mind, like the devil. He wanted to keep the doors of his memory shut. He didn't want Erin there—for a few weeks. He didn't want this metal-plated Erin, whom he'd so recently come to know, there at all. He wanted his house and his foxes and his books, and Martha to cook for him. But what on earth did a man do when his wife asked if she might go home with him?

He said honestly: "Under the circumstances, I do mind; but I don't see what we can do about it."

Her smile was enigmatical. "That's sweet of you, darling. I'll try not to—get in your hair."

Pete Lindstrom met them in Great Falls with the car, and they reached the ranch just at sunset. The house had never looked so inviting to Roger, partly because he had come so near to losing it. It was a pleasant house; green-shuttered, white and rambling and low; more reminiscent of the East that his father had left than the West that he had adopted. It stood on a slight elevation, surrounded by magnificent trees, and far beyond it the peaks of Glacier Park lifted snowy heads. And Erin, perhaps, was comparing it disparagingly with New York.

Martha was waiting, wreathed in smiles, bustling happily.

"We thought by now you'd be almost to Bermooda," she said, "but you couldn't stay away, could you?"

"No," Roger said. "We decided Bermuda couldn't compare with home."

Erin, and again he had to admire her, was smiling. "It was the memory of your cooking, Martha. I couldn't bear to get so far away from it."

FROM now on, of course, Martha would be her slave. He wished Erin wouldn't entrench herself in the affections of his household; it would be so much harder when they had to know the truth.

He stood aside for Erin to enter, and remembered the old superstition about carrying a bride across the threshold. He wished he had thought of it sooner; it might have been interesting to see her reaction.

"Pete's got the bags," Martha said, "and dinner'll be ready by the time you are. I thought you'd be hungry, so I planned to have it early."

They went up the stairway together. Roger's room was at the head of the stairs, and at the doorway they stopped short. In the middle of the room stood his Gladstone, with Erin's luggage beside it.

He flushed. "Sorry," he said formally, "I didn't think to tell him. The south guest room will be the most comfortable; I'll take your things down."

As he lifted the bags his eyes encountered Erin's, and to his astonishment he saw that she was convulsed with laughter. Without speaking he stalked from the room.

Martha had exercised all her skill in the dinner. Across the candles he saw that Erin's hair glowed like spun moonlight, and that she had on the same black velvet he'd remembered. He gritted his teeth at the devilish ingenuity of women. Of course she'd done it purposely; no woman of Erin's sort ever kept the same dress for two seasons without a good reason, and Erin was using this one, he knew, as an instrument of torture. He hoped fervently that she wouldn't see that he recognized it.

During dinner they talked steadily, like two strangers who are determined to entertain each other or die.

In the living-room after dinner they stopped pretending and looked at the fire. Roger realized that he was exhausted; that he had slept about two hours a night on the way out. Erin must feel the same way, because her eyes were dark and shadowed. He asked gently:

"Tired?"

THE tone got away from him; he meant it to be merely polite. It must have taken her unawares, because her eyes filled suddenly with tears. He couldn't even imagine Erin crying, and it ruined his control. He went over and sat beside her on the couch; took both her hands in his.

"Don't, Erin. I'm a stupid ass, but I didn't know what my line was supposed to be. If you'll tell me how to make it easier, I'll do anything on earth."

She slid her hands from his and smiled, a tired, gallant smile. He thought dazedly that she had as many sides as a diamond.

"Just unbend a little, darling. I had a grand time on my last visit; couldn't we—repeat the idea?"

He wanted to laugh. Goodby, Mr. Blair, I've enjoyed being married to you very much. Drop in some time when you're East. Surely she knew better than that! He said calmly:

"We'll do our darnedest. Let's begin by being frank. Are you as tired as I am?"

She agreed promptly. "Dead."

"And I've got to be up by daylight. Million things to do. You won't mind if I run out on you?"

"I won't be here. I'm going up myself."

They went upstairs together and he walked with her to the door of her room and stood looking down at her.

"Sure you don't need anything?"

"Sure. Good night, Roger."

"Good night, Erin." He turned and fled.

He was in the saddle soon after daybreak, riding to meet the advancing morning. He met Pete at the stables, and asked questions as they rode. Had the repairs on the breeding pens been finished? Were Lady Mitzi's pups still flourishing? Had the new Vixen become acclimated yet? Wasn't this a good time to start pruning the fruit trees? The repairs on the pens could wait if necessary, but the orchards couldn't.

Pete answered all the questions. Being a gentleman, he didn't remind Roger that he'd been given to expect complete charge of the place from now on and had acted accordingly.

(Continued on page 43)

There's a Great Day Coming

By W. B. Courtney

Turn on the sun! That command is going to be a commonplace in a few years. Every home will have its private sunlight—and moonlight, too. But that's only a minor refinement in the new world that science is preparing. You will ride along nightless highways, be served by invisible retainers, enjoy a climate cut to your measure and, in brief, things will be rosy. Mr. Courtney, after an excursion into the great research laboratories of this country, gives you an advance glimpse of tomorrow

ONCE upon a time—a year ago, in fact—there lived in our great country a man who had gathered in his grain elevators a right smart heap of wheat. It would be sold to the millers and later to the bakers to be shaped into bread for hungry folks like you and me; and because there was so much of it, the price would not be high. But granary weevils invaded his shining hoard. He exposed it to poisonous fumes, which killed all the midges that had emerged but could not reach unhatched ones within kernels, for these acted as natural gas masks. A dozen times he treated the grain, using all known methods, one after another; and a dozen times he cleaned and winnowed and moved it to sterile bins. In each operation he lost twenty-five per cent of the remaining bulk.

It looked tough for the wheat, for us *consumers, for the granary owner* and the bakers—for everybody save the weevils. Worse, such grief is a common story to many crops and many granaries in many lands. The last fumigator he employed recalled to our friend the recent prophecy of a scientist that if ever mankind is wiped out by living enemies—rather than by a homing moon, or Biblical fire, or a left jab to the equator from a shifty comet—insects will turn the trick. This outlook kept our hero fairly unstrung, until he *met the man from* Pittsburgh.

The latter had a wool-gatherer's eyes and timeless manner and hint of being always on the point of leaving off pottering with this to begin dreaming of that. He was an electrical engineer, whose mind seemed never to be within a thousand kilocycles of his fingers. He stared at the infested wheat bins as academically as the Pied Piper no doubt stared at Hamelin's rats. Then he rigged up some wires and tubes and rheostats and things, and threw a switch. "High frequency," he explained: "Germicidal and insecticidal rays, spraying death through the wheat as you might play water from a hose. No more living weevils, hatched or unhatched. And they're not only killed, they're electrolyzed to a state of sterile innocuousness, which makes it unnecessary for you to clean them out. Good day to you, sir!"

Nothing to Worry About

He grinned, wound up his wires, went back to his laboratory and his long dreams. The granary man, eyes swimming from their first look across a threshold of experimental science, hurried to bear reassurances to his friend, the gloomy fumigator. "Forget about bugs ever wiping us out. The professor just told me, 'not even if they all wear glass pants.' He said this job he was doing for me was just a beginning; just gives a bare idea of what they can do with this method once they get the kinks ironed out and the costs down. He said they'll be able to stop losses from insects not only in wheat, but in all kinds of grain, fruit and nuts. He said they'll be able to shoot that high-frequency current through boatloads of fruit and stuff from other countries and prevent insect pests like the Mediterranean fruit fly or the European corn borer or plant blights like the Dutch elm beetle from slipping in here and getting a hold.

"They'll kill off other undesirable aliens, too, like the tarantulas that stow away in bananas and bite the stevedores; and the sea-going rats that carry plagues around the world. He says he wouldn't be surprised if they find a way to apply this idea to killing off house and farm rats and mice and other vermin, and to treating field crops and plants and even trees in place of sprays. Kids won't have to pick potato bugs hereafter. What's more, these rays will make the crops grow faster and bigger and finer—say, he gabbed the whole time he was in my place and I can't remember half he said, or understand half of the half I do remember, but it looks to me as if these scientists are just about going to revolutionize everything—"

Hints of Things to Come

Discount as much of the granary man's report as you please, on the ground that the scientist may have been pulling his leg a wee bit, or because you suspect that, in unmanageable optimism roused by the curing of his trouble after so many heart-knifing failures, he listened with his imagination rather than with his mind. Point out if you will that "revolutionize" is one of the least weighed and most stereotyped words used in lay descriptions of scientific prospects. Withal, there will be left enough of the story of things—wonders, comforts, conveniences—immediately ahead of us in our homes, offices, travels and recreations to make it regrettable Hans Andersen is not here to compound it into the great modern true fairy tale. It would be a composite of all his little fictions of magic and marvel grown to facthood—and electrified.

There have been piquant hints and knowing winks for some time now from those industries which are closest to our personal needs. The Chicago Fair last summer flaunted many portents of the great days to come, particularly in the household sciences and in architecture. We stanch old conservatives, ruled by the lessons of the history books, know that depressions, like wars, are fruitful in social advances, stimulating to material progress.

Depressions hurt most people and frighten all. If you manage to keep swimming you are, perhaps, a better swimmer by the time your feet touch the sands of recovery on the opposite shore. You wade out of anxiety and debt and trouble to face a new land of promising years. Signs indicate that all our feet are now on or within reach of solid bottom. Collier's, therefore, sent me scurrying ahead to get a preview so that I could rush back to tell you of the ways and days you are now approaching. You know—just like the man behind you in the movies who has seen the picture before and relates the plot aloud.

Dr. Irving Langmuir, winner of the 1933 Nobel Prize in chemistry

"The House of Tomorrow" is a realized dream of Engineer V. G. Vaughan

Modern radio owes a great deal of its progress to Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson

So I have been tiptoeing through the great research laboratories of the nation—in Pittsburgh, in Cleveland, in Schenectady, and elsewhere. An industrial research laboratory, in case you've never seen one, is a place where dreams are transformed into salable merchandise. In them, men with faraway eyes sit alone with their pencils and are unaware of the walls that surround them. In them, on your behalf, I talked with Doctors Coolidge and Langmuir and Hamor; Alexanderson and Chubb, Kintner and Luckiesh, and others—you could not pick a pocket in that group without finding a Nobel prize, or the prospect of one. Here are the gentlemen adventurers of modern times; the Magellans and Daniel Boones, the Red Erics and Lewises and Clarks of research, beating toward the furthermost horizons of imagination, lonely on their outpost trails of theoretical science.

It will come to you as you prowl in these laboratories that their presiding geniuses live from day to day in excited anticipation of the sudden opening of a door to a room with a fabulous view. The *manner* in which intellectual daredevils are sinking textbooks with heavy water, and prodding the electrons—why—any day now one of them may accidentally discover a practical method, less clumsy and wasteful than those so far conceived, to utilize the ultimate in energy—that is, the force that holds the electrons and protons captives within the shell of the atom. On such a day you had best jump in the lake, unless you are a patient soul, willing to learn to live in a brand-new way; for the old earth won't be the same.

Efficiency Born of Accident

Accidental findings which have resounded in the industrial and social worlds are not uncommon in laboratory annals. The tubes in your modern radio, bringing undistorted music to you, perhaps as you read these words, are a happy example. You remember those in your earlier sets—brief life, and that scratchety! One day Doctor Langmuir, in connection with lamp bulb experiments, was studying the electronic emissions of tungsten filament. One wire (each is less than a quarter as thick as one of your head hairs, if you have any) behaved indecently; gave far *too much* efficiency. Langmuir dropped what he was doing and pursued this phenomenon. He found that the aberrant filament had, somehow, picked up thoria. And nowadays tungsten filaments for our radio tubes are thoriated—coated with a layer of thorium one atom deep (3,000,000 atoms at once could sit comfortably upon the head of a pin) and our tubes are literally ten thousand times as efficient and as durable.

If we are fortunate today in our ramble through the lab we may be able to hide behind a lead screen and listen to a great mind thinking aloud; we may hear of visions that scientists do not describe to their wives or for national circulation. You *may* hear about the one small power house of the future, no larger than your home town's leading movie palace, from which enslaved atomic energy will turn every wheel in the United States; or about engineless ships abroad on the seven seas, all operated by one master captain at a radio switchboard in a New York office; about trains without locomotives, and automobiles and airplanes without motors; about flights into the stratosphere and beyond, along a radium beam, and about a mankind turned footloose in the universe, with colonizing migrations of new pilgrim fathers to other worlds.

You may hear about remote Arctica and remoter Antarctica transformed into temperate lands by the internal heat of the earth, tapped to its very core by great pipes after the plan of Sir Charles Parsons; about telephone instruments with which you can leave a message to be spoken to your girl friend if she calls when you are out—(indeed, there is now in the Washington, D. C., Municipal Water Plant a voice that calls up from outlying stations at regular intervals to report water levels; it frightens everyone who is not posted!).

About homes in which you have a robot servant who reads the morning paper to you, figures out your income tax and bathes the children; about noiseless city streets, paved with rubber; about—

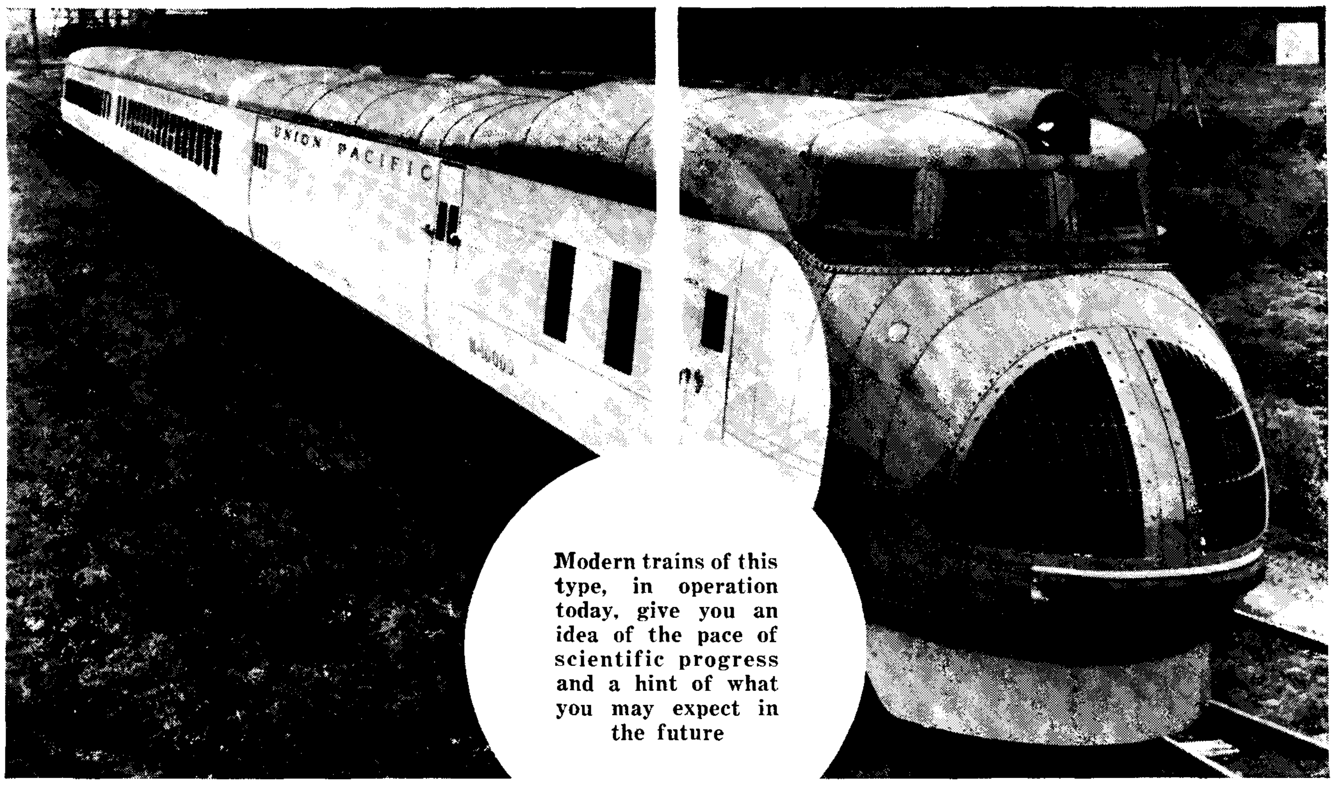
But most of those wonders are for the day *after* tomorrow. Let us sift out those of tomorrow; the gifts from science which you and I and even tottery old Grandpa Brown may reasonably expect to live to enjoy. They are keen, to be sure, but do not call them "revolutionary"—the infelicitous term which makes research workers see liver spots, for, as they point out, it connotes abrupt and unintentional change and takes no account of the accretions of patient scholarship. There may be a decade of drudgery behind the gadget that rings a bell when your toast is done. Better not mention "Utopia" in the laboratories, either; it is the second word on their blacklists. Scientists know their work is to amplify culture, not replace it. Boastful lay Americans—of the variety who gave Charles Dickens a headache—are fond of saying that even the poorest American citizen of today lives in what senators and patricians of ancient Greece would have considered Utopia; but that is twaddle because it ignores savor of life.

Cheaper Electric Current

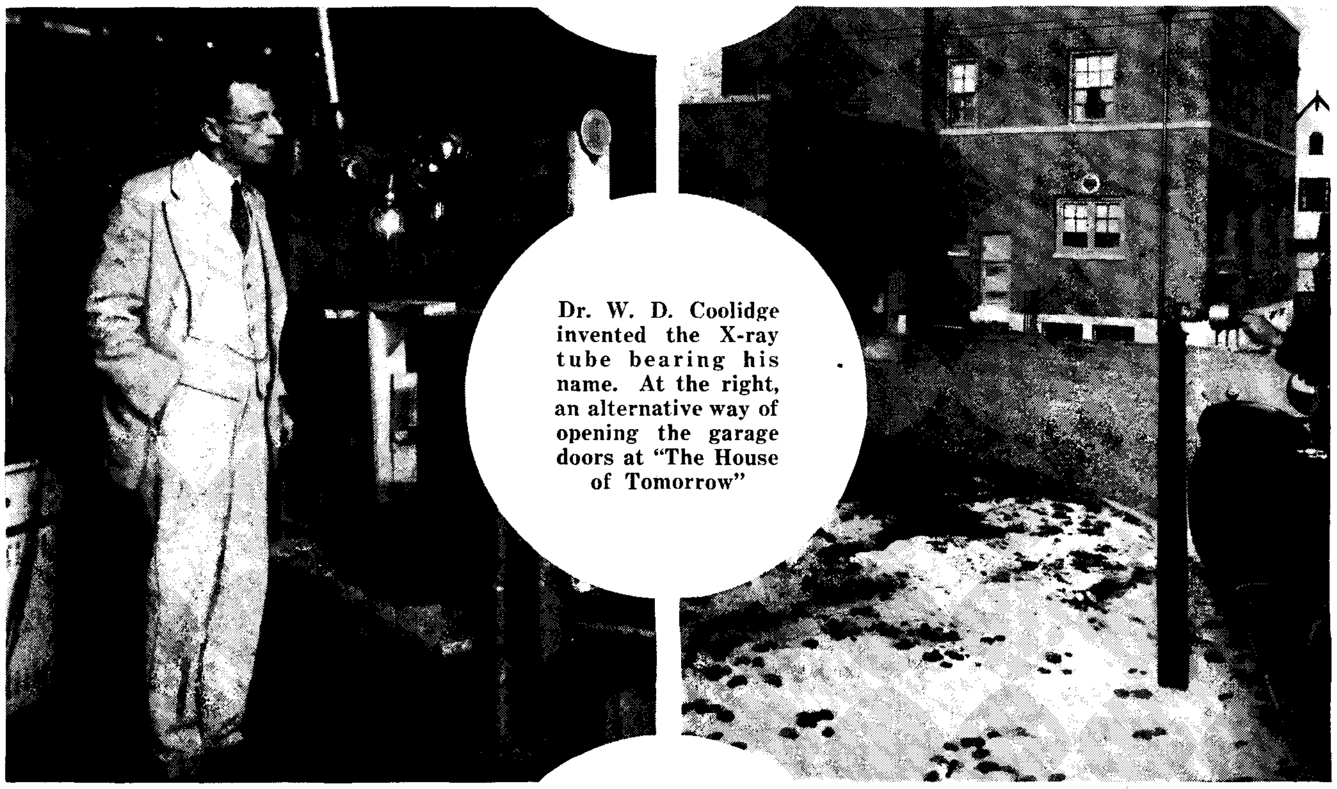
So neither revolution nor Utopia will arrive tomorrow; but deep and satisfying improvements that will make your life fuller and more worth while have begun to pour out of the laboratories of private enterprise and research, and into the salesrooms. These are not articles that betoken a new version of rich man's paradise. Rather, here are comforts and conveniences that will reach even the humblest homes; that will make life agreeable and amusing for us all. Some features may be delayed in their widest dissemination because they are inseparable from the fate and progress of the New Deal; for example, much rests with the great power development projects, which are expected to bring down the price of electrical current. There is talk of a half-cent rate; but even a one- or two-cent rate, far spread, would turn virtually every home into a house of magic. For electricity is in the forefront of the beneficent horsemen released by the laboratories to gallop across our skies; a mysterious and phenomenal rider which scientists—lacking the precious faith of the schoolboy who declared in a quiz that Thomas Alva Edison was the inventor of electricity—cannot define in exact terms, but can harness for you. And if you want to see what a sweet job of roping they've done, call the Missus and Junior and Sissy and Fido and come along to spend a day with me in the house of tomorrow.

We drive to the suburb of Woodland, far out upon the wind-brushed hills southwest of the city of Mansfield, Ohio, with Research Engineer Vaughan to see the house that dreams built—his dreams. He tells us magnanimously that he wants to have the house lived in

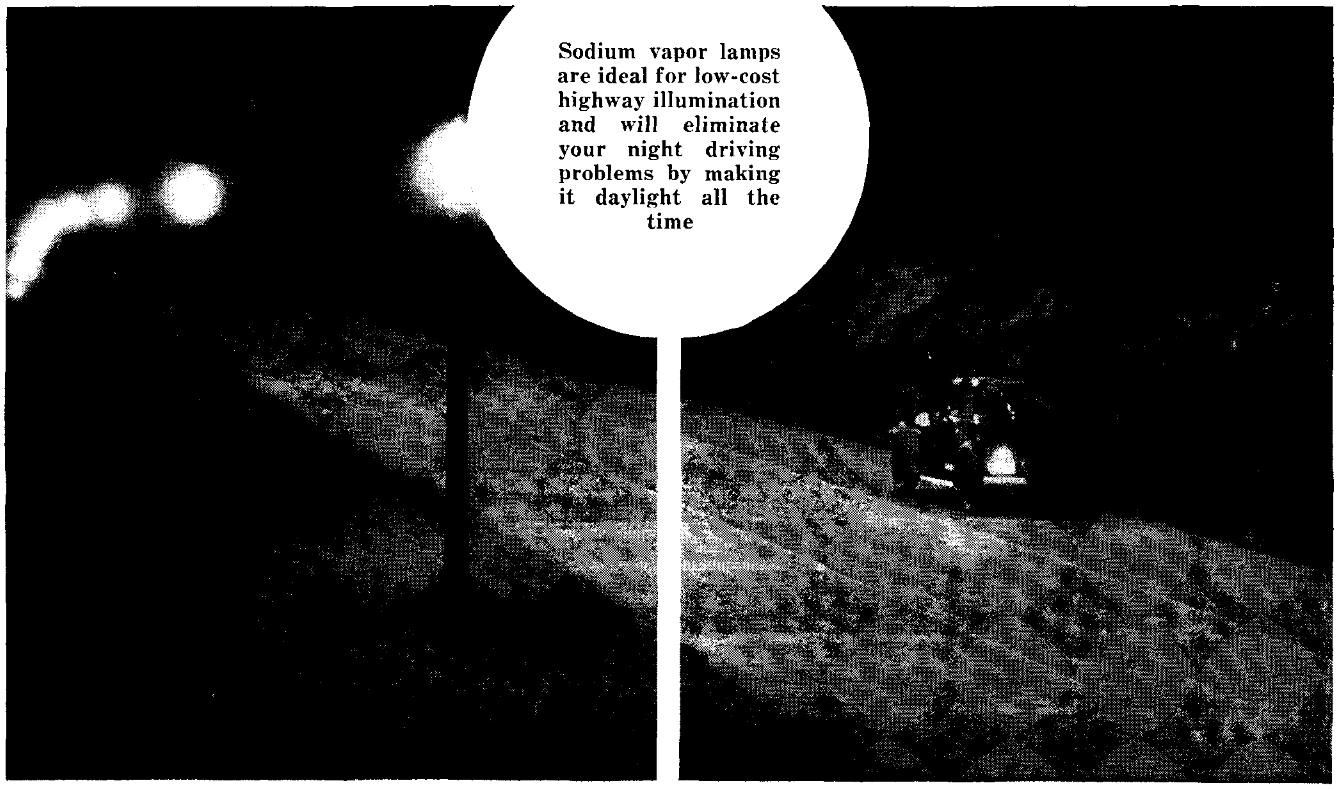
(Continued on page 60)



Modern trains of this type, in operation today, give you an idea of the pace of scientific progress and a hint of what you may expect in the future



Dr. W. D. Coolidge invented the X-ray tube bearing his name. At the right, an alternative way of opening the garage doors at "The House of Tomorrow"

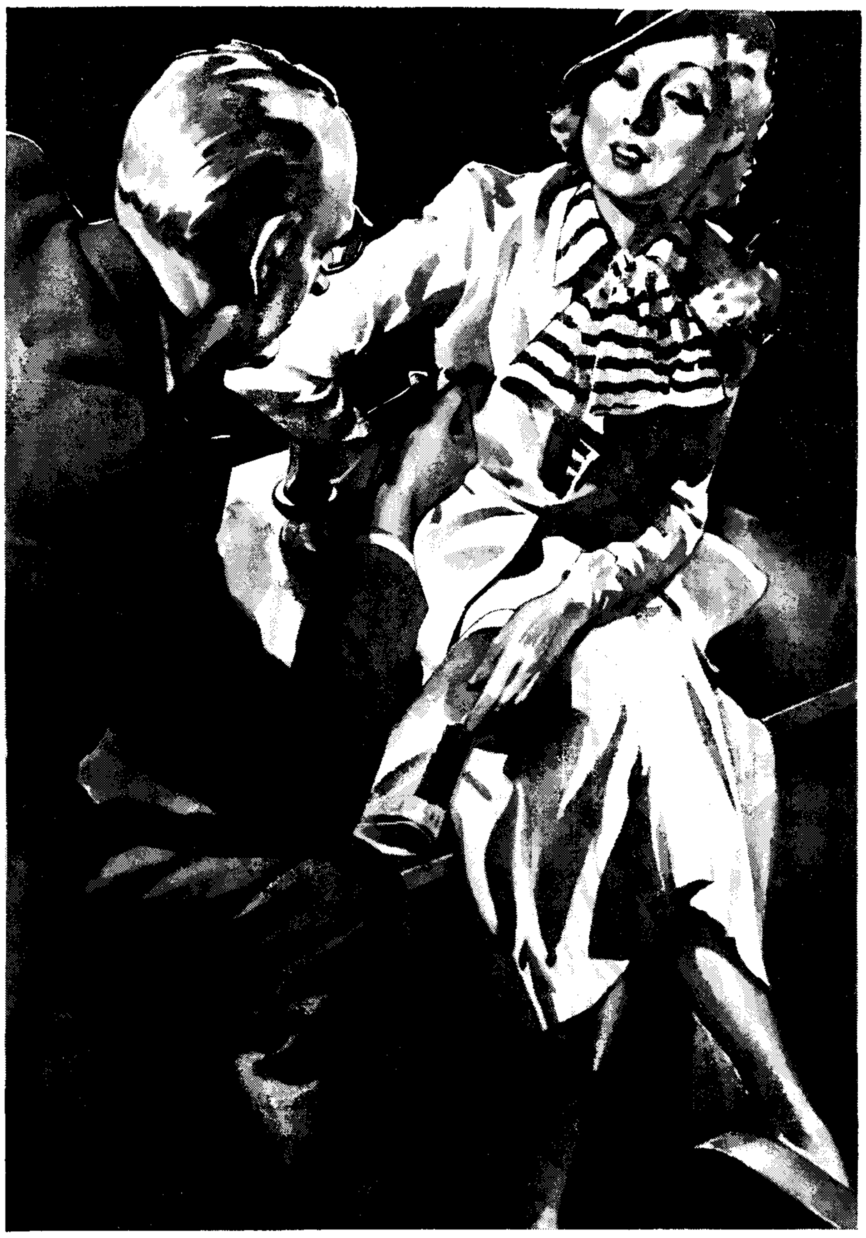


Sodium vapor lamps are ideal for low-cost highway illumination and will eliminate your night driving problems by making it daylight all the time

A Wife in the League

By George S. Brooks

You may think otherwise, but we think this is a story of extremely modern love. For those who like baseball, however, Mr. Taylor, our curious hero, obliges very brilliantly



"Can you prove you're married to him?" he said

WITH a feeling that disaster threatened a good baseball club, Walter L. Gibbs stared at the girl. "Why do you want to see him?"

"Well, if you must know, I'm his wife."

"You say you're Soup Taylor's wife?"

She paused in her gum-chewing. "Certainly am." The gum-chewing was resumed. She was short, blond, sure of herself, and was dressed with a cheap smartness. Gibbs felt that she knew her way around.

"Can you prove you're married to him?"

"Certainly can."

"How?"

"License and witnesses."

Gibbs scratched the bald spot on the top of his head. He was a stylish man and wore nose glasses. "Wait here a minute. I'll try to find Mr. Taylor."

He left her sitting on the cigarette-marked, flat-topped desk in the tiny office reserved for the business representative of visiting clubs. The room was under the grandstand at the Stars' park. Overhead was a great shuffling of the customers' feet as the dressy trade was shown to their reserved seats. The choicest spots in the bleachers had long been filled. It was a good crowd for a week-day game.

The traveling secretary of the Red Foxes hurried down the private stairs and through the tunnel. He came out at the edge of the field in the dugout occupied by the visiting team. "Gin." He nodded to the manager. "Gin. Can I see you a minute?"

Gin Devlin was keeping an eye on their opponents' fielding practice, while he sharpened a match stick into a toothpick. "What's the trouble, Walter? Lost the trunks?"

Once, eleven years before, the players' baggage, containing their spiked shoes and uniforms, had gone astray in Chicago. Not a day had passed since then without Gibbs being reminded of the incident.

"I thought Soup Taylor married that burlesque actress," began the traveling secretary.

"Sure. He did," returned the manager. "Off the diamond, Soup ain't such a smart guy."

"She's dark-complexioned, I thought."

"Yeah. Brunette and burlesque-looking."

"Well, Gin. For your information, Soup Taylor's wife is waiting to see him in my office. And this wife is short, blond and chewey-looking."

The manager glared at him. "You don't mean that dumb egg has two wives, do you?"

"I wouldn't be in a position to know that. You promised you'd look after the players. You've told me to keep track of the trunks."

"Well, don't forget it again," snapped Devlin, before he shouted, "Hey! Soup!"

A lanky, loose-jointed youngster was standing behind first base, tossing high-ball-lowball to a substitute infielder. "Clover-kicker. Your daddy wants you," called a wit in a forty-five-cent seat. The bleachers knew instinctively that it burned Gin Devlin to call him the "daddy" of this shambling, awkward hillbilly.

TAYLOR tucked his glove in his hip pocket and came in. He lifted his feet in a peculiar way, as if the Stars' infield were as rutty as the mountain trail that passed the cabin where he was born.

Soup was not a handsome man, unless, like the Foxes' owners, you thought any winning pitcher was pretty to look at. "Yes, Boss," he reported anxiously.

"Are you married?" snapped Devlin.

"Yes, Boss. Who ain't?"

"What's your wife's name?"

"Why," replied Taylor, "my wife's Mrs. Taylor."

Gin snorted. "I mean what did she call herself when you married her?"

"Greta Barber. She's a actress," said the player and added, "She's at liberty right now, though."

"Did this Greta dame follow you here?"

"Oh, no, Boss. She can't be here. Because she just sent me a telegram for money to come here."

"Then, Soup, who in tunket is this femme in Mr. Gibbs' office?"

For the first time the player glanced at the traveling secretary. "Didn't she tell you who she is?" he inquired.

"She claims to be your wife."

Taylor looked puzzled. "What kind of a woman is she, Mr. Gibbs? Maybe I could place her."

"G'mighty," exploded the manager. "Do you mean you don't know your wives by sight?"

"Oh, no, Boss."

"Then what . . . ?"

"I mean I haven't got only one wife in this league, Boss. I had a wife named Elsie when I was in the minors. . . ."

A gargling sound came from Gin Devlin's throat and his neck purpled beneath the lobes of his ears. He rose up on the toe plates of his spiked shoes. "Get over to the bull pen and tell Ruble to warm you up."

"Why, Boss?"

"You're going to pitch today."

"But it ain't my turn to work."

"It's your turn if I say so."

"Besides, I et a big dinner this noon."

"You always eat too much. I thought you was going to eat yourself out of the league. But you've married yourself out of it."

"I haven't had only one day's rest...."

"YOU'LL have time to rest now. Did you ever hear of bigamy? You'll have one to twenty years, when you can't do nothing else."

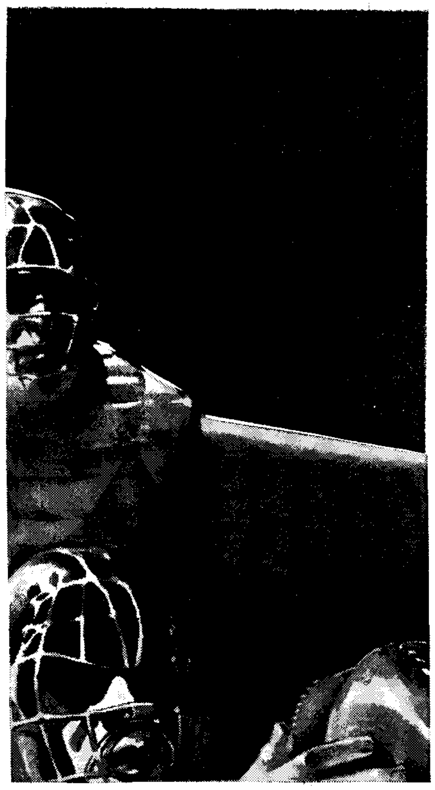
"Aw, Boss. Don't get mad. . . ."

"I told you to warm up. Get in there and pitch. Pitch like you never pitched before. Pitch heady," thundered the manager. "If the judge who hears your case is a fan, it might count in your favor. And keep your mind on your work. Don't wind up with a runner on second, like you done in Philly."

"Yes, Boss." Soup Taylor scuttled away from Devlin's wrath.

"What's the idea?" demanded the traveling secretary. "Why'd you do that?"

"I'll get nine more innings out of him before they lock him up," explained Devlin. Gin was a successful manager because he was a great opportunist.



"Him and his wives. I never did like a flat-footed bigamist."

"With a face like his, I don't see how he got close enough to two dames to marry them."

"Don't ask me riddles now."

"Will you talk to the dame, Gin?"

As an answer the manager bent over and picked up a heavy bat.

The secretary withdrew. He made it a rule never to argue with a ball player who had a club in his hand. Gibbs went back through the echoing tunnel and up the steel stairway.

The girl had not moved from the desk top, although her jaws were busy. "Mr. Taylor is pitching this afternoon. He's warming up now. The game's just beginning. I've told him you are here. But I'm afraid you'll have to wait until it's over before you see him."

"Spoiled my day, anyhow. I ain't in no hurry. I c'n wait."

"Would you care to see the game?" Perhaps, he calculated, if she watched Taylor's fast ball smoking past the Stars' batters, it would put her in a more amiable frame of mind.

"No. I don't care about baseball. Soup never understood it good enough to explain it to me."

"What do you like?"

She answered promptly: "Racin' an' pictures."

"The movies, eh?"

"Evenings. Daytimes, I'd rather be at the track."

"Play the ponies?"

She looked at him contemptuously. "What would I be doin' at the track if I didn't play 'em?"

SOUP TAYLOR was sunk, thought the secretary. There was nothing as deaf to reason as a lady gambler. She had probably gone broke on the gee-gees. Then she read about Soup's new contract. Gibbs always maintained it was poor policy to release publicity stories about ball players' salaries. It put ideas in women's heads.

It was a pretty tough outlook. Here was this blond, horse-following wife. Back home was the dark, burlesquing wife. That clearly made two wives. One salary and one lanky ball player would not be enough to go around, even if the law could be fixed, which it couldn't.

Gin Devlin's Foxes were all washed up now. Losing an ace pitcher in June, they'd be lucky to finish in the second division. There'd be no bonus of world's series money to split this season.

"If you'll excuse me," said Gibbs aloud, "I've some work to do."

"Help yourself." She slid off the desk top and settled on a chair. "I'll look over my handicappin'." Unrolling a copy of a racing sheet, she made cryptic marks on the margin with a pencil taken from her handbag.

Uses a system, too, thought the man. When they reached that stage they were past praying for.

Gibbs unlocked his desk and took out twenty-eight blank envelopes, thirty railroad tickets, a stack of Pullman reservations, a roll of dollar bills and a package of silver coins.

On the first envelope he wrote "Self" in large letters. After putting into it two tickets, a drawing-room coupon and two dollars and seventy-five cents in cash, he sealed the envelope and tucked it in his wallet. The second envelope he marked "Devlin" and filled with identical enclosures. The other twenty-six members of the party received only one ticket, a lower berth and their dinner and breakfast money. The Foxes were trekking east at 6:38 that evening.

The secretary paused when he came to Soup Taylor's name upon the club roster. He wondered if he'd better turn in the ticket and Pullman coupon for a refund. Of course, this gum-chewing wife would have to move fast to swear out a warrant and have it served before train time. But, on the other hand, she acted confident. Perhaps she'd brought the warrant with her.

He studied her a little, as she sat there, absorbed in the entries for a race at Arlington Park. Now and then she consulted a table of figures in a red-leather memorandum book. He wished she were nervous or hysterical. If she'd only cried and told what she'd suffered, Gibbs could have drawn her out and, perhaps, made a deal with her.

There was a rap at the door. Gibbs peered out. Devlin had changed into civilian clothes and was standing in the corridor. The secretary joined him, closing the door quietly.

"Is she still in there?" asked the manager's lips noiselessly.

Gibbs nodded. "Go on in. Have a talk with her. Put it up to her. Offer her thirty-three per cent of Soup's pay."

Devlin spat at a crack. "Naw. What's the use? She's got it on him and she knows it."

"We need Taylor."

"Are you telling me?" returned the manager. "Listen. I won't talk to her. I don't intend to see her. I don't know anything about her. Until after this game."

"Gin. Where you going?"

"Tell you later."

"Want me to do anything?"

"Forget you've talked to me or even laid an eye on me this afternoon. Forget that dame. Watch the trunks, Walter." A sly grin spread over the manager's face. He waved his hand and walked away toward the front office.

THE secretary stepped back to his desk, snapped a rubber band about the stack of travel envelopes and picked a printed form from a drawer. On this blank, he must itemize and total the paid admissions as recorded by the turnstiles. Then he would gratefully accept a check from the Stars' treasurer for his club's share of the gate receipts and mail the check with the gross attendance figures to the home office.

The girl did not look up. She was still busy with the dope sheet. "Sorry to keep you hanging around so long," he ventured.

Her jaws had not stopped moving since the usher brought her to the office. Her cold, blue eyes were steady as she turned to look at Gibbs. "Well, it took me four months to catch up with him. Another hour or two won't kill me."

No use. He'd just waste time if he tried to pump her or plead with her. Might as well start his rounds.

He hadn't gone far when he stopped with the feeling something was wrong. There was a complete silence in the stands. Then came a volley of handclapping. That was queer. There was no heckling, no raucous shouts of advice to the players. The audience sounded like the gallery at a tennis match. In sixteen years of major-league baseball the traveling secretary had never known anything like it.

Ignoring the turnstiles, he found the nearest entrance and pushed into a vacant box. Not even the ushers looked around. The pop, hot-dog and peanut butchers had forgotten to cry their wares. Eleven thousand people were leaning forward, their attention glued upon the diamond.

A glance at the board told him it was the last of the fifth inning and a scoreless tie. The Stars were batting. One was out. Their pinch hitter was standing at the plate.

Taylor, homely, awkward and sweating, with a scowl upon his face, was winding up. The batter gripped his club and settled his spikes in the dust. With his curious, jerky, overhand motion, Taylor fired the ball. It was in the catcher's mitt before the pinch hitter swung.

"A-h-h-h," breathed the crowd.

"Striker tew," announced the umpire without raising his voice. The stands were so still that the words could be heard distinctly. The secretary realized he had seldom heard an umpire's voice before. It was usually drowned out by the noise from the grandstand.

GIBBS tapped an usher on the shoulder. "What is it? What's it all about?"

"Soup Taylor's gone nuts," replied the boy without turning his head. "He's got more steam than our boys ever saw before. They couldn't hit him with a fence slat."

Again the pitcher delivered the ball. And again the batter swung after it had passed him.

The umpire jerked a thumb toward the home-team bench. The batter walked away, hanging his head.

Eleven thousand spectators clapped their hands.

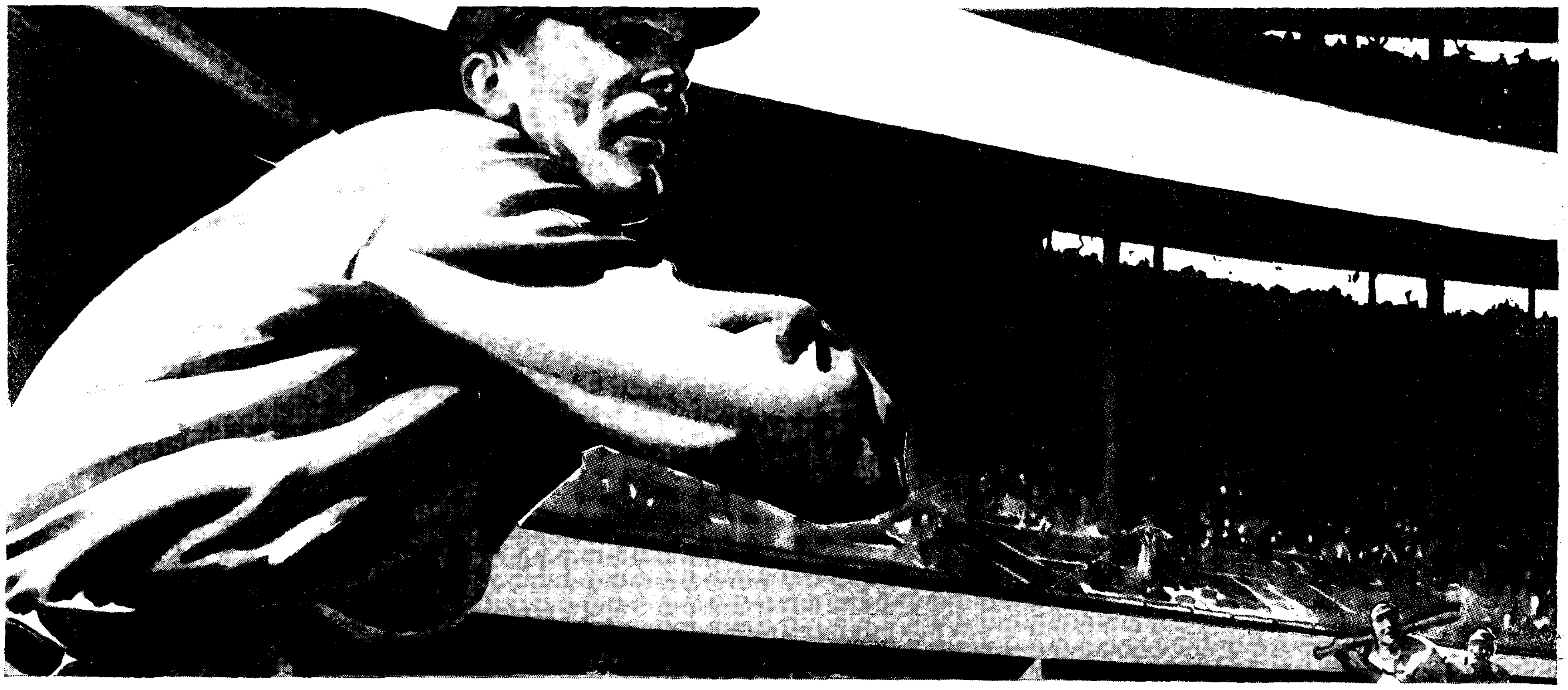
"He must be trying for a record," the usher informed Gibbs. "That's two strike-outs with six pitched balls. He's putting them over, all right. But they can't see them. The nearest thing to a hit we've had was a foul your third baseman caught. We haven't put a man on first yet."

The Stars' catcher hit the first ball pitched, lifting a high, easy fly into center field. Skeeter Hackle stood under it, waiting for it to drop into his glove for the third out.

"Retired 'em. On seven pitched balls," marveled the usher.

A spontaneous burst of hand-clapping greeted Taylor as he stumbled in toward the bench. The same fickle bleachers that had always razzed him were now applauding.

(Continued on page 69)



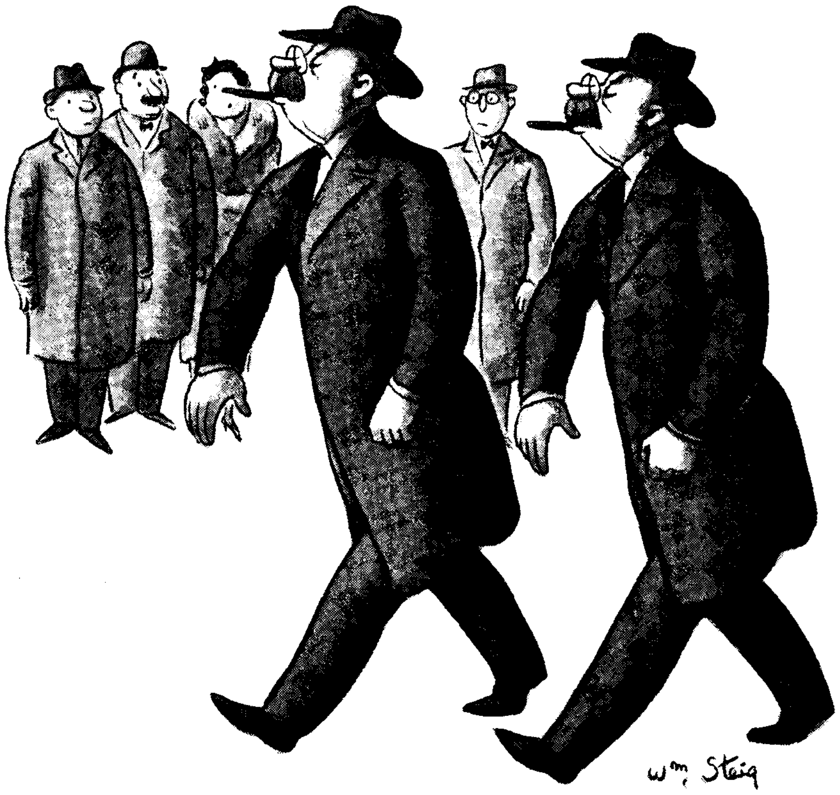
McKniff swung and met it squarely. It sailed higher and higher until it vanished over the left-field fence

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Advisers, nurses, friends and defenders of congressmen, the congressional secretaries constitute an important part of our government. They are our unofficial statesmen

Washington Workers



Twins? No, guess again. Just a statesman and his admiring secretary

"Don't worry, mother. Congress will tell us what to do"

YOU don't elect them, and you rarely hear of them, but the thousand-odd congressional secretaries on Capitol Hill do the heavy stoking of the Ship of State while their employers walk the bridge. First to admit that Congress would have to shut up shop without them is your long-time congressman. It is the secretaries who perform almost all official duties except making speeches, though they often write them, and voting, though they often influence their bosses' ballots. They are Uncle Sam's political viceroys.

They must be mind-readers and able to decide instantly whether the visitor is president of the leading bank on the square or the s'teenth applicant for a third-class postmastership. Above all, they must know human nature and rejoice in its infinite variety even as they grow cynical. It doesn't hurt if they can read character by handwriting. And they have to be able to recognize handwriting on the political wall.

The canny congressman, in time, collects a staff of assistants which can meet trains, walk up the Washington Monument with energetic constituents, write letters, prepare speeches, assemble material for contemplated legislation, analyze proposed measures, stall off "friends" who want a personal loan, discern ambition in some home-town rival's breast by following him in the newspapers, keep the boys and girls in good humor though jobless, and furnish suggestions that will sprout into favorable headlines. Then the members can sit back and devote themselves to statesmanship, knowing that the really important duties have been masterfully handled.

This may sound amusing but it isn't. There's a serious side to this secretarial business. The more efficiently the third House of Congress functions, the more wisely and smoothly do the other two houses operate. A sociologist might easily find that any given Congress is only as statesmanlike as the level of its secretarial energy and intelligence. It is no accident that the members having the ablest secretaries seem to be among the best in the two bodies, although it is sometimes difficult to say which should get the greater credit for display of statesmanship.

"But I'm sure the senator would want to know my views"

As a rule the secretaries remain in Washington for years, and the defeat of one boss means only that they will switch to his successor or some other newcomer. Some become stout partisans, refusing to serve a member of the opposite political breed, but most of them are free lances, probably because they are so close to the inside of things on Capitol Hill.

The New Deal bears more heavily on the secretaries, perhaps, than on any similar group at the capital. With the government assuming control of hogs on the farm and hogs—or bears—on Wall Street, the butcher, the banker and the candlestick-maker have taken to their trains or pens; everybody seems to be visiting or writing to Washington these days. If the baby pricks its finger, mother wants advice on the best antiseptic. If the local bank closes, somebody insists that some Honorable run down to Secretary Morgenthau's office and have it opened right away. Although the government preaches crop reduction, the demand for bulletins on how to raise cattle and corn and cain in the farm belt continues. Each new emergency measure unlooses a new flood of ink and inspiration.

Inspiration from Home

Every congressional office has become an employment agency. Many senators have had to buy or rent additional filing cabinets to hold all the begging letters.

Some have had to employ extra help, and some wealthy members, notably Senators Reed and Couzens, have long dug into their own pockets to command men worth more than the maximum of $3,900 a year. Senatorial chairmen have from six to eight aides, plain senators have four, and salaries range as low as $1,800 yearly, less the 15 per cent cut. The basic allowance for secretarial pay for representatives is $5,000 a year, and each may split this as he pleases. Some have one, some two, and others have one at Washington and another at home to handle butter-and-egg work and pittypat around the district. It is because of employment of relatives on these pay rolls that some members have been charged with nepotism.

The depression has set in motion many people's fingers. Of the 35,000 letters received daily at the Senate post-office many contain formulas for the restoration of prosperity sent in by made-while-you-wait economists, and often with the postage unpaid. The conscientious secretary takes a peek at them all, tracking a brilliant idea for his boss as a hunter stalks game, for you never can tell. Columnists and radio speakers who have all the right answers and who suggest that their readers and hearers "sit right down and write to their senator and congressman," have helped to boost the number and weight of congressional mailbags. The secretaries refer to certain well-known writers and loud-speakers as "their curses."

The current interest in Washington and the New Deal have brought forth the kindly Senator Ashurst's resolution authorizing employment of an additional clerk in session time. The American people, besides becoming men and women of letters, turn to Washington for almost everything. Women's clubs write in for bulletins and documents and opinions for their Wednesday morning forum on the new gold policy. High school students think it would be sweet if their senator helped them to prepare a graduating essay. Every armchair thinker tries to engage a statesman in long-range combat on some public problem, to the edification and jealousy of his cronies on the corner. It is the secretaries who must handle this grist. Some throw it in the wastebasket, but others answer each request carefully and conscientiously.

Errand-Boy Statesmen

Under this burden many secretaries have to bring their lunches and munch them at their desks; they can't even find time to drop downstairs to the first-floor restaurant in the Senate and House Office buildings. From nine in the morning until after dark the clatter of typewriters, the hum of dictating voices, the buzz of conversation and the wheedling by constituents transform these structures into a vast political factory.

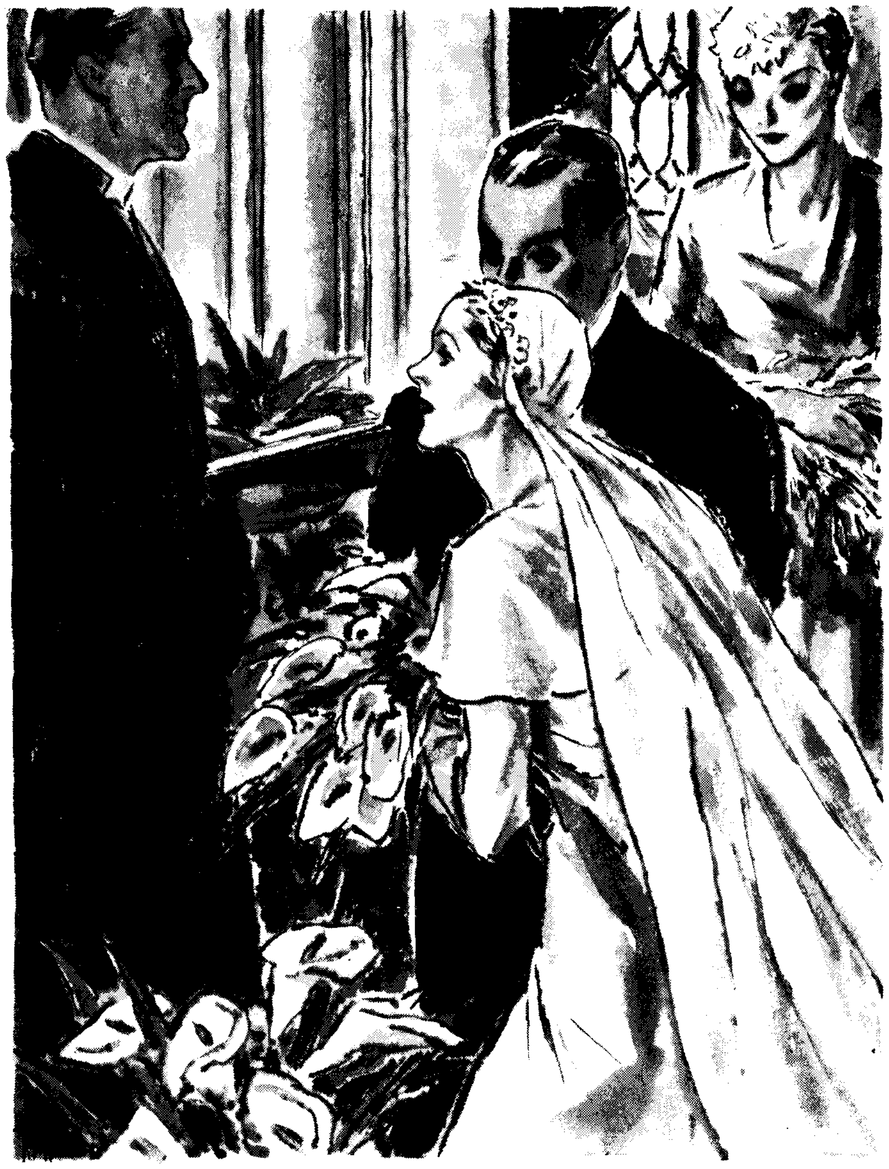
The errands they run measure the change in government and political philosophy. Some years ago a Western senator distinguished for his devotion to great affairs estimated that he was "90 per cent errand boy and 10 per cent statesman," and he was not sure that he had not overestimated on the side of statesmanship. Under the New Deal he can't find the "10 per cent" part of himself. The late Tom Taggart, both senator and hotel-keeper, growled after a few months in Washington: "I have hired many bell boys, but this is the first time that I have been one."

But it is really the secretaries who act as bell boys. A senator could not do so and still be a senator; he would soon be an angel. Some secretaries' superior brand of service becomes so well known to people and politicians back home that long-distance calls in supposed crises are put through to the formers' homes. "Yes," complained one viceroy, "and they always wait until late at night when the rates are cheaper."

A wise secretary can save a new member a lot of grief, as one newcomer learned when an inexperienced assistant let him frank out 30,000 Christmas cards because he didn't know that Uncle Jim Farley won't pay for postage on cheerio messages. The bill was $900.

It is natural to ask why our great men stoop to these chores. There is no answer. It depends on the man's makeup. Senator Glass, for instance, will not bother with them. Once he replied to a man who wanted an invitation to a White House reception: "I would as

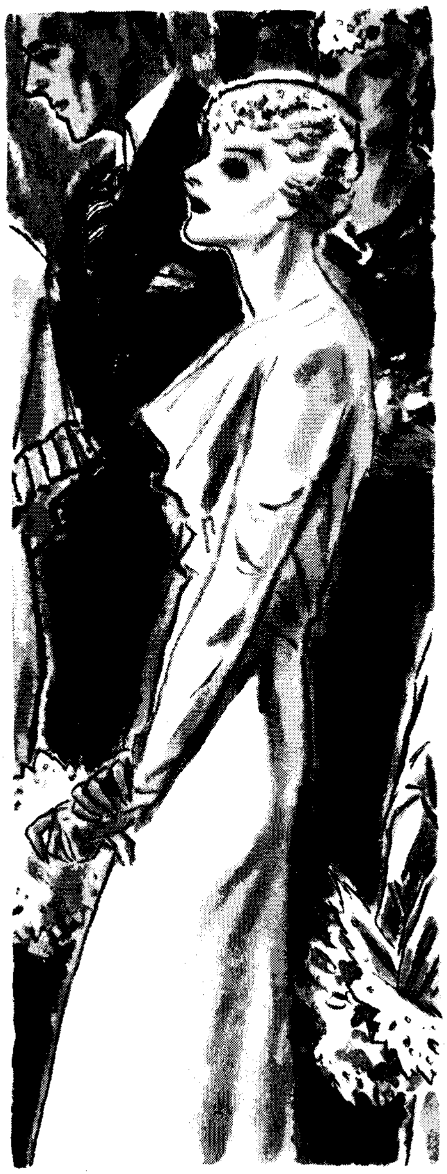
(Continued on page 47)



Tomorrow's Bride

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Fannie Hurst



What sweetness lay over the masks of Letta and George! Marguerita wanted to give that way. Her face was the unlit lamp of such desire

THERE was no way of calculating just when Letta and Marguerita first slipped into that treacherous definition: "the Worth girls."

Up to the period previous to the passing of their parents, when they had each, in consecutive years, enjoyed a quite elaborate coming-out party, they had been Doc Worth's daughters.

The joint title of the Worth girls was more recent nomenclature. It had descended upon them with the years. It connoted that as their débutante era began to recede, and most of their contemporaries became caught up in the younger married set and joined the Parent-Teachers Association—well, it connoted that Letta and Marguerita were getting on.

They were. At twenty-eight and thirty, the two years' difference in their ages were no longer the matter of moment they had been. Letta and Marguerita, each with a coming-out party of her own, had converged into the Worth girls, a pair of bony-structured, longish-faced—well, not exactly spinsters (you heard on all sides that there were no more spinsters), but a decade previous both girls would have come frankly under that label.

Their exemption from the category seemed to rest chiefly on the idea that nowadays unmarried girls smoked if they'd a mind to. The Worth girls hadn't. Worked if they'd a mind to. The Worth girls hadn't. And set up their own standards if they'd a mind to. The Worth girls hadn't.

Slowly, gently, even subtly, continuing to live and vegetate in the quiet, old, square-faced homestead where they had been born and bred, the Worth girls sank into the softly innocuous, call-it-by-any-other-name, state of spinsterhood.

There had been, in the case of Letta the younger, the bright brief interlude of a young man who had entered their church circle, called a baker's dozen of times at the square-faced house, sent flowers, but then just as precipitately, without declaration, had left the town for Pittsburgh as suddenly as he had moved into it from Chicago.

The blight of that little half-realized experience had left its scar across the eyes of Letta. A small Indian-wrought silver bracelet with a turquoise was sole evidence that it had all been more than a dream.

To Marguerita, simultaneously hoping and fearing the dream might be realized, the incident had nevertheless left something of the impression of a nightmare.

Horror and fear and humiliation at the prospect of the younger sister abandoning her to the solitary desuetude of spinsterhood fought and raged with the immense love she bore Letta.

In Marguerita's life there had scarcely been even the equivalent of this faint experience. There was, of course, an old and secret passion for their pastor, the Reverend Perry Nicholson, but then Letta had shared that unrequited emotion, and so had practically every other girl in his flock, before she laid the secret dream aside for one reality or another.

THE pale, scholarly rector of Grace Church, whose finely wrought head rose in ascetic beauty above his surplice, walked, beloved of the spirit and the flesh, through the rapidly beating hearts of his women parishioners.

Countless the nights that Marguerita and Letta had lain silently, side by side on the bed they shared, committing the innocent sin of thinking yearning, adoring thoughts of their young rector.

Emotional measles, through which practically every young girl of that parish must sooner or later pass.

Certainly the rector in his asceticism, his aloofness from desire, had the strange and immaculate wisdom to move through the emotional morasses which surrounded him on all sides with a dignity and a restraint that, to be sure, left heartaches, but tender ones.

The married women of his parish, particularly the mothers of grown daughters, openly mourned the loss of the ideal husband this apparently confirmed bachelor and religieux would have made some girl. The girls themselves, until in most cases they substituted their dream for the reality of some nice young bond salesman or consulting engineer, laid away the hopelessness of their passion for Doctor Nicholson in the lavender of dear dead hopes.

At thirty and thirty-two Letta and Marguerita had theirs, no doubt, laid away.

The rector, even at forty ideal, idealistic, spiritual, spiritualized, was still someone to cause the heart to pop into the throat, the cheek to flush, the eye to dilate. But even dear hopes are not immortal, no more than the pollen of youth which had once redeemed even the rather plain Worth girls was immortal.

And yet, after the passing of their youth's brightness, incredibly, almost miraculously, when Letta was thirty-four and Marguerita thirty-six, there came into the life of Letta, rotund, middle-aged, even a bit paunchy, the adoring, thoroughly likable personality of a wealthy town merchant named Paviddy, in whose eyes Letta was powdered with beauty and desirability.

They were married in Grace Church on a May noonday that crammed the Gothic nave with the smell of lilac.

And Letta, one of the many brides of the community to come under the benediction of Dr. Nicholson, who had long since folded her dream of him away, was lit, that morning, with belated beauty. So was the face of the paunchy man at her side.

Poor Marguerita, standing there beside her sister, wanting to dare to face the loneliness, wanting to cloak her heartbreak and her humiliation—it seemed to her that never, never, could she face the abyss of the life that was left. Never—never. What sweetness lay over the masks of Letta and her Georgie, as foreshortened, they were tilted to receive the benediction of their rector. What sweetness!

They were not the plain faces of Letta and Georgie at all. They were the faces of peerers into the meaning of life. They were the faces of peerers into a future filled with deep and secret human passions and good companionship, and the eyes of children and the glowing of home fires on hearths and the secret riches of the giving between mates.

MARGUERITA wanted to give that way. Her face was the unlit lamp of such desires. The desire for passionate love. For companionship. For children. For dear, dear giving out of a heart richly equipped to give. Marguerita wanted to give. Her heart hurt with it. . . .

Intoning over the kneeling figures of his parishioners, Letta and Georgie, suddenly, over and above all, the wanting face of the wanting Marguerita swam out of the dim Gothic pallor of the nave, and hung like a lamp before the face of the pastor. . . .

Suddenly, as never before had he been aware of the face of any woman, that of Marguerita, a lily pad in the soft pallor of the nave, came closer and brighter on its strange beauty of wanting so passionately to give.

It was the first moment of the lighting of the lamp of the love of his life. Marguerita.

Illustrated by George Howe

Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to Jim Breed, noted movie aviator, Anne Carson, Hollywood reporter for a Los Angeles newspaper, suspects that he is infatuated with Carol Castaine, a beautiful motion picture star who, quite obviously, loves him. Following a distressing episode (blackmailers photograph her with Barry Trent, Carol's handsome leading man, in what the public would regard as a compromising situation), she breaks the engagement.

Adoring her, but convinced that she no longer cares for him, Breed does not argue with her. But, to protect her, he finds and destroys the blackmailer's negative. Then, wretched, he yields to Carol's plea that he marry her (although he reiterates his undying love for Anne), and flies with her to El Paso. Before the marriage, however, Sunshine Smith, daring stunt flyer and Breed's closest friend, finds him and gives him some shocking news. One Dolly Vay, a faded beauty with a malodorous past, is preparing to sue her husband—Barry Trent, known in Hollywood as a bachelor—for divorce, *naming Anne as corespondent!*

Breed does not hesitate. He returns at once to Los Angeles, prepared to save Anne at all costs. The papers, he finds, are shrieking the scandalous story. With the intention of forcing Trent to protect the "corespondent," he drives to his apartment house. It is eight o'clock, dark. Silhouetted against the shade of one of Trent's windows are two figures—Trent and a girl. He enters the apartment house. A woman (whose face he does not see) slips past him. Trent is not alone. Should he call, now? He decides not to do so. Two hours later he returns to his apartment.

Sunshine Smith greets him with more startling news. At about *eight o'clock* that night, Barry Trent had been murdered, shot to death, in his apartment! An hour later, Breed is jailed. The district attorney, who summons him, has much damning evidence—enough, he feels sure, to convict Jim Breed of the crime. Breed says little in self-defense. He knows, or thinks he knows, who killed Trent. *Anne Carson!* . . . Sunshine Smith examines Breed's .32 automatic. There is dust in the barrel. With Bill Gaynor, Anne's city editor, Sunshine interviews Breed. They find him noncommittal. They then call on Anne. "Sunshine," she exclaims, "I've been trying to get you on the phone!"

"*I thought it was Trent out there, of course.* But when I opened the door, there stood Jim. Trent was on the floor, dead"

IX

THEY went in; they sat down, both of them overridden by worry. Anne stood half across the room, one hand holding the edges of a negligee together. Sunshine, watching her steadily, thought there was nothing in his memory to equal that picture of slim, strong-modeled beauty. It was something that got you by degrees—the glow of her skin, the turning grace of her features, the vital pride in her gray eyes. He let his glance drop, mutely unhappy. He was afraid.

She said: "What does it look like, Sunshine?"

"Not so good."

"Is there a case against him?"

"Yeah—I'm afraid so."

"Sunshine, you don't believe he did it?"

"No."

She took a long breath. "Do you believe I did it?"

Sunshine said with the almost brutal frankness characteristic of him: "I don't know."

"All right. Do you want the truth?"

Bill Gaynor got up. "Be careful, Anne," he broke in. But Sunshine said doggedly:

"Yes, I want the truth."

She moved her head in a slow, tired gesture. Her voice sank lower. "This can't go any farther. When Jim came up to Barry Trent's room—he found me there."

The two men took it in utter silence. Sunshine pulled his head aside, staring at the wall. Bill Gaynor sat down again, suddenly down. He fumbled around his pockets and got out a cigarette and held it unlighted in his fingers. Anne's voice ran gently across to them.

"Last night I phoned Barry that I had to see him. It was around seven-thirty. I went up. It was eight o'clock, then, I suppose. He was alive when I went into his room. He was dead when I came out."

Bill Gaynor got suddenly up, a strange, startled, foreboding look on his face. "Don't tell us any more, Anne."

"Wait," she said, and the quality of that quick tone riveted their attention. It was arresting and definite and unafraid. "Jim wants to keep silent about this. He wants me out of it. But it won't do."

Sunshine broke in. "Why did you go to Trent?"

SHE drew a swift breath. "It concerned another girl he was using badly."

"Who?"

"I can't tell you. But I had to see him about her. I went up there and we talked for a little while and then his phone rang and somebody was down at the front door wanting to see him. He didn't tell me who it was. He tried to turn whoever it was away. But finally he gave in. I think he was a little frightened." She stopped then and looked anxiously at the men. "This is what I'm going to tell the district attorney, even though it sounds like a lie. Oh, I know it does. Neither of you believes me."

"Go ahead," prompted Sunshine.

"Well, I didn't want to be seen there, and so I did a foolish thing. I let Barry put me in the bedroom. He closed the door and I kept going backward, trying to find some other way of getting out of the place. I went through to another room—his butler's, I suppose—and shut that door. That was as far as I could go. His visitor came in then, because I thought I heard a woman speaking, but I couldn't be sure, back where I was. I didn't hear anything distinct except one sound that was like a door slamming. After that I waited, for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes. Then I went back to the bedroom and listened. There wasn't a sound from the living-room."

She drew another long breath; the color of her face lightened. Her voice changed. "I didn't hear anything for so long that I thought everybody had walked out on me. And then somebody came back and walked across the room. By that time I'd had enough of hiding. I thought it was Trent out there. But when I opened the door, there stood Jim. Trent was on the floor, dead."

"But it was a woman's voice you heard," Sunshine rapped out, almost savagely.

"Yes—I think so."

"What did Jim say?"

"I don't think we said a dozen words. We went out and down to the first floor. He motioned me out a lower back door. I went that way and around the block to where my car was. Jim followed afterwards, using the front door, and went to his own car."

Silence again. Sunshine pushed himself from the divan. Anne said: "Do you believe me?"

SUNSHINE didn't answer directly. He spoke first to Bill Gaynor. "I think it had better ride like it is."

"Yeah."

Anne watched them. "What do you mean?"

"Don't tell the district attorney that story. Don't tell him any story."

"No, I can't stay silent. I won't do it, Sunshine. We are all in too deep to lie any more. Nothing counts but the truth. Jim told me to keep still—and it looked like the best way then. But it wasn't."

"You tell that story," Gaynor said after a long silence, "and you're on the front page in a big way. You couldn't live that down."

(Continued on page 71)

The Man who Knows How

By Quentin Reynolds

When the young stars of tennis get together what do they talk about? The other young stars? Not a chance. They argue about Bill Tilden, the old master, who still has them all guessing

Wide World-Acme

Big Bill Tilden, the perennial miracle of tennis, who welcomed Ellsworth Vines to pro ranks with a sound beating

THIS is a story that starts in Germany, moves on to Florida and then without making much sense at all winds up nowhere in particular.

But then it's a story about William Tilden, oldest of the old masters, and no story about William Tilden makes much sense because, after all, William Tilden is strictly a person who refuses to obey the rules.

Tilden has advanced to the age where he should be donning the felt slippers, curling up in front of the fireplace, complaining querulously about such newfangled doodads as the radio and brushless shaving cream, and allowing his grandchildren to frolic joyously in his long white beard.

But does he? Not this guy. He refuses to live in the past and the present to him is only a stepping-stone toward the future. Like Topsy, Fay Templeton and Fanny Ward, he just refuses to grow old and there's nothing anybody can do about it. Now that we've caught our beat let's swing into our dance. . . .

It was last August and a burning sun was raising blisters on the necks of 10,000 tense spectators who sat in the stands of the Blau-Weiss Club near Berlin watching William Tilden and young Hans Nusslein battle for the professional tennis championship of the world. They were watching one of the greatest tennis battles ever staged on a European court.

Tilden on that day was a gaunt Houdini whose racket was tipped with magic. He brought out every trick and every stratagem that he had in his tennis kit and for two sets he made the plodding Nusslein look like an uninspired punching bag. But Nusslein, too, was better than he looked and the ball streaking off his backhand was a dancing white spheroid that only a Tilden could return. One never would have suspected that the 10,000 spectators were all highly partisan and that many were silently praying for a Nusslein victory.

Obituary of a Champion

They cheered both men with equal fervor, for there is no audience in the world as fair as the German sport public. If anything, the applause was greater for the old master than for young Nusslein. Even when Tilden complained petulantly to the umpire and the linesmen about close decisions, something strictly against the European tradition, the audience lent him a courteous silence. An American or French audience would have cheerfully filled the air with the species of cheer known in the trade as The Bronx.

For two sets the old master was supreme—the Tilden of the Billy Johnston days, with the consummate craft lent by experience supplementing the natural magnificence of his stroking. But Nusslein plodded on indefatigably, and gradually the Tilden wizardry became blunted against this amazing steadiness. Almost imperceptibly Tilden tired, and as he did Nusslein grew bolder. He advanced to the service line now to trap half volleys and these returns trickled over the net to find Tilden far in the back court.

He added pace to his drives and he stroked with more confidence. The complexion of the game changed. Those forty-one years were leering at Tilden over his shoulder and lines of weariness etched his gaunt face. Nusslein was dominating the play. And finally Nusslein won.

A few minutes later Tilden sat in his dressing-room, dripping with perspiration, panting heavily, thoroughly exhausted and alone. Alone, as Willard was alone after the raging Dempsey had harpooned him at Toledo. The fire of his genius had burned out and he sat alone amidst the bitter ashes. You felt a sharp stab of sympathy as you walked in to see him. You felt that he was so irrevocably through, that he had sung his last song.

"That was a tough one to lose, Bill," you said sympathetically.

"Oh, but Fritz is awfully good," the old master said, giving unstinted praise to his conqueror. "He is the greatest player in the world today. No one can beat him."

So we leave him alone there and we go and wrap a lilac and lavender obituary about his lank figure and consign him tenderly to the memory of a golden past—a past peopled with such immortals as Cobb, Sande, Dempsey, Jones, Man o' War, Nurmi, Paddock, Rickard, Weissmuller and Ederle, who as contemporaries of the earlier Tilden reigned as kings and queens during the golden age of sport.

The Old Master Returns

We had never liked Tilden much, perhaps, but still this seemed a bit sad, for his defeat marked the definite end of the greatest of all eras in sport. So with our own contemporaries we retired to the Adlon Bar and wept a salt tear or two into a glass of something that had an inch of foam at the top; and when someone mentioned that Tilden was to play Henri Cochet a week later in Paris we came out of our reverie long enough to bet twenty marks that Tilden wouldn't take a set from the little Frenchman with the big racket.

And what happened? Tilden handled Cochet with the deftness and ease with which an elephant handles a peanut. It was no contest, and had it been a fight they would have cried, "Stop it." The French and English tennis critics who were there shouted pæans of praise for the old master and they were unanimous in saying that on that day Tilden had played perhaps the greatest tennis ever played anywhere on any court. So we took the lilac and lavender obituary, dropped it out of a window, and kissed our twenty marks goodby.

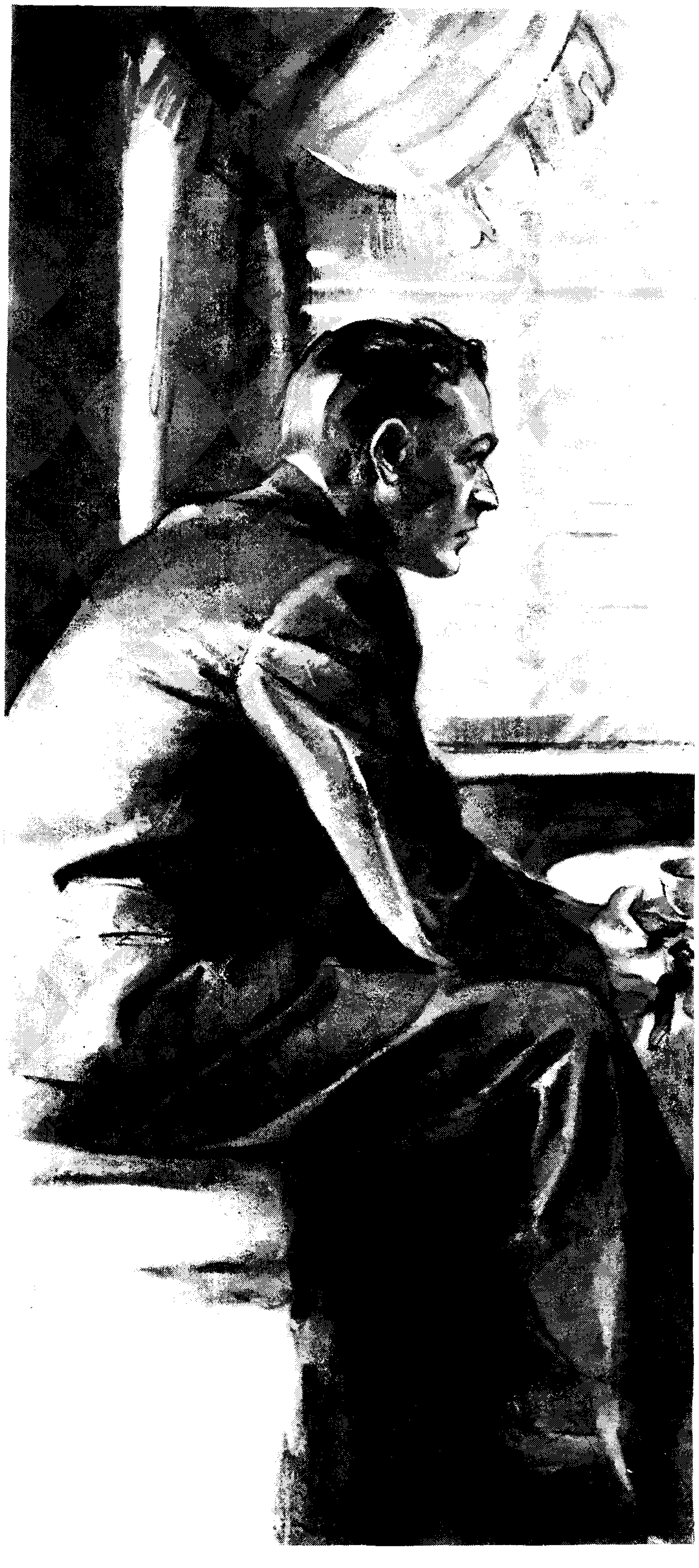
Now the scene changes, and we find ourselves in Florida watching the first of the winter tournaments which is being held on the courts of the Miami Biltmore Country Club. Most of the leading amateurs are playing, and in the audience we spy many of the leading professionals taking a busman's holiday from their work. That night we bump into Nusslein, Karel Kozeluh and Joe

(Continued on page 46)

The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman



The Story Thus Far:

TRIED for the murder of her husband, the wealthy John Ames, Rose Ames is acquitted. Her attorney (the brilliant Carlton Forman, who, she feels sure, loves her) then calmly informs her that he believes her guilty—and sails for Europe.

Sam Kernochan, New York's cleverest detective-reporter, agrees with Forman. Infuriated with his paper, which forces him to write a "sympathetic" story after the verdict, he is discharged. Whereupon, to his amazement, Mrs. Ames offers him fifty thousand dollars to prove her innocent—*or guilty*. And Kernochan, *out of a job, desperate*, accepts the offer. He knows Mrs. Ames' version of the tragedy. Ames had shot himself. His wife, in her bedroom, had rushed to him, found him dead, a revolver beside him. Exits? All locked—*on the inside*. The revolver? No finger-prints. Witnesses? *Only Mrs. Ames.* A credible story, that!

Nevertheless, Kernochan sets to work. From a Broadway girl, Laurette Marks, he learns that John Ames had had many affairs—the last with one Emily Trephon of the Jollities. Meeting Miss Trephon, he describes a murder (an Ames-like tragedy) wherein a jealous lover plays a rôle. The girl promptly faints. . . .

"Lay off Trephon," Laurette Marks warns him: "she's Jimmy Pottery's girl!" Whereupon, Kernochan gets a "lead." Pottery is a racketeer, a killer. Ansell Layman had had an affair with Miss Trephon. He had been murdered. John Ames had an affair with Miss Trephon. He, too, had been murdered. Kernochan begins to wonder.

But Rose Ames *must* be guilty! Among other things, she had admitted (to Kernochan, after the trial) that Ames had often struck her: that, having picked up the revolver, she had wiped the finger-prints off. She *must* have killed Ames. . . . Dining with Kernochan, at The Colony, Mrs. Ames receives a surprise. Mrs. Penfield—*the* Mrs. Penfield—greets Sam Kernochan (detective!) as though he were a long-lost friend! . . . In a mid-town restaurant, Kernochan sees a girl he knows: Callie Curtis. He speaks to her. She introduces him to her companion: *Jimmy Pottery!* The racketeer is hostile, full of veiled threats. "A yellow gangster can't bluff me," says Kernochan, and walks away. A few minutes later he sees Callie Curtis leave the place, *with Rose Ames' butler*. . . . The following morning, Laurette Marks phones him. "Better leave town, quick," she gasps, "Pottery's after you!" She hangs up. Kernochan rings police headquarters. "Lieutenant Kellerman," he says.

VI

YOU certainly run true to form, Kernie," said Lieutenant Kellerman. "When it was hard to get you got it. Now that you can get it anywhere you've lost your thirst. I'll bet that whenever your father gave you a toy, you threw it away and cried for another one. How come? You started off on a pip, and here you are with that schoolboy complexion and the sparkle of health in your eye."

"If I don't drink any myself, I can afford to buy twice as much for you," smiled Kernochan.

"That," said Kellerman, "is the happiest thought you ever had. I'll have another Martini."

The waiter arrived, submitted a steak for their inspection, promised another cocktail before Kellerman could cut the meat, and amazingly kept his promise. The lieutenant drained the glass, smacked thin lips, and attacked his luncheon with the voracity of a wolf. Over a mug of beer he eyed Kernochan.

"Sure it doesn't bother you, me knocking over the brew this way? I'm not sticking temptation in your path?"

Kernochan returned a smiling negative.

"That's swell," said the lieutenant.

"Not you, Kell," groaned Kernochan. "Every yap in this town has been lecturing me about my habits. You be the shining exception."

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," said Kellerman. "But you never did look like a tank to me, Kernie. You look more like a lad with an idea in his head, the idea that it's whole hog or nothing. I've been around a long time and met all the boys that drink too heavy. You're different from them. One of these bright days you'll take a drink, forget you took it, and won't need another to keep the first one company."

Kernochan stared at him. Last night, he suddenly remembered, he had drunk a cocktail with Rose Ames and later had sipped a glass of champagne. He had done this quite unconsciously. Later on, at the Nirvana, he had drunk ginger ale, actually thinking himself still on the water wagon. Had the bright day that Kellerman mentioned already arrived? And if so, what had been the occasion for its arrival? Had he, as he had asked himself recently, suddenly come to maturity?

KELLERMAN pushed his plate away, refused dessert but accepted another glass of beer and a cigar. He sighed contentedly, for all the world like a fat puppy that has been fed. Which was surprising, for the lieutenant was thin almost to emaciation. He had all the characteristics, including appetite, of a portly two-hundred-pounder, but he weighed, despite his five feet ten, less than a hundred and thirty. But it required a lot of fuel to stoke the engine that supplied his terrific nervous energy.

"Well, you didn't bring me here and feed me rich food just because I'm swell company," he grinned. "What is it, Kernie?"

"An angle on the Ames case," Kernochan replied.

Kellerman whistled softly.

"I sort of figured that one," he said. "What's the idea?"

"What made you figure it?" asked Kernochan.

"Well, you lost your job over the Leader's handling of the case. And last night you dined with Mrs. Ames. Putting the two of them together, and adding to them the fact that you invited me to lunch with you—well, it makes something, doesn't it?"

"How did you know Mrs. Ames dined with me last night?" asked Kernochan.

"How do I know that you picked a row with Jimmy Pottery later last night?" grinned the lieutenant.

"Well, how do you?"

"I get around," said Kellerman. "A job like mine keeps a man on the move. I was in the Nirvana last night. I was looking for a lad that's handy with a knife. Ran into Donohoe and knocked over a highball with him. And he told me that you had gone over to Pottery's table and burned him a bit."

"And the other thing?"

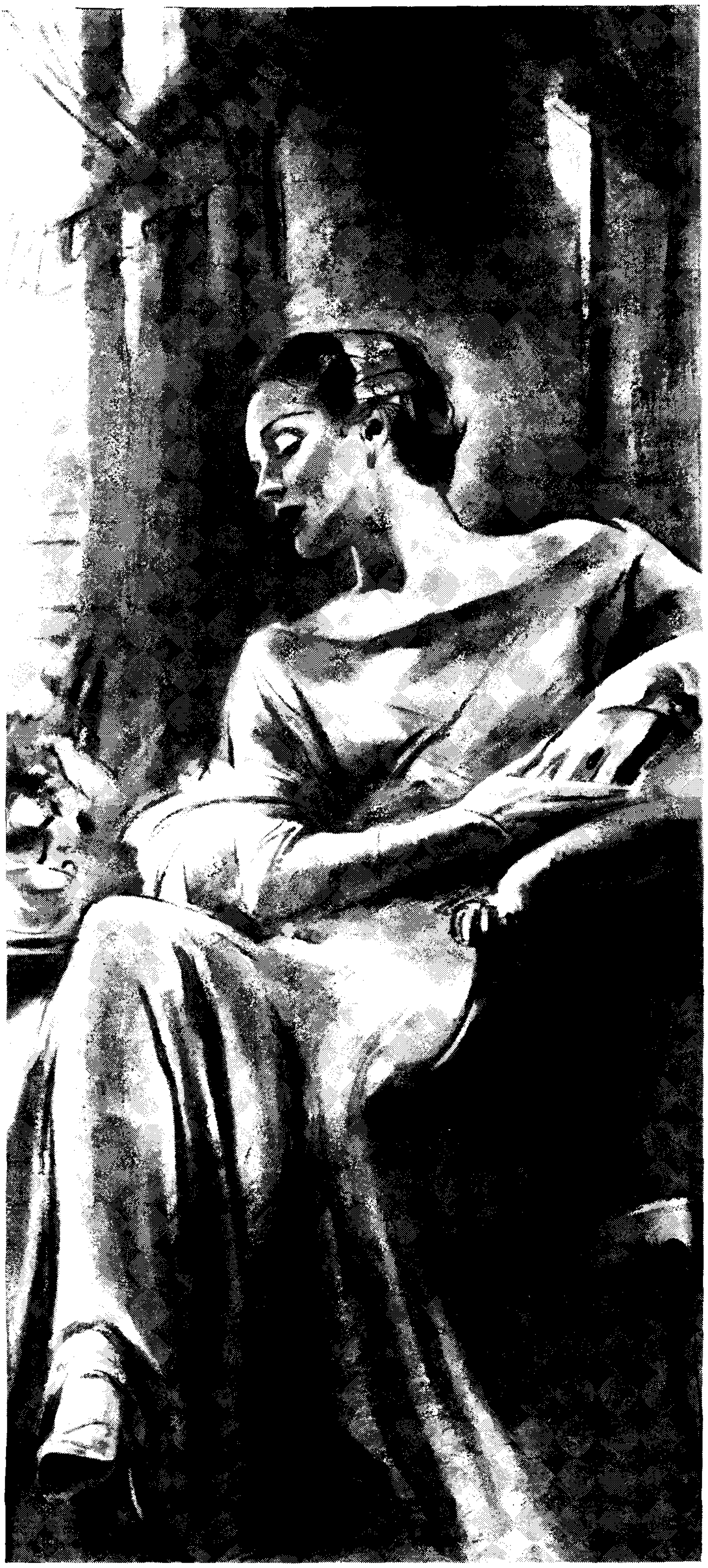
"No crystal ball," laughed Kellerman. "I just read the papers. You ought to do it. It's a good habit. Keeps you in form, up to date, able to turn to the lady on your right and be interesting, and helps you entertain the lady on your left. You know, makes you conversational, at ease, able to hold up your end. The society column of your own paper, the Leader, mentioned this morning that among those dining at the Colony last night, et cetera, et cetera."

He puffed at his cigar.

"I've done all the answering; you do some. Why is the one man in New York who was certain that Rose Ames bumped off her hubby so chummy with her now?"

"DINING together isn't being chummy, exactly," said Kernochan. "I'm interested in the case—still. Never mind why, Kell. Later on, I'll tell you all about it, but in the meantime I want to find out some things from you. Know anything about Mrs. Ames' butler?"

"Johnson?" Kellerman shrugged. "Nothing that you don't know. You were at the trial. You heard him testify."



He was angry, more with himself than with her, because he realized that he could not look at her and think her guilty

Kernochan shook his head quickly. "I wasn't there the morning he was on the stand, but I read his evidence. When Mrs. Ames screamed he came up from the pantry where he had been doing stunts, cleaning silver, and that sort of thing. He testified that he had been the one to telephone for a doctor and for the police."

"That's all there was to it," said Kellerman. "Harmless sort of person. Been a butler for fifteen years, and most of those years working for Mrs. Ames and her parents before her. What about him?"

"Nothing much," replied Kernochan, "except that I saw him taking Callie Curtis from the Nirvana last night. Know Callie? A butler's wages for a week would just about buy that one a dinner."

Kellerman whistled softly.

"But she was there with Pottery. Was Johnson at his table?"

"I don't know about that. I left and it was snowing so hard that I had to wait while the starter got me a taxi. Johnson went up the stairs while I was coming down. A minute later he came down with Callie Curtis. He may have gone to Pottery's table to get her, but he couldn't have much more than said hello to Pottery. I just wondered, that's all."

Kellerman's blue eyes had been cool, almost uninterested up to now. Now they bored into Kernochan's.

"Are you trying to open up this case, Kernie?"

"If I ever do I'll give you the word," replied Kernochan. "I'm just going over angles. When I find out—if I ever do—why I'm going over them, I'll spread it on the table for you."

"Still think Mrs. Ames did the trick?"

"I haven't found any reason to change my mind yet," said Kernochan.

Kellerman shook his head slowly.

"A ONE-IDEA lad, same with this as with drinking. You're goofy. One look at that dame ought to convince you that she never put her husband on the spot."

"One look didn't convince you. You were the man that got the evidence."

"Such as it was," scoffed Kellerman, "and the jury showed what they thought of it. Get wise, boy. Here's a district attorney coming up this year for re-election. The papers have been blasting him for three years. You ought to know. I've seen your name at the head of stories telling how incompetent he is. Plenty murders, plenty racketeers, no convictions except petty larceny lads without money enough for a good mouthpiece. Here comes advertising. Here come headlines. I told him that the evidence was no good, that the fact that a couple of men would testify that Ames was afraid of his wife didn't mean anything. At that, the D. A. didn't try any too hard. He knew he didn't have a chance. But he just wanted his name in the papers. He got five million dollars' worth of advertising and it only cost the county a few thousand. A good bargain, he'd call it. But she didn't do it, Kernie. My God, you had dinner with her last night. Did she act like a murderess?"

"How do murderesses act?" jeered Kernochan. "Tell me, Kellerman, what has happened to the evidence in the case? I mean the exhibits. The clothing Ames wore, the revolver with which he was killed."

"Want to look them over? I can get hold of them for you. Want to see all of them?"

"Maybe. Tell me, wasn't Johnson one of those that testified about the locked bathroom door, the door that led to the hall?"

"He and Mrs. Ames were the only ones that knew about that. Why?"

"I'd like to see the key to that door. Can you get it for me?"

Kellerman smiled pityingly.

"BOY, you ought to write detective stories. You'd be swell, telling how dumb the cops were and how smart your hero was. I suppose your idea is that somebody could have been in Ames' bedroom, could have bumped him off, gone through the bathroom door, and from the hall inserted a pair of pliers into the lock, and turned the key so that the door would have been locked from the inside. That it? And because the butler goes out with Callie Curtis he figures as the villain. Am I right? Am I putting together a nice piece of work from what you've told me?"

"You're putting together more than I had done," laughed Kernochan.

"Well, so that you won't waste time and worry, Kernie, put the keyhole trick—if that was really in your mind—out the window. We cops may not be bright, but we have routine. That key was looked at carefully. There wasn't a mark on it. No plier had touched it. It was as shiny as the day it was made. Give the dumb cops a break. We figured every possible angle."

"And figured them well," said Kernochan. He stared, surprise in his eyes, at the lieutenant. He had always thought Kellerman an alert, energetic man, but he had not credited him with the ability to think as fast and as lucidly as the police officer had just now proved he could.

"Much obliged for the kind words," said Kellerman. "But what are you getting at? Suppose this Johnson did happen to know Jimmy Pottery? Suppose he spends his tips on the Curtis dame? Kernie, come clean. What are you trying to do?"

"I'm going to write a book about the operation of justice in these United States, using the Ames case, and other trials I've witnessed, as material," said Kernochan.

"Put in a chapter about how you kid police lieutenants, will you?" grinned Kellerman.

"I'll run your photo as a frontispiece," promised Kernochan.

On that they parted, Kellerman taking a taxi downtown and Kernochan walking over to his apartment on East Eighth Street.

He had no reason to go home, yet he had no reason to go anywhere else. He had been a fool to accept old Coghlan Buell's retainer. A conceited fool because he had been certain that he could add to the evidence presented in court matters that had not been heard in evidence.

HE HAD been amazingly successful in his newspaper investigations, but no matter how blank the walls he had encountered then, there had always been discernible upon examination some tiny crevice. But what crevice was visible here? What pathway that had not already been mapped out lay before him? He must have been extraordinarily drunk the other night in John's place to have accepted Buell's check, and he must have been tremendously overconfident to have cashed that check later.

There wasn't anything to be done about the Ames case. The fact was that he had been prejudiced against the defendant, and his prejudice had led him to accept Buell's retainer in the confident belief that he would dig up further proof that Rose Ames was guilty.

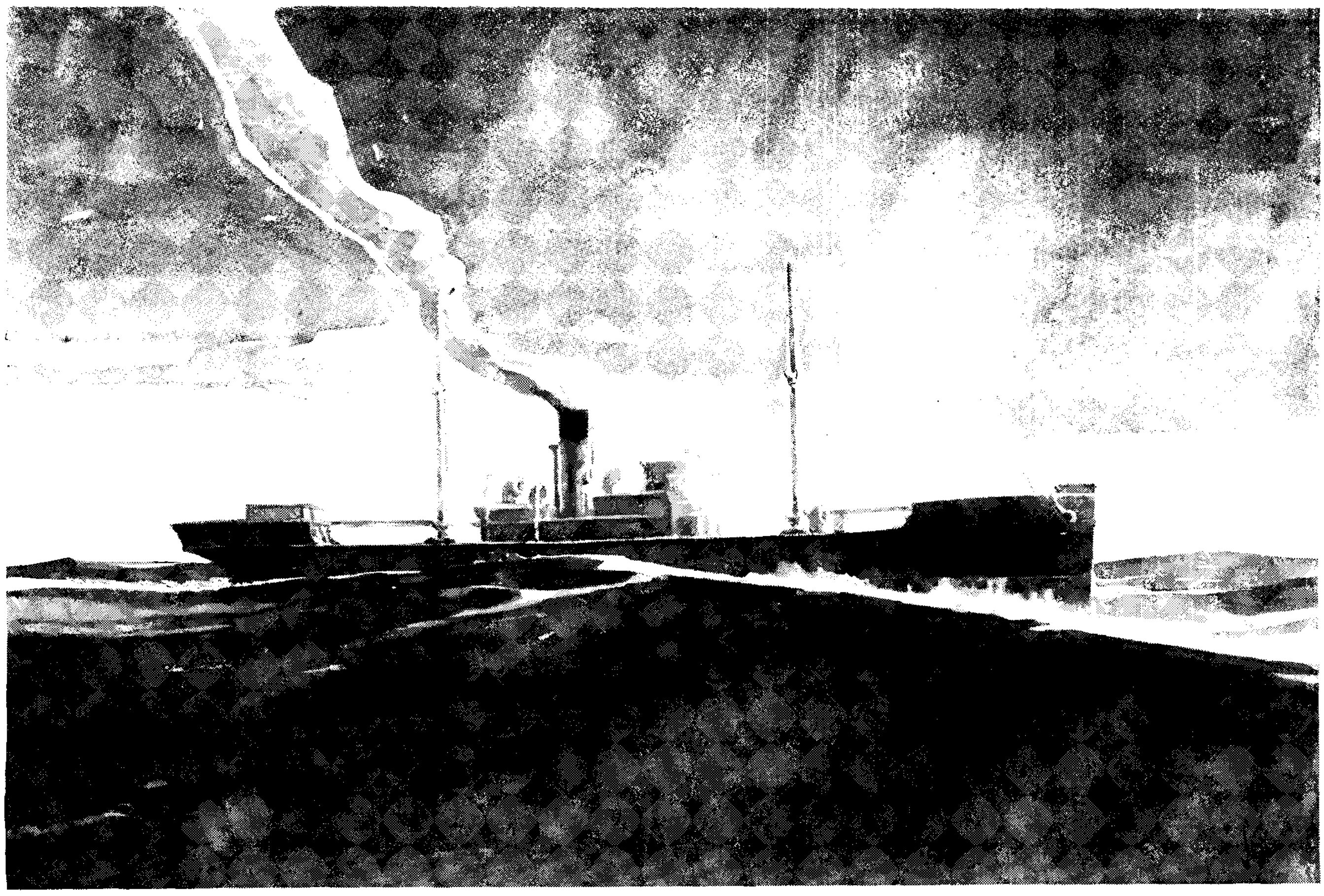
At the very outset he had seen that, beyond her admission to him that she had handled the revolver and put gloves upon Ames' hands, not another detail could be added to the slight evidence against her. So then, baffled, he had sought other roads. And where had these other roads led? Nowhere.

He took his check book from a drawer and ruefully scanned the figures in it. He had, in all the world, nine hundred and sixty-one dollars. That is, exclusive of the cash in his pocket. By adding that to his bank account he would have enough to return Coghlan Buell's retainer. He smiled wryly. It looked as though he would be compelled to swallow his pride and ask Bowman for his job. For he certainly couldn't keep the thousand dollars unless he could make good his boasts. And without that thousand dollars existence would be a serious problem within twenty-four hours.

Or perhaps it would be better to telephone Donohoe. At that, while press-agenting did not appeal to him, it paid even better than reporting. He reached for the telephone and in a moment was speaking to the theatrical producer.

"How about that job, Donohoe? Is Bob James still going to Hollywood?"

(Continued on page 67)



The Pole Star was gracefully heeled on the mudbank with the afternoon sun crimson behind her

The Jonah

A ship of ill omen, Captain Harvey's Pole Star—crazy, unlucky, always in trouble. Harvey hated her. She drove him to drink. But the last disaster was the worst—and best

By Albert Richard Wetjen

Illustrated by Daniel Sweeney

THERE are some ships that are born with a curse on them, and you did not need to mention that to Captain Harvey. He owned the Pole Star and he knew. He had sunk his savings into her, plus a legacy that had come to him, and at the time of his purchase he thought himself lucky. He might have suspected there was a catch in it when Old Man Johnson offered him the vessel at such a reasonable price. Old Man Johnson didn't like Harvey and Harvey didn't like Old Man Johnson. It had been that way ever since they had quarreled over a girl thirty years before.

Yet it had all seemed reasonable. The Pole Star had been for sale and Captain Harvey had decided it was better to work for himself than for other men. And Old Man Johnson had been remarkably decent about it—given him five years to pay off the balance. It was not until he had first boarded the vessel and things began to happen that suspicions crossed his mind. At the first step he took up the port companion to the bridge the thing collapsed under him, setting him violently upon his stern, which was bad for a stout man of fifty, in full sight of his crew.

"I can't understand it," said Old Man Johnson pleasantly. He had offered to come along and see the Pole Star out of the river, and Captain Harvey had thought it was very good of him, considering their long feud. "I can't understand it," said Old Man Johnson again. "The superstructure was all overhauled only a month ago."

Captain Harvey glared at the companion and grunted. It looked sound enough on the outside but the heart of it was rotten. You couldn't say much about that. No man could look inside two inches of solid-seeming wood.

"WE'LL call it an accident," said the captain gruffly, and went cautiously to the bridge by the starboard companion. Old Man Johnson stroked his patriarchal whiskers and smiled.

"I'd never have thought of selling her if it wasn't I wanted to retire," he explained. "She's a good little ship. A trifle cranky at times but good."

"You didn't keep her long," ventured Captain Harvey, surveying his new possession with a glow of pride that made him forget the companion incident.

"Just a year," confessed Old Man Johnson. "I made one voyage with her and . . . er . . . then decided to retire, as I said."

The pilot came on the bridge looking bad-tempered.

"All right! Any time you say!" he snapped. Captain Harvey summoned a man to the wheel and blew his whistle for the mate to stand by for'ard. The pilot looked at him with a puzzled frown and chewed hard on his mustache.

"We'll take it slow," he said uneasily. "I piloted this damned packet once before."

"What's the matter with her?" inquired the captain, surprised. The pilot shrugged and tramped into the bridge wing. Old Man Johnson stroked his white whiskers and smiled again. There was nothing the matter with her. Her survey had passed. If the underwriters would only give her a very limited amount of insurance, that was perhaps justified. The Pole Star was not a new vessel. Captain Harvey nodded to himself and felt pleased, and the curse began to work.

Drawing away from the wharf the Pole Star broke for'ard a brand-new eight-inch hawser and an almost new wire. The pilot swore. The mate swore. The tugboat captain swore and Captain Harvey's eyes bulged in his red face. Rope costs money.

"Accidents will happen," sighed Old Man Johnson.

"I'll give that mate something to think about when I catch hold of him," threatened the captain. The pilot spat over the rail and looked disgusted.

In the river the Pole Star narrowly missed running down a barge, literally grazed a naval dredge that was at work and thereafter careened drunkenly into the channel. Captain Harvey began to sweat and the pilot chewed his unlighted cigar to shreds. He took Captain Harvey by the arm and drew him aside.

"I've known you for twenty years, Harvey," he said. "And I always thought you were a sensible man."

"I don't understand!" said the captain stiffly.

"You bought the Pole Star, didn't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, take a look into one or two of her old log books. She's a Jonah. Old Man Johnson would have sold her for a nickel to get rid of her."

"Rot!" exploded Captain Harvey. "She's a sound ship. I had my own men go over her. Jonah? Rot!"

"Have it your way," shrugged the pilot, and he returned to the rail just in time to save a launch from being run down. Old Man Johnson beamed and stroked his whiskers.

"I hope you have a pleasant voyage, Captain," he said. "I'll drop off when the tug leaves."

"I'll manage," stated the captain stiffly. "And by the way, the pilot says this vessel has a bad record."

Old Man Johnson shrugged.

"What does he know about it? He never took her to sea."

"Well, she won't act up while I'm on board," the captain snapped. "As long as a ship has steerage way and keeps afloat I'll handle her."

THERE was a gentle bump. The screw astern churned up evil-smelling mud. The Pole Star came slowly to a stop and the pilot leaned weakly on the rail and purpled the air with his language.

"That damned channel buoy's adrift. Hundred yards out of position," he choked at last. "Never been reported."

Captain Harvey glared at him.

"Call yourself a pilot! I'll send in a complaint about this!"

The pilot choked, spat into the tugboat's well deck and glanced around.

"What did you expect?" he demanded. "What did I tell you? You've got a blasted Jonah. We're aground and we'll have to wait for next tide to get off."

"I'll report. . . ." fumed Captain Harvey. The pilot shook his weary head.

"Report all you want. No human being could get this packet to sea without something happening. Report all you want but look up her old log books first." At which he stalked away to get a cup of coffee and something to eat, the Pole Star being safe for a few hours anyway. Old Man Johnson stroked his whiskers and smiled amiably.

"It's too bad, Captain. I think I'll be going."

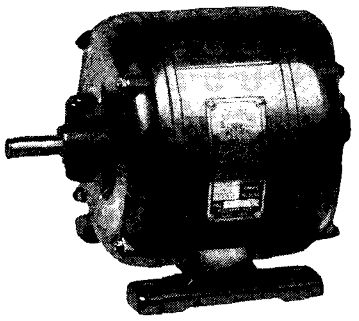
"I believe you've sold me something!" said Captain Harvey, snorting. Old Man Johnson waved his hand.

"Well, she's all yours. Goodby and good luck."

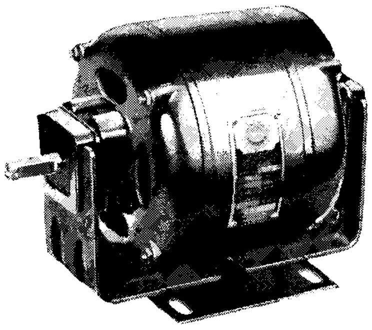
He went down to the main deck, chuckling to himself, and dropped to the tug which cast off and went back to wait until the tide turned. Captain Harvey breathed hard. He began to understand the few hints he had received. He began to understand the pitying looks directed at him in the Captains' Club when he had mentioned his purchase. He began to understand what the pilot meant, and more than all he began to understand Old Man Johnson's amiable smile. He gloomily stamped into the chartroom and routed out one or two of the rough logs of the Pole Star's previous voyages. And after reading them he groaned.

(Continued on page 26)

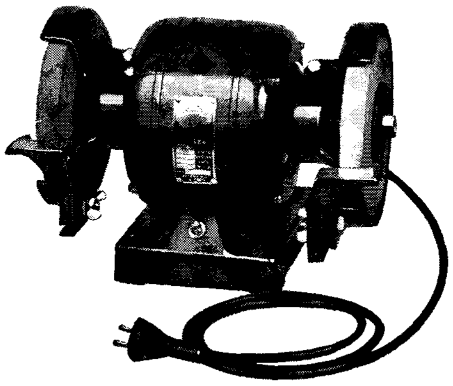
SUNLIGHT MOTORS



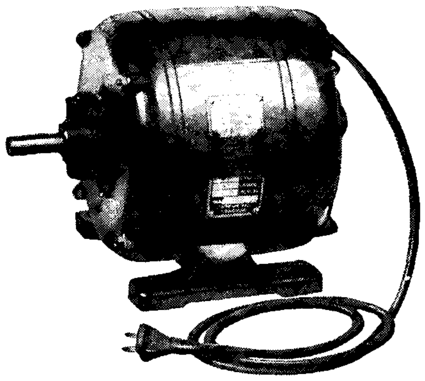
Sunlight "General Purpose" ⅙, ¼ and ⅓ h.p. split-phase A.C. induction motor. Also made for D.C. operation. Noted for long service and quiet operation. More than 1,500,000 of these Sunlight motors are now in use by 62% of all washing machine manufacturers.



Sunlight "De Luxe" split-phase A.C. induction motor, ⅙, ¼, ⅓ h.p. Also for D.C. operation. Wool-packed bearings, non-spillable oil well holding lubricant sufficient for life of average appliance. Live rubber cradle-base mounting. Quiet, vibrationless; a superior product.



Sunlight "Green Flash" high-speed, dual wheel ball-bearing bench grinder. 3450 r.p.m.; ¼ h.p. split-phase A.C. induction motor. Sealed bearings. Exceptionally smooth running. Complete with two 6"x¾" grinding wheels, guards, tool rests, cord and switch.

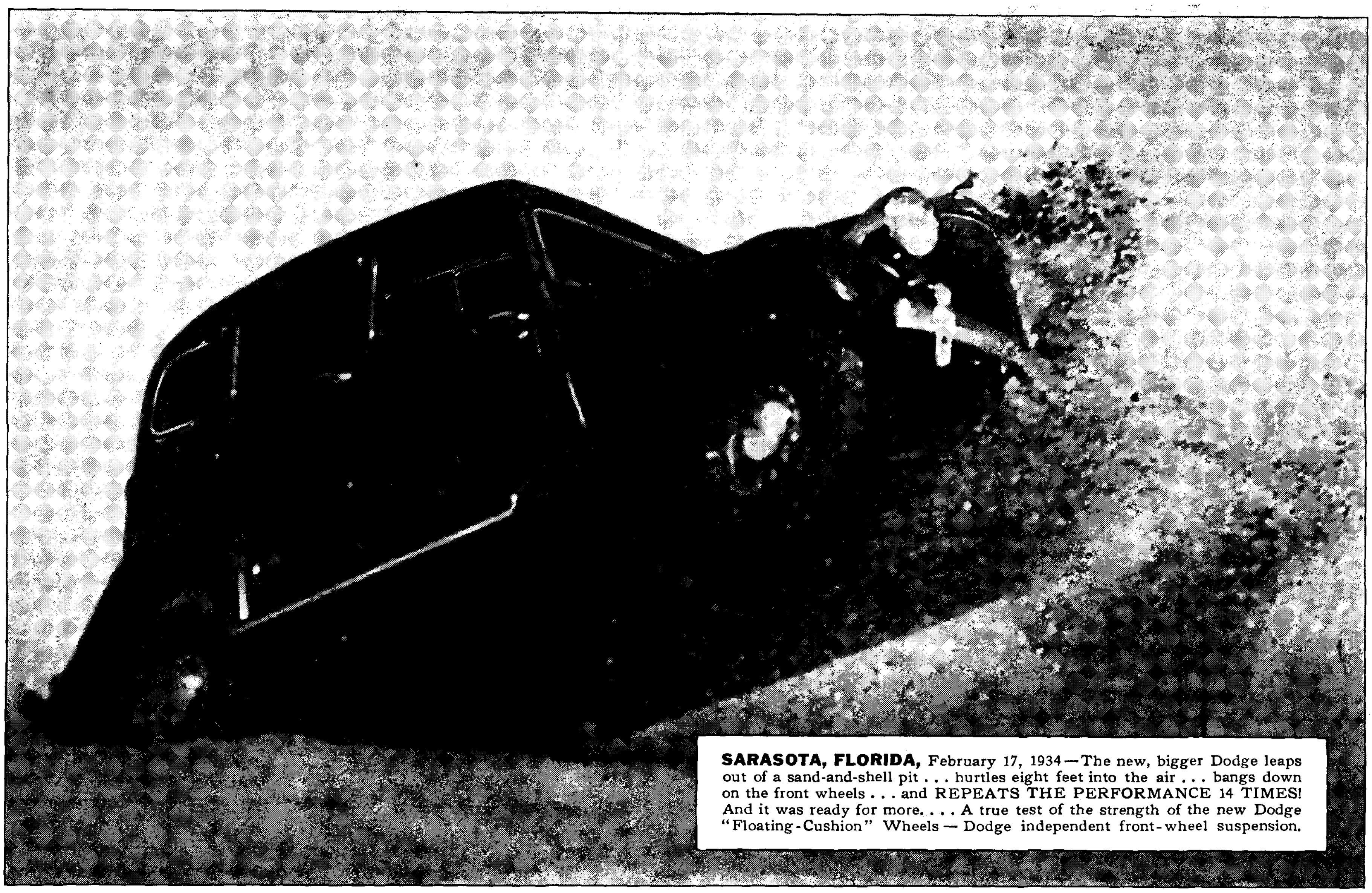


Sunlight "Workshop Special" split-phase A.C. induction motor in ⅙, ¼ and ⅓ h.p. Also made for D.C. operation. A long-life, quiet motor with ½" shaft, complete with cord and plug; an ideal unit for the home workshop.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Easing the task of homekeeping

OR nineteen years, Sunlight electric motors have powered a steadily growing number of family washers, and today, more than 62% of the washing machine manufacturers use Sunlight motors to provide the power that makes easier wash days possible. Those years which have measured the life of Sunlight Electrical Company also span the period of important developments in fractional-horsepower, split-phase electric motors for household service. Almost the first organization to enter this field—and pioneering virtually all of those improvements which are now the common property of the industry—Sunlight is proud of a history which actually constitutes a complete record of the development of this type of electric motor. The Sunlight line for 1934 comprises ⅙, ¼, and ⅓ horsepower split-phase motors for household appliance power, also grinder and buffer combinations and single small-power motors for shop and home use. Information about motors and grinder combinations will be cheerfully furnished to manufacturers, individuals and the trade.



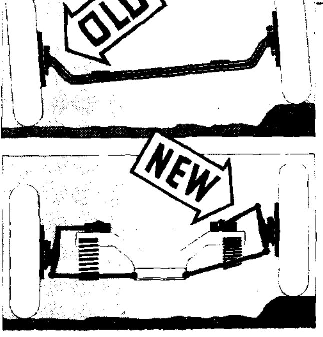
SARASOTA, FLORIDA, February 17, 1934—The new, bigger Dodge leaps out of a sand-and-shell pit . . . hurtles eight feet into the air . . . bangs down on the front wheels . . . and REPEATS THE PERFORMANCE 14 TIMES! And it was ready for more. . . . A true test of the strength of the new Dodge "Floating-Cushion" Wheels — Dodge independent front-wheel suspension.

WHAT OTHER CAR CAN

FOR ONLY $645*..JUST A FEW DOLLARS

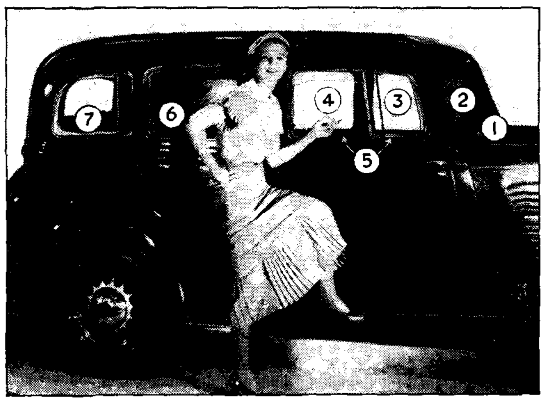
LOOK OUT FOR THAT BIG BUMP AHEAD, GEORGE—
O.K. HONEY
GEORGE, WE PASSED RIGHT OVER IT—AND NEVER FELT IT!
SURE! THESE NEW DODGE FLOATING-CUSHION WHEELS SIMPLY IRON OUT ALL BUMPS AND RUTS

YOU DON'T FEEL BUMPS AND RUTS with Dodge "Floating-Cushion" Wheels—the final step completing the levelized, vibrationless ride. This Dodge independent front-wheel suspension ensures smooth riding for front *and* rear-seat passengers. When one front wheel strikes a bump or rut, the wheel—independently of the rest of the car—rises and falls with the bump. The shock is absorbed . . . doesn't jar or tilt the rest of the car. "Floating-Cushion" Wheels, plus cross-steering, which ends "wheel-fight", and Floating Power engine mountings to smother vibration, Dodge is the first car in its field to offer a ride that is *completely smooth,* entirely vibrationless, free of shock, "jitter" and jar.



10 IMPORTANT MONEY-SAVING FEATURES . . . Amazing gas, oil and tire economy result from ten big Dodge economy features . . . *engineered* right into your car! Features you can understand without being an engineer! Get your copy of the Dodge "Show-Down" Score Card from your dealer. It is FREE!

YOU BET! MY NEW DODGE IS SAVING ME REAL MONEY ON UPKEEP
YOUR BANK ACCOUNT SURE IS GROWING!



DODGE PERFECTED "7-POINT VENTILATION" —An improved and perfected ventilating system. (**1**) Cowl ventilator. (**2**) Windshield opens or closes by means of crank on instrument board. (**3**) Front half of forward window may be swung open in "butterfly" fashion. (**4**) Rear half of the window can be raised or lowered independently of the "butterfly". (**5**) Both halves of the forward window may be locked into a single unit and raised or lowered together — just as with a regular window. (**6**) Rear door window, raises or lowers. (**7**) Rear quarter window has "butterfly" draft control.

The new, bigger Dodge captivates California

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JUST A DOLLAR A WEEK MORE GIVES YOU UNBELIEVABLE EXTRA VALUE . . . THE PICTURES SHOW HOW MUCH YOU GET IN DODGE!

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But if you'll use the "Show-Down" Plan when you select your next car, you can tell the value you're getting—*before you buy!*

The "Show-Down" Plan X-rays cars. Uncovers secrets about performance . . . safety . . . comfort and economy. Strips mechanical language of its complicated terms and puts it into everyday English that even a child could understand.

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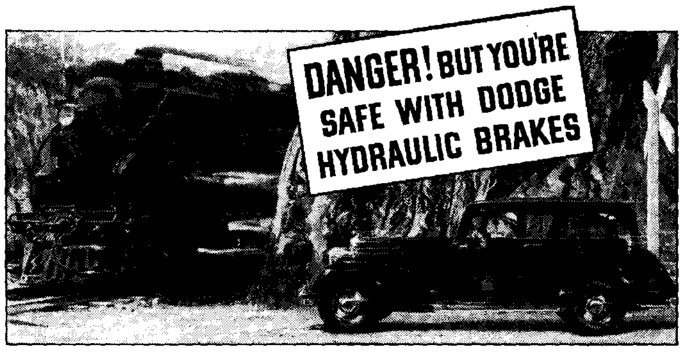
Ask any Dodge dealer about this amazing plan that takes all the guess-work out of car-buying. And be sure to ask for the "Show-Down" Score Card. It is free. Take it home with you. See the things you want to know about the new 1934 cars printed there in plain black-and-white!

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION
Division of Chrysler Corporation



HYDRAULIC BRAKES ARE SAFE BRAKES!—Only a slight pressure on the brake pedal is needed to bring the new, bigger Dodge to a smooth, instant stop. Hydraulic brakes are always equalized . . . check dangerous swerving . . . save tires! With ribbed cast-iron-and-steel braking surfaces that save brake relining expense for you—just one of the many Dodge economy features. . . . Most taxicabs use hydraulic brakes . . . taxicab companies demand them for *safety!* They are safer for you, too!

---

*The new, bigger Dodge on 117-inch wheelbase: Coupe $645; Coupe with rumble seat $695; Two-door Sedan $695; Four-door Sedan (illustrated) $745; Convertible Coupe $745. On the 121-inch wheelbase: Brougham $835; Convertible Sedan $875. *All prices f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra.*

In the annals of the sea are records of many vessels that sailed in sin and shame. There was one notorious collier whose predilection was ramming. There was not a ship that came in sight of her for which she did not start, as a bull starts for a red rag. She rammed two sailing vessels in one day in the English Channel. She rammed three steam freighters in as many years and she ended her career by ramming a great liner in the St. Lawrence River. But she was a killer, one of the worst, and not all sinful ships are like that.

THE Pole Star wasn't. There was a certain naïveté and even charm about her. She would lock her steering gear at inconvenient times. She would faithfully seek out every sand shoal and mud flat within range. She would suffer from mysterious breakdowns to her engines, take awesome and peculiar lists upon the slightest provocation or on no provocation at all. She was a positive menace, and she broke men's hearts, but she was not a killer, and for that, as time went on, Captain Harvey was deeply if profanely thankful. And it was about all he had to be thankful for. He developed a new and amazing vocabulary when he spoke of his vessel. He spent many hours when in his bunk thinking up exquisite things that should be performed on Old Man Johnson. But none of that did any good at all.

Coming out of Apia in the Samoan Islands, the Pole Star met a tidal wave that went over her like a sheet of sandpaper. It was true that three other ships went down when the wave had finished with them, but at least that was the underwriters' worry. The Pole Star survived but was wiped almost clean of superstructure and lost her rudder. It cost Captain Harvey eight thousand dollars in towing and repairs and he began to take to drink.

In Sydney, coming away from the dock, the pilot backed into a towing wire extending from a tug to a log raft which he hadn't seen. The Pole Star's propeller made the occasion good by wrapping the wire around itself and eventually breaking off. In dry-dock for repairs again, she caught fire in the forepeak. Coming out of dry-dock, she took six feet off the end of the concrete retaining wall. That being settled, she went to Thursday Island in the Torres Strait and got her port anchor foul of someone else's cable, eventually losing forty fathoms of chain. And chain, like rope, was expensive. All over the world, and far back along her trail, there were warrants out for her and damage suits and shipwrights' bills hastening to catch up with her. Captain Harvey became an adept in leaving port at psychological times, usually at night.

"Six more months of this," he said, "and I'll be ruined."

"Six more months of this," said his chief engineer, "and I'll be crazy."

HE WAS involved at the time with a blown cylinder head and two boilers that mysteriously oozed steam in spite of all that could be done. The Pole Star was bound from Sydney to Benzara on the Central American coast when this happened, and she lay for nearly a week in an oily and sickening calm while men perspired at a hundred and twenty degrees of temperature in the bowels of her. Captain Harvey drank two bottles of brandy a day and fumed up and down the bridge.

He had netted a two-year charter for Benzara that bade fair to cover all his losses, but everything depended on time. The Benzara merchants had stipulated so many days between Sydney and Benzara. For every day she was late, over a three-day allowance for bad weather, etc., there was a forfeit. For every day she was early there was a bonus. Knowing his ship, Captain Harvey had not the slightest hope of ever collecting any bonus, but he did think he might reasonably hope to keep up with the normal charter terms. They were liberal enough. Even a sailing vessel with ordinary luck would have been able to cover them. And now here was the Pole Star in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, nearly a week idle with engine trouble.

"If we were getting a bonus for being late," he swore in the saloon one day, "she'd make a record run of it. I know her."

"I wouldn't doubt it," agreed the chief engineer, long resigned. "Do you remember in the Tenimber Pass last year? There she was in the currents and with us with a good chance of losing her for good. And what happened?"

"An eight-knot ship," glowered the captain. "Never made more than that. But as soon as she gets near the reefs she develops eleven knots and pulls clear. You'd think she had a special understanding with the underwriters. Don't tell me!"

"Well, she don't have to worry about the underwriters any more," said the chief. "I hear they refused you renewals."

"Which means she'll take the first opportunity of piling up for good. Damn her! She wouldn't do it while she was insured."

They got the Pole Star under way again at last, and four days later, in half a gale and at night, in response to rockets in the sky, she was compelled to spend forty-eight hours standing by a Portuguese liner that had crumpled her bows against some undetermined object. The liner looked in a bad way for a while and Captain Harvey cheered up. Such a delay was legitimate and not on charter time, and from all appearances there was fat salvage in sight. But the sea went down. A heavenly calm came upon the ocean and the liner, deciding she could make port under her own power, thanked the Pole Star and graciously steamed out of sight.

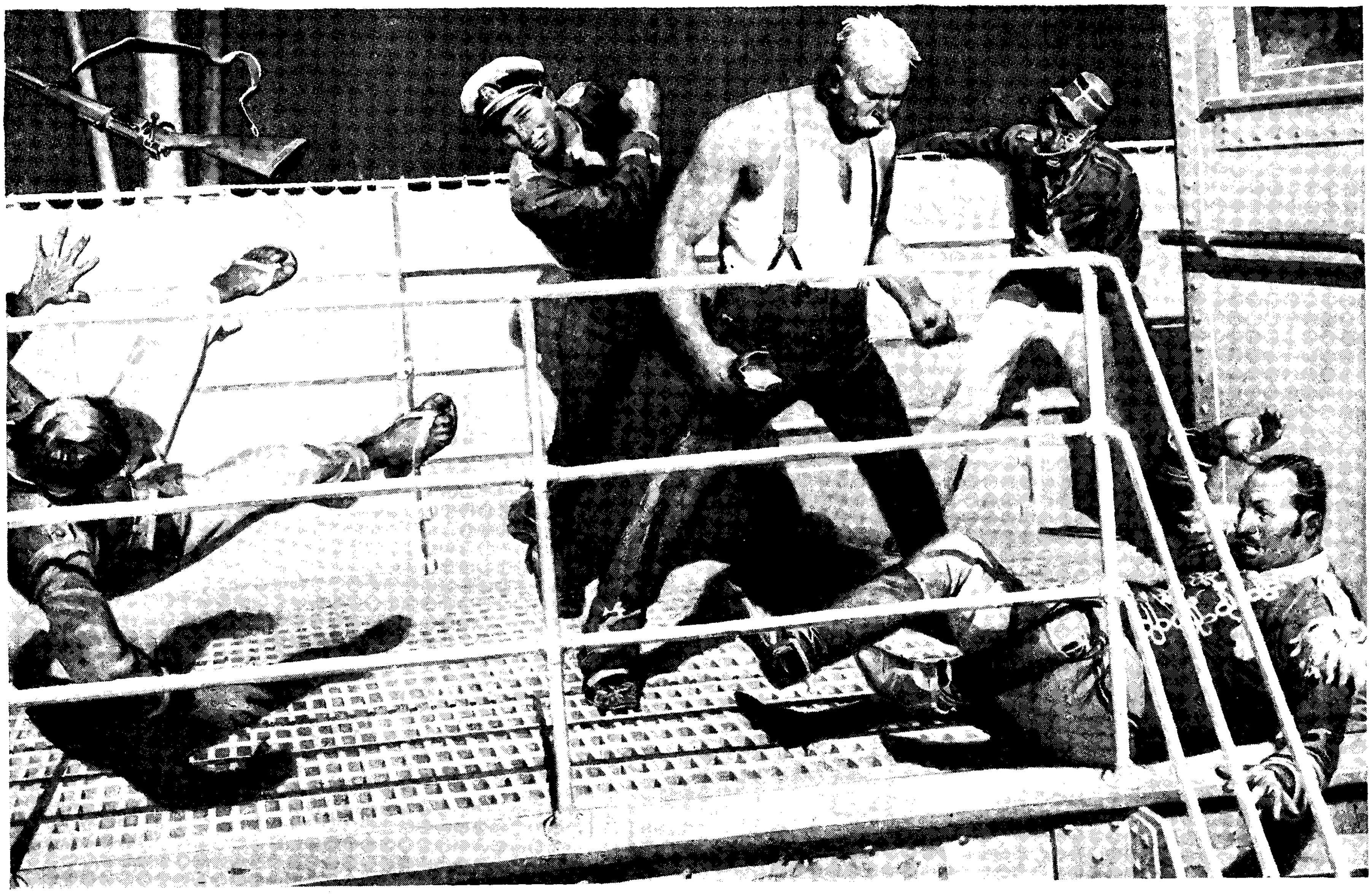
"NOW what do you think of that?" said Captain Harvey dejectedly. He had about come to the end of his resistance, and anyway the brandy was all gone. "We've got a Jonah big as a house sitting on the main hatch, and nothing'll ever shift it. I hope Old Man Johnson chokes!"

But the Pole Star in due time came to Benzara harbor, and in accordance with her established custom made a figure-eight knot in the middle of the narrow channel so that her bow ended up on a mudbank. The charterer's American agent came out in a launch, a bright, brisk young man in white drill and possessed of amazing cheerfulness.

"Five days late, Captain," he announced. "That's a bad start. And how in the world did you come to go aground?"

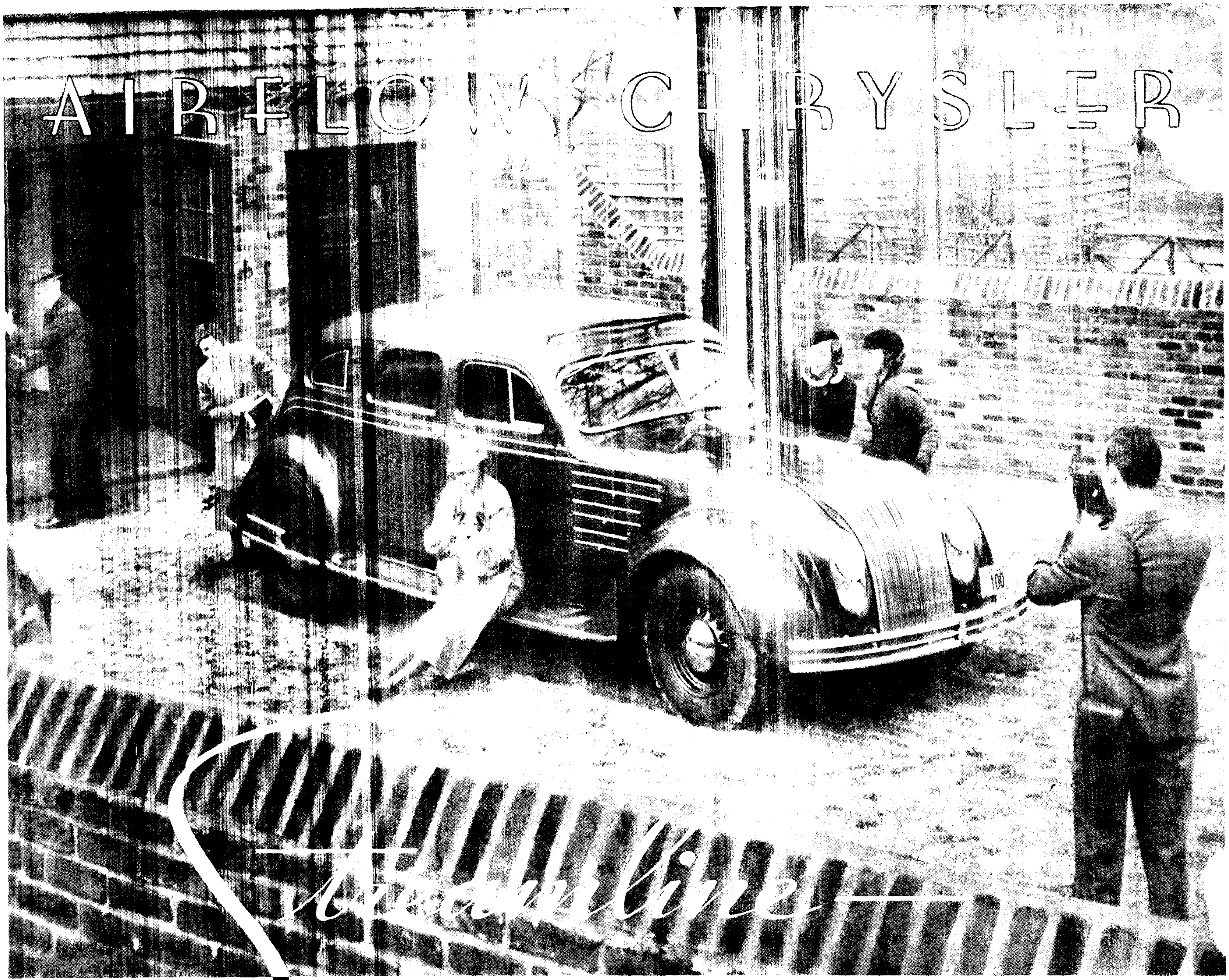
"How?" said Captain Harvey hollowly. "How? This ship, young man, has been aground in every port from Suez to Singapore. We're trying to make a record."

(Continued on page 52)



Vast indignation overwhelmed him and he brought the bottle hard down upon the general's head

AIRFLOW CHRYSLER



Streamline — NOT JUST THE WORD . . . BUT THE FACT

BALANCED LIKE AN ARROW IN FLIGHT

* * * * *

REAL streamline isn't a guess, it's a fact.

The wind tunnel shows with scientific accuracy just how a car should be shaped to cleave through the air at top efficiency.

It shows that the front should be rounded like an Airflow* Chrysler's. That the body should taper back . . . not swell from a point. That the rear should be a meeting of sweeping inward curves . . . not a rounded-off box. There must be no valleys between hood and fenders . . . no horns or lamps projecting.

It's no accident that the Airflow Chrysler looks surprisingly like the modern, high-speed train. Both are examples of streamline that means something.

The Airflow Chrysler is balanced like an arrow in flight. Like an arrow, it has its heaviest weight in the front . . . to steady it as it cleaves through the air.

Passengers ride in the middle of the car . . . exactly at the center of balance . . . the point of least up-and-down motion and greatest roominess. The action of the springs is slowed by the new balance of weights . . . so that jolts are lengthened and softened into an easy glide.

If ever a motor car spoke for itself, it is the Airflow Chrysler! You have only to ride in it to know that it is the inevitable car of tomorrow—here today. That it ushers in a new era of transportation—a decidedly better and finer way to travel. Try it for yourself.

REALLY STREAMLINED . . . BOTH CAR AND TRAIN

Four Distinguished 1934 Models

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 122 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, Brougham and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe. All body types, $1245.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower . . . 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe. All body types, $1495.

AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . 150 horsepower . . . 146-inch wheelbase. Individualized body types, prices on request.

1934 CHRYSLER SIX . . . *With independently sprung front wheels* . . . for a levelized cushioned ride . . . 93 horsepower, 7 body types on 117- and 121-inch wheelbase. From $725 up. Four-door Sedan, $795.

All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Detroit

FLOATING RIDE BOOKLET FREE—Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12203 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

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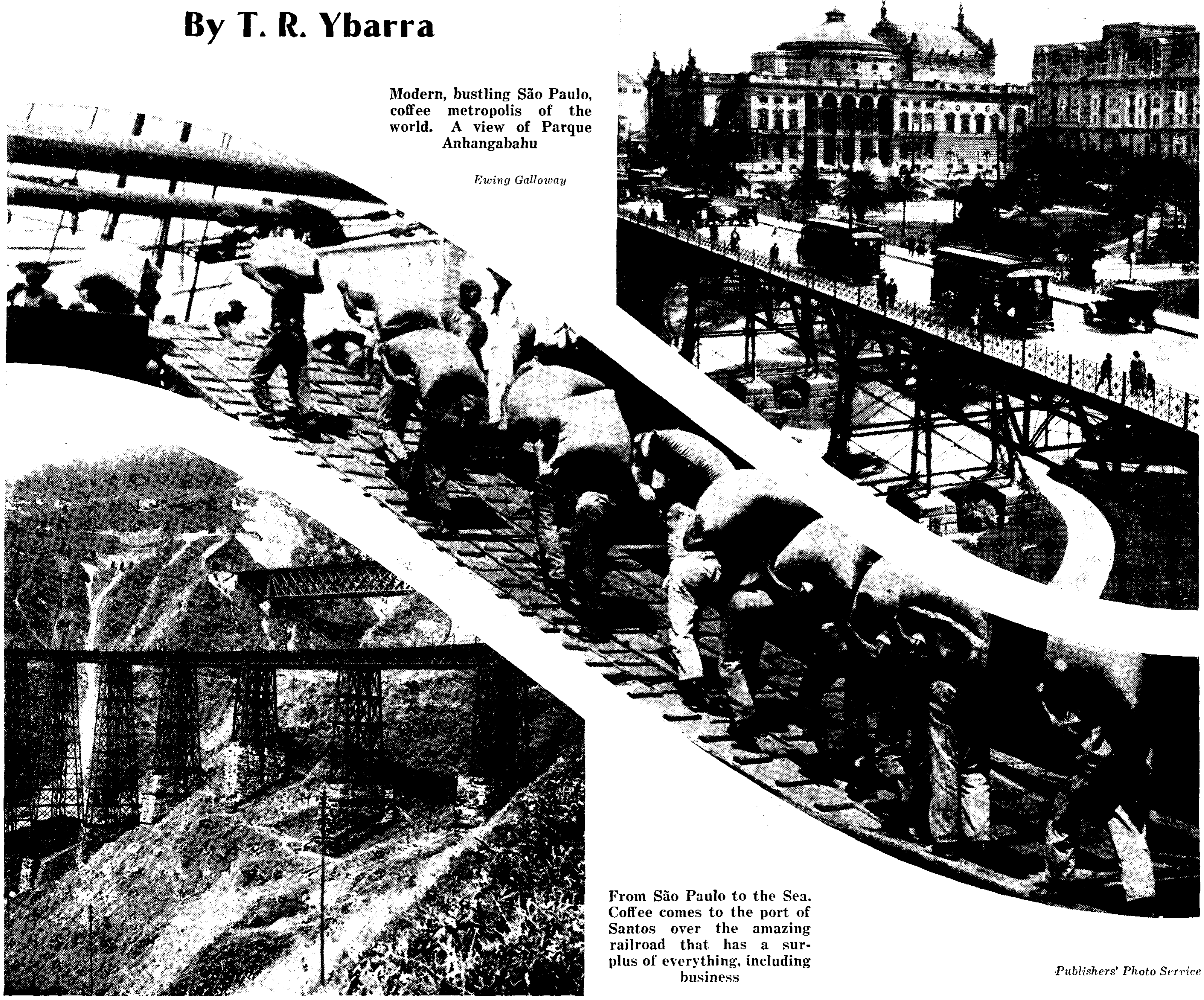
Old King Coffee

By T. R. Ybarra



Modern, bustling São Paulo, coffee metropolis of the world. A view of Parque Anhangabahu

Ewing Galloway

From São Paulo to the Sea. Coffee comes to the port of Santos over the amazing railroad that has a surplus of everything, including business

Publishers' Photo Service

© *E. M. Newman—Publishers' Photo Service*

Maybe coffee is just a beverage to you; to one important section of the world it's a matter of riches or poverty, life or death. Mr. Ybarra, traveling through South America for Collier's, takes you into the romantic and colorful "red earth" district of Brazil where Yankee enterprise in an exotic setting waits impatiently for you to order a second cup

IF YOU would see Old King Coffee in all his glory, go to Southern Brazil, into the land of the renowned "red earth," where coffee shrubs blossom sometimes for a full hundred years; where they spread themselves before you in countless thousands until they vanish over the edge of the horizon, flanked by banana trees, their faithful henchmen, and guarded by palm trees, their slender sentinels. Enjoy the hospitality of a *fazenda*—as they call a plantation in Brazil—where you will find modernity going hand in hand with an old-fashioned welcome to casual visitors which is like a fragrant breeze from a past of leisure and courtliness. Yes, go to the land of the "red earth"—and I guarantee you will never again look upon your morning cup of coffee as something to be gulped down indifferently, with one eye on the paper and the other on your watch, lest you arrive late downtown. Never again!

Old King Coffee's realm is centered in the state of São Paulo, Southern Brazil, and the place where he holds court is the city of São Paulo, Southern Brazil's metropolis, and the port whence he sends out yearly billions of coffee berries for brewing the world's favorite beverage is Santos—sweltering below the mountain wall separating the Brazilian interior from the sea—where, from the moment of your arrival to that of your departure, you breathe coffee, taste coffee, feel coffee and smell coffee.

There is a hot street in Santos where merchants and brokers and carters and carriers, Brazilian and Portuguese, Spanish, Italian and German, move about in shirt sleeves, and mop wet foreheads with dripping handkerchiefs, while they transact a major part of the world's coffee business—for Brazil grows three fourths of all the coffee in the world, and about two thirds of the colossal Brazilian crop comes from São Paulo state and is shipped through São Paulo city to Santos.

Where Prosperity Ties to Coffee

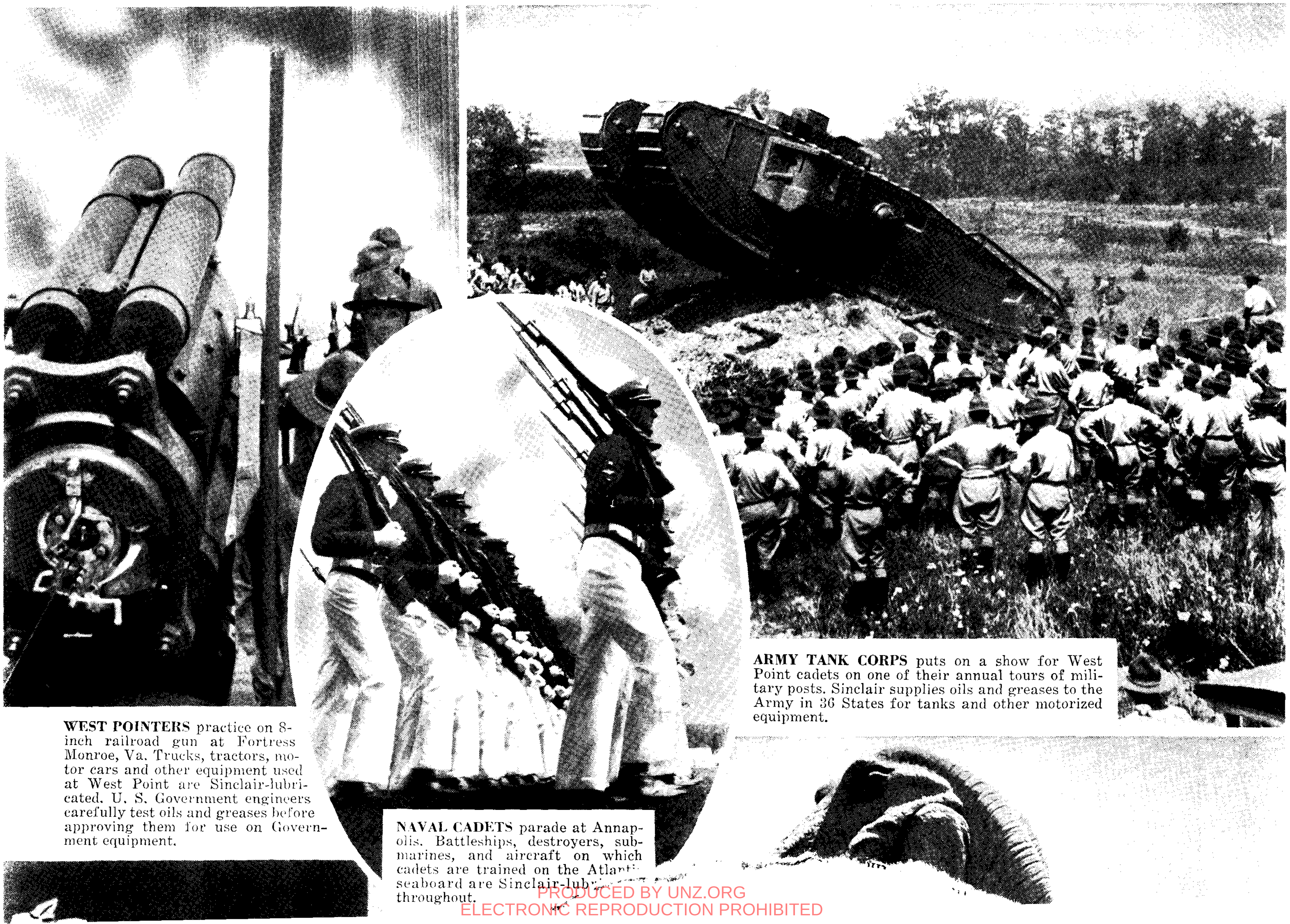
A rough idea of the significance of this may be gained if you consider that recent bumper crop years in Brazil have yielded as much as 29,000,000 sacks of coffee; and that, of each of these, São Paulo has produced, on an average, about 20,000,000 sacks. And here is another little item: In Brazil there are *nearly three billion* coffee plants, of which something like *one and one-half billion* are in the state of São Paulo. These figures may sound dull to you who read them in North America; but, should you ever get to Santos, São Paulo's seaport, and dodge freight cars and motor trucks and mule carts on its waterfront, all coffee, and tread on coffee berries wherever you go, those millions of sacks will seem to be right on the spot and those billions of coffee plants just around the corner!

Because you and enormous numbers of human beings like you simply must have coffee for breakfast, São Paulo lives and prospers. If you decide that one cupful of a morning is not enough, São Paulo's wealth runs up into fabulous totals, and her magnates rush off to spend accumulated profits in New York and Paris, and Old King Coffee smiles. When times are hard and you sternly deny yourself that second cup, down tumbles São Paulo's fortunes, her magnates mope at home, there is melancholy along that hot street in Santos, and Old King Coffee mournfully shakes his grizzled head.

Then, presto!—times improve, and the "fazendas" of São Paulo state and the clubs of São Paulo city and the

(Continued on page 48)

WEST POINT - ANNAPOLIS USE SINCLAIR OILS



WEST POINTERS practice on 8-inch railroad gun at Fortress Monroe, Va. Trucks, tractors, motor cars and other equipment used at West Point are Sinclair-lubricated. U. S. Government engineers carefully test oils and greases before approving them for use on Government equipment.

NAVAL CADETS parade at Annapolis. Battleships, destroyers, submarines, and aircraft on which cadets are trained on the Atlantic seaboard are Sinclair-lubricated throughout.

ARMY TANK CORPS puts on a show for West Point cadets on one of their annual tours of military posts. Sinclair supplies oils and greases to the Army in 36 States for tanks and other motorized equipment.

"I'd like an UNDERWOOD, Sir, you see... I learned on one..."

...MOST GIRLS DO!

THE TYPIST prefers the Underwood Standard Typewriter for two very definite reasons. First of all, of course, is the fact that she probably *learned* on one. But a close second is apt to be that she *knows* that on an Underwood she can *accomplish* more. The Underwood is the speed-writing typewriter of the world. Every national and international typewriter contest for the past quarter century has been won on an Underwood Typewriter. And she knows it. Give *her* an Underwood and she'll give *you* a better, speedier, neater job of typing.

See the Underwood Standard Typewriter at the nearest Underwood Elliott Fisher Branch or just telephone for a demonstration in your own office. Underwood Elliott Fisher is the largest manufacturer of typewri

Longsword

By Harold Lamb

Brian the Viking buys the girl he loves—a story of Constantinople in the day of the Cæsars, when pacifists died young

WHEN they brought Irene before the Cæsar, he looked at her in silence. He wanted to be rid of her forever.

But Irene's hair gleamed like pallid gold; her eyes reminded him of green sea water. Her slight young body held itself erect before him. She was utterly still, in her wayward pride. The Cæsar wished that she were not so lovely. People would remember her, if she disappeared.

The Cæsar, John Dukas, supreme commander of the armed hosts of the Byzantine Empire, was quite capable of making people vanish into thin air. He had at his command certain obscure assassins, Asiatic slave dealers, and eminent physicians. Not long ago he had executed in public Mikhail Comnenus, the father of Irene—Comnenus, who had in his veins the blood of the Emperor, and had rebelled against the Emperor, who was the cousin of John Dukas.

Irene, the only child of the dead rebel, remained to be disposed of. Otherwise she would in all probability bear children of her own, who would nourish the death of their grandfather in their minds. The Emperor himself had ordered that she should be made away with, but he had not indicated how this was to be done.

"What would you like, Irene Comnena?" he asked gently. "To be sent to the house of a friend? What friend?"

The girl did not answer. She was afraid that this Cæsar who sat in a chair shaped like a throne and who wore a blue mantle almost the hue of the imperial purple intended to trick her with words. Besides, she had no real friends in Constantinople.

"You must have a protector, Irene."

SHE shook her head. The only thing she wanted was to be sent back to the palace on the Pontus shore where the Judas trees were in bloom and the funny fishermen sang as they dragged the nets in. But they had told her that the estates of her father belonged to the Emperor now. She was really very frightened, and pressed her fingers tightly into her palms. She did not want the protection of this quiet bronzed man with the oiled hair.

The Cæsar reflected that even black slaves can be bribed to tell their secrets, and the deep waters had been known to yield up weighted bodies. The Emperor did not wish the body of this girl to be found and if it were found, he, the Cæsar, might have to take the blame.

The Cæsar and the Emperor were cousins and they hated, each one the other, like cousins. At times the Cæsar wondered if that gaunt figure in pearl-sewn cloth-of-gold did not possess the art of reading another's mind—even while he brooded everlastingly over books and jewels and legends of mad saints.

"Let me go away," the girl whispered.

"I will find someone," the Cæsar assented, "to take you away."

When the slaves led her back to the tapestried room that was her prison, she had no longer need to appear proud. She crouched down on the window seat, sobbing convulsively, because she was alone and she had no one she dared confide in any longer.

John Dukas considered how he might find someone who could carry her beyond the borders of the empire without attracting attention. This would not be easily done, for the nobility of Constantinople was an inbred society, a few families all related more or less to the Emperor, tracing their descent back to Constantine and imperial Rome. For some seven hundred years these few families had preserved themselves and their amusements behind the triple wall of Constantinople, while barbarians overran the ruins of western Rome. Huns and Bulgars and Turks had not conquered them.

THE aristocracy of the city hired other barbarians to defend them, and their greatest dread was boredom. During the seven centuries they had achieved mastery in intrigue and enlightenment in subtle vice, quite certain that beyond the circle of their intelligence lay only the darkness of Chaos.

The women especially treasured their secrets of refinement; for their bodies they had the sheer silks and the perfumes and cosmetics of all Asia. The galleys of Venice brought them rare glasses and silverware; the carpets of Tabriz and Kashan covered their floors, and at the end of their whispering galleries they could hear the gossip of the unchanging city.

These aristocrats knew Irene Comnena as a self-contained girl who preferred the country house on the Pontus to her city palace and their society; most of them knew her by sight. So John Dukas must needs smuggle her into oblivion without attracting attention. Byzantine society winked at assassination, but it never forgave bungling.

"What is that?" the Cæsar asked, staring at something within the rim of the Golden Horn.

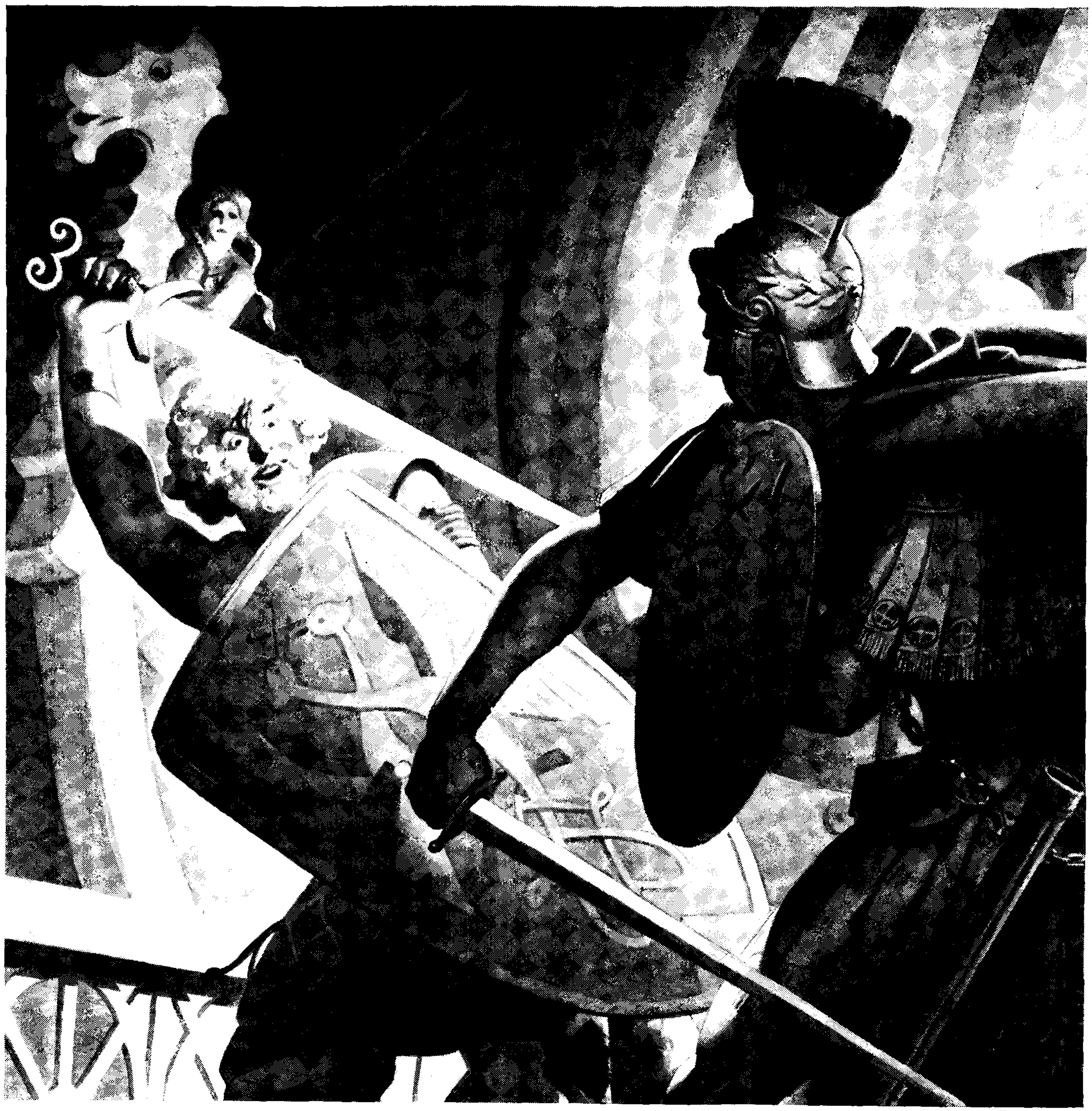
A secretary came to the window, standing respectfully behind him. Below them extended the imperial gardens, and—beyond a guarded wall—the jetties crowded with galleys and trading vessels. In a private anchorage lay the Cæsar's barge, gilded and carpeted and canopied, with space for forty rowers. Upon this barge he was accustomed to journey up the Bosphorus or to cross over to Chalcedon—even to take pleasure trips out to the islands. But he was looking at a strange craft coming in past the guard-ships.

It was smaller than a galley. It had a prow that reared up into a wooden dragon head much the worse for wear. Battered shields were ranged along the rail above the oars.

"Your Illustriousness," the secretary explained, "it is a dragon ship from the far northern sea."

The Cæsar had never seen such a craft in Constantinople. "From what land?" he asked.

(Continued on page 55)

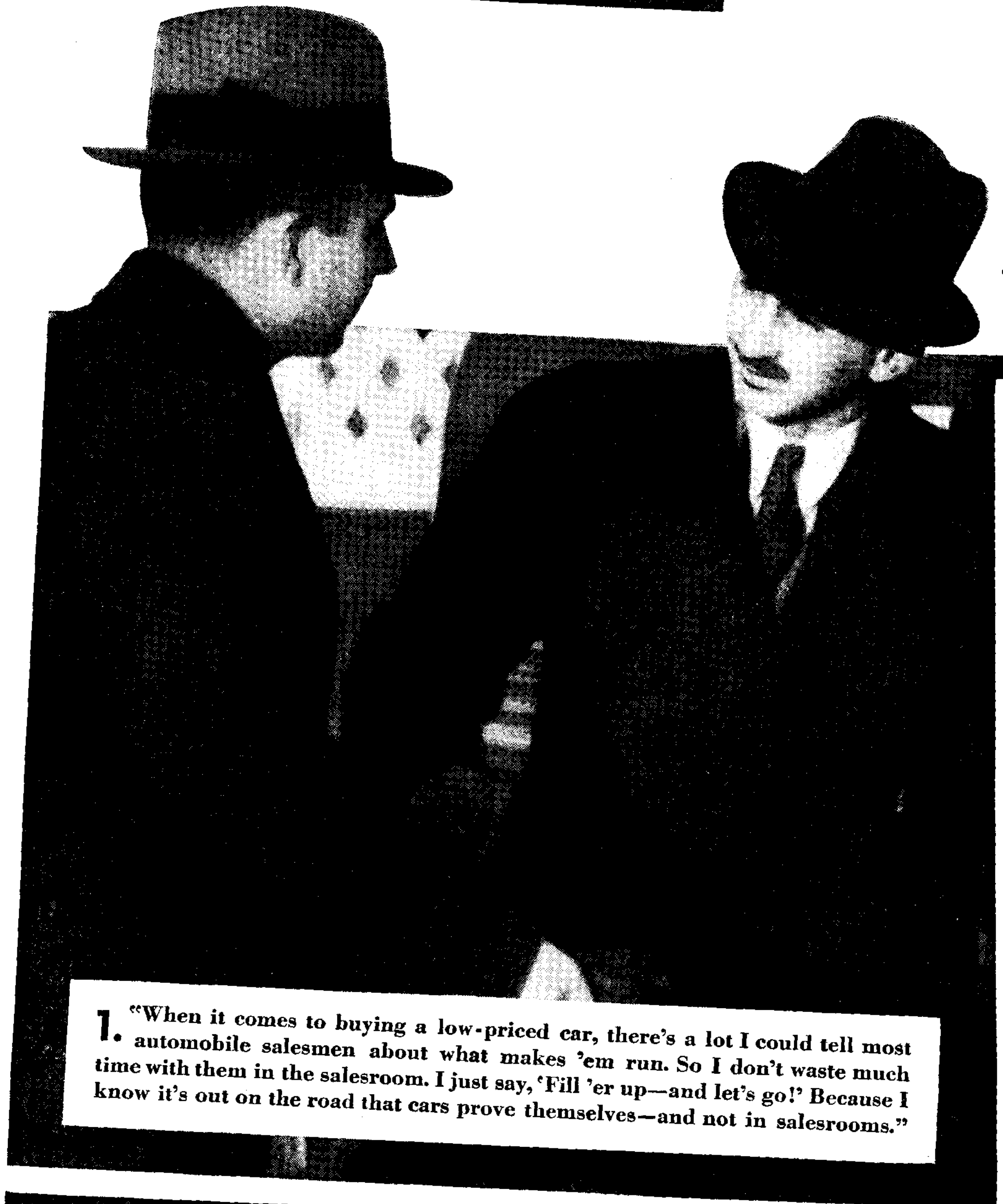


Franz Felix

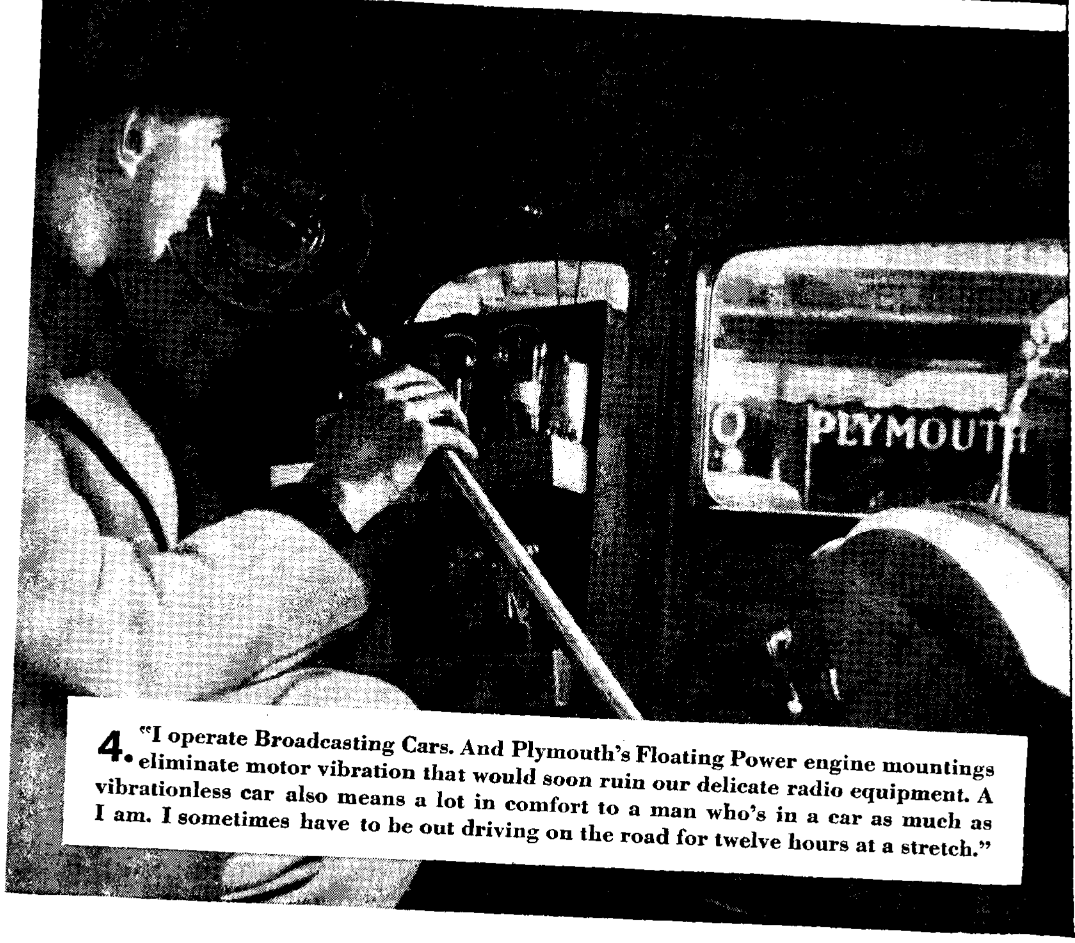
The Cæsar slashed wide at his head, and Brian's iron cap clanged off, leaving blood flowing down

"I KNEW WHICH LORD
'RS
I helped

READ THIS CERTIFIED



1. "When it comes to buying a low-priced car, there's a lot I could tell most automobile salesmen about what makes 'em run. So I don't waste much time with them in the salesroom. I just say, 'Fill 'er up—and let's go!' Because I know it's out on the road that cars prove themselves—and not in salesrooms."



4. "I operate Broadcasting Cars. And Plymouth's Floating Power engine mountings eliminate motor vibration that would soon ruin our delicate radio equipment. A vibrationless car also means a lot in comfort to a man who's in a car as much as I am. I sometimes have to be out driving on the road for twelve hours at a stretch."

"Let the other fellow drive without Hydraulic Brakes and a Safety-Steel Body"

WE HEARD that Mr. Friedman practically lived in his car . . . driving sometimes 12 hours at a stretch . . . averaging 150 miles a day in his business. We went out to see him.

We asked him if he had "looked at All Three" before deciding to buy a Plymouth.

"*Looked* at them? . . . Mister, *I've helped build All Three!* I know them inside out. And just to make sure, I drove each one 100 miles over the toughest, bumpiest roads I could find. I wanted to be sure I was getting my money's worth before buying any *one* of the three low-priced cars!"

This owner says he demands two things above all others in a car. He wants *comfort* and he wants a car that's *safe!*

Naturally Plymouth's Floating Power engine mountings and Individual Wheel Springing appealed to him. No more engine vibration . . . and no more bumpy rides to tire him out or to injure the delicate radio apparatus he carries in his car.

And, of course, anybody who knows cars as he does is *sold* on Hydraulic Brakes and Safety-Steel Bodies. "I'll let the other fellow drive without them," he says, "but I want the safest car I can get."

• • •

There's not much we can add to Mr. Friedman's convincing story. But we urge you to do this—"Look at 'All Three' before you buy." This year there's a big difference in low-priced cars. And you don't need to be an expert mechanic to *see* the difference! Just try them for yourself *out on the road.*

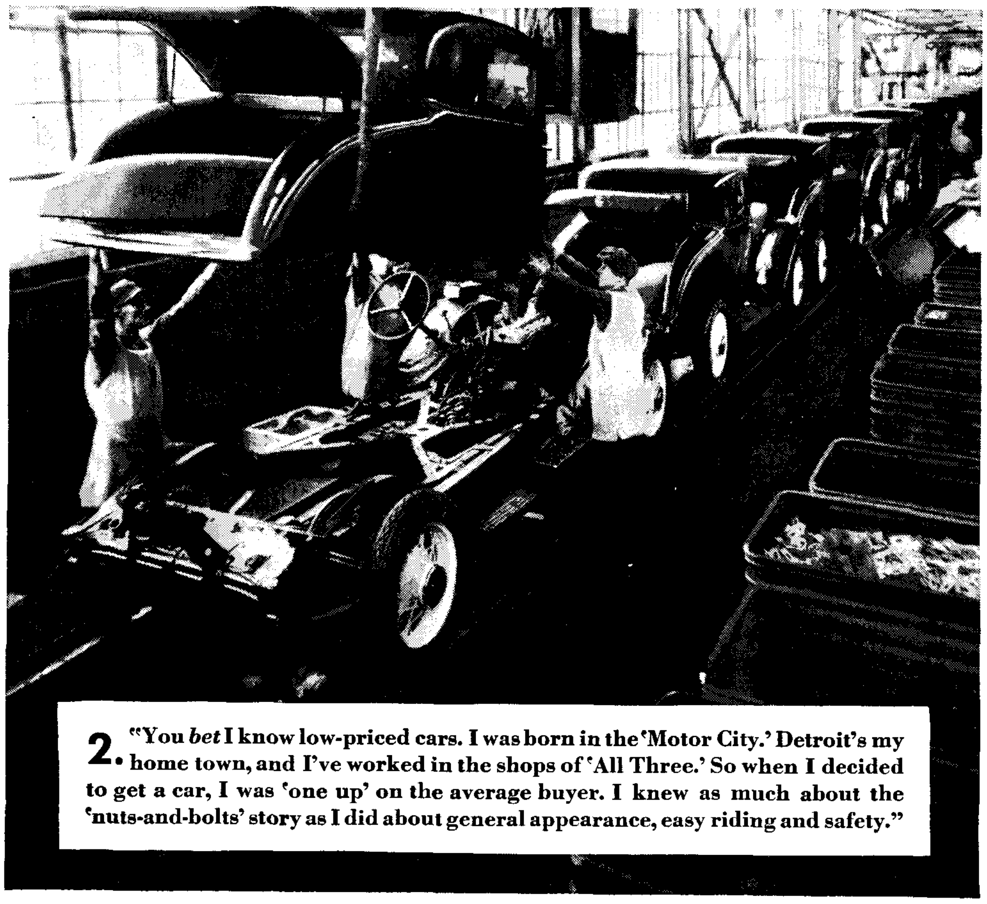
And remember—the new Plymouth Six Sedan at $585 f. o. b. factory, Detroit, is the lowest-priced 4-door six-cylinder sedan in America!

Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will be glad to demonstrate Plymouth for you—any day.

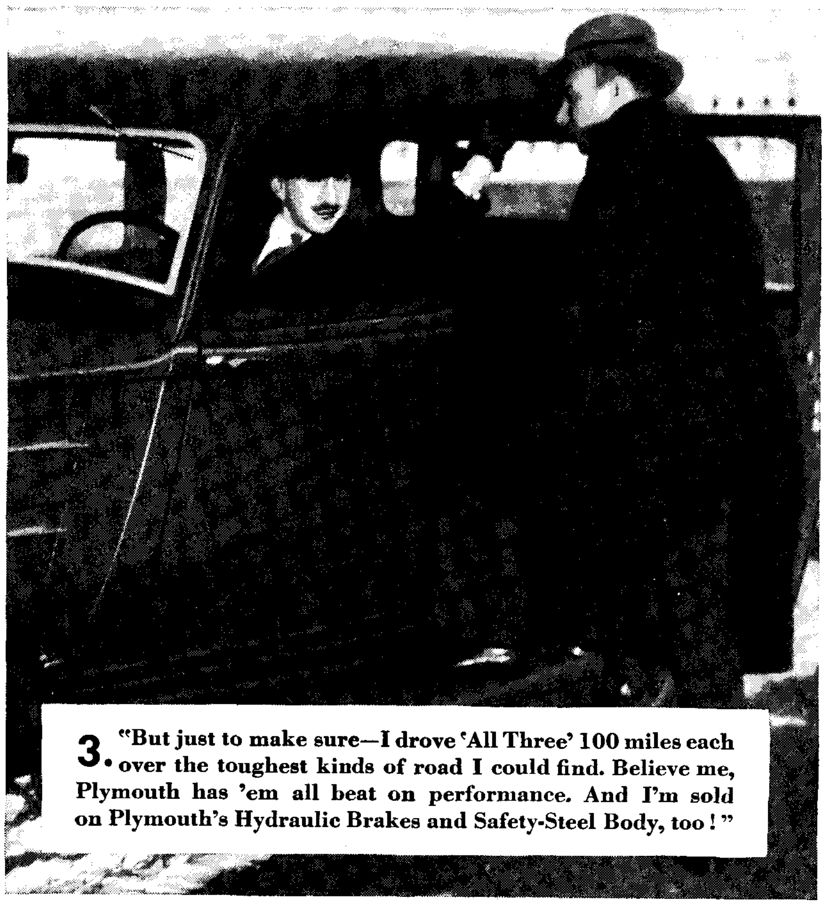
IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

PRICED CAR TO BUY— *build* ALL THREE!"

INTERVIEW WITH B. V. FRIEDMAN, OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN



2. "You *bet* I know low-priced cars. I was born in the 'Motor City.' Detroit's my home town, and I've worked in the shops of 'All Three.' So when I decided to get a car, I was 'one up' on the average buyer. I knew as much about the 'nuts-and-bolts' story as I did about general appearance, easy riding and safety."



3. "But just to make sure—I drove 'All Three' 100 miles each over the toughest kinds of road I could find. Believe me, Plymouth has 'em all beat on performance. And I'm sold on Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes and Safety-Steel Body, too!"

5. Pictured here is the De Luxe Plymouth 4-door Sedan. Plymouth prices begin at $495 f. o. b. factory, Detroit, Michigan, and are subject to change without notice. For the smallest extra charge in the industry (only $10 extra on De Luxe Sedan) you can get improved Duplate Safety Plate Glass *throughout* your car. Perfected all-weather ventilation, with vanes that may be dropped with the window simply by turning a convenient crank, are standard on De Luxe models.

NEW PLYMOUTH $495 AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

By
Marie
Beynon Ray

Preserve the Cook

That's what the kitchen planners are out to do. They scheme to save her steps, her back, her eyes and her time—and in the process they make the kitchen one of the first wonders of the modern house. Here's what to do about yours

Helen Hayes didn't like her mid-Victorian kitchen so she made a new one out of an unused parlor

THERE'S no use blinking the fact—people talk more about their kitchens today than about their parlors or even their bars. You'd think they were going to eat, sleep and entertain in the kitchen, the way they take on about it.

This was sternly impressed upon me the other afternoon when, between acts of Mary of Scotland, the Theater Guild play, I heard Helen Mencken (Queen Elizabeth) ask Helen Hayes (Queen Mary) how the new house was coming on.

"Oh, you should see the kitchen!" burbled Miss Hayes as one queen to another. "It's simply too divine! It's the most beautiful room in the house—and as efficient as a Big Bertha."

"So you've gone kitchen, too," I said. "Tell me about it."

"Well, you see, I've just bought a big house at Nyack. I'm a family now, you know—husband Charlie MacArthur, and Her Highness, the Baby. So we have to live like real folks—no more hand-to-mouth apartments and hotels. Three regular meals a day—and no foolin'. It's an old house, mid-Victorian, and that gentry, never strong in esthetics, were at their worst and most depraved in the kitchen. A kitchen was evidently a place no lady ever entered—and the servants were given no quarter. The kitchen was in the basement, practically below sea-level. Dark, poky, big, inconvenient, everything in the wrong place, the cook doing a marathon to get a meal for two.

"Herman Rossi, the artist and architect, who, by command of Queen Wilhelmina, has recently been appointed head of the School of Design at Delft University, did over the entire house. We did a thorough job of the kitchen. We plunked it right down in the parlor, one of those innumerable parlors Mid-Victorians went in for—front parlor, back parlor, upstairs sitting-room—all that sort of swank, but a hole in the ground was good enough for the kitchen. We gutted that parlor, took out everything but the four walls, and started square with the board. Rossi made blueprints and I visited kitchens. You don't have to have the entrée to the best houses in town to see the finest kitchens in existence. The department stores all over the country have gone completely mad on the subject, installing not one, but half a dozen model kitchens, and some of the New York displays are to be taken on tour exactly as though they were howling Broadway successes or art exhibits.

"They show every kind of kitchen you ever heard of—period kitchens, modern kitchens, penthouse kitchens, honeymoon kitchens, Her kitchen, His kitchen—each one so chock-full of labor-saving ideas and interior decoration that you almost lose your mind.

"In the end our kitchen turned out to be strictly modern, all in white, silver, black and a peculiar shade of blue. All the cabinets, the refrigerator, the stove, the tables, are in white porcelain or enamel with silvery monel wherever metal is used for working surfaces, and the bright blue is introduced in the Venetian blinds, the cooking utensils, the china and glassware on display in the glassed-in cabinets, the towels, and lastly the linoleum, which is blue in the middle with a very wide border of black linoleum into which are inset white silhouettes of the various kitchen utensils—pots, kettles, bowls, etc. The walls are covered with a new washable composition, something like linoleum, likewise with a border of silhouettes representing the various fruits and vegetables. We went the whole dog—the tables and chairs have those tubular metal bases like sleigh runners that you see so much on modern furniture. But when Rossi and I got all through being so darned efficient that it hurt, I slipped in one dark night and put an old-fashioned cookie jar right where it showed up most. I just had to make that kitchen human!

"The labor-saving began with the construction of the walls. They round into the ceiling and floor so that there are no crevices to collect dirt. Everything in the place is washable and polishable—you could turn a hose on it. The next labor-saving trick was the arrangement of all the kitchen equipment in accordance with the laws laid down by a well-known authority. This is going to sound pretty pedantic, but I've practically grown a gray beard and taken a Ph. D. in kitchen mechanics, so how could I help being a bit academic?

"The idea is that you divide the kitchen into three work centers and group the equipment and utensils accordingly. First there is the food preparation center, including the refrigerator and cabinets for nonperishable foods, utensils and appliances for preparing food, the range and its cabinets for storing condiments and such utensils as are *first* used at the range; second, the serving center, consisting of cabinets where dishes for table service are assembled; and third, the cleaning center, including the sink, electric dishwasher, garbage disposal, towel racks or dryer, cleaning utensils and materials, and such cooking utensils as vegetable pans, first used at the sink.

No More Kitchen Marathons

"Whew!—there, I got that off my chest! That's what the kitchen experts mean by labor-saving grouping—not just scattering things hither and yon, but placing everything in its proper relation to everything else and so cutting down kitchen mileage. Why, one expert has worked it out so that the steps taken in the scene of women's greatest labors are cut down to *one sixth.* The number of kitchen operations in making a strawberry shortcake, for example, was cut from 97 to 64 and the actual number of steps taken, from 281 to 45! How's that for efficiency? And cooks being the temperamental divas they are today, believe me, I for one think of their precious steps!

"Then there's the lighting for their precious eyes. I've never seen a play better lit than our kitchen. You can't stick a bulb here and there today and call it efficient lighting. Light shouldn't pour down like a cataract in one place, leaving wells of darkness in others. It should be indirect, shaded or generally diffused. Ours is indirect, so in the ceiling we built a trench, forming a border all around, in which were installed a series of electric bulbs, the whole covered with ground glass flush with the ceiling. I've also seen the proper lighting accomplished with shaded tubes of light—easier to install in kitchens already built.

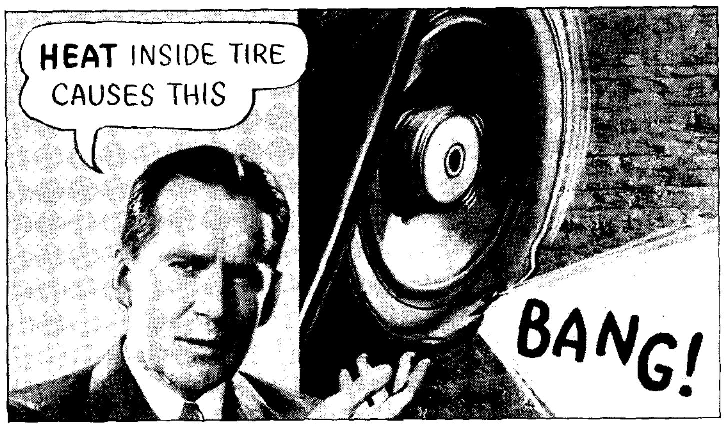
"Proper ventilation is another modern improvement. The best device I came across for ridding the kitchen of cooking odors, steam and smoke and pulling in fresh air is a reversible electric exhaust fan installed in the wall or one of the windows. Cabbage and onions—I love 'em, but not in the parlor.

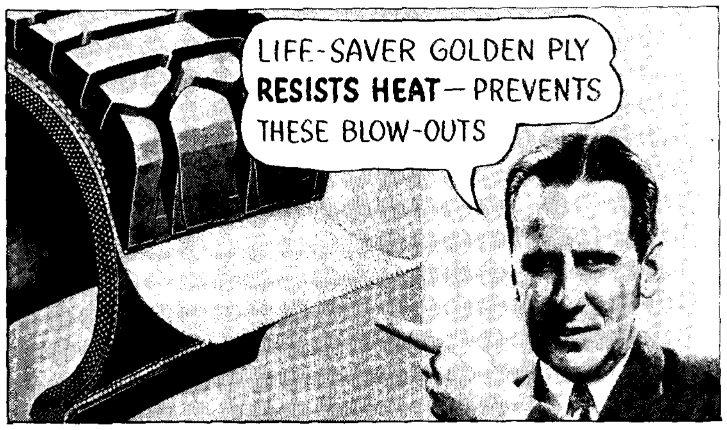
"I could go on into the night telling you about all the fixings for that kitchen—the console stove, the metal sink, the side-opening dishwasher and dryer (giving more working surface, you see), the miracle machine that does

(Continued on page 64)

DON'T WORRY ABOUT BLOW-OUTS! WE'RE ONLY GOING 40 MILES AN HOUR, AND OUR TIRES ARE IN GOOD SHAPE
But it Happened
BANG!
IT'S A MIRACLE WE WEREN'T KILLED! I COULDN'T STEER— I COULDN'T STOP! THAT'S THE FIRST BLOW-OUT I EVER HAD

WILL IT BE *Your* TURN NEXT FOR A BLOW-OUT?


HEAT INSIDE TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!


LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

PLAY SAFE WITH GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS, THE ONLY TIRES WITH THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY. GET MONTHS OF EXTRA MILEAGE, TOO!

THE only warning a blow-out gives is BANG! Then it's much too late. Neither your steering wheel nor your emergency brake can save you. All you can do is hope for the best. For a nice soft spot to land.

Inside heat is the great, unseen cause of blow-outs that throw cars out of control and kill or injure thousands of motorists every year.

Today, unless you are protected, the danger from blow-outs is greater than ever. Due to high-powered motors and whirlwind revolutions of modern wheels, the heat generated *inside* the tire is terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny blister forms. And grows—bigger—BIGGER—until BANG! A blow-out!

An amazing invention!

But now the Life-Saver Golden Ply resists intense heat. Binds the tire carcass and tread virtually into a *single unit,* inseparable even under gruelling driving conditions. Blisters don't form. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented before it begins. The Golden Ply thus makes first quality tires 3 times safer from blow-outs at today's high speeds.

And here's proof. Racing daredevils tested it out at breakneck speeds. On the world's fastest track. Gave it everything they had. *Not one blow-out.* Similar tires *without* the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run.

In addition to being 3 times safer from blow-outs with the new Goodrich Silvertowns, you'll get plenty of extra mileage from your tires, too. For, with the destructive effects of internal heat overcome by the Golden Ply, the big Silvertown outwears ordinary tires by *months.*

Enjoy the priceless feeling of security every time you sit behind your wheel. Get more mileage than you ever got out of tires before. See your nearest Goodrich dealer today about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns for your car. *They cost not a penny more than other standard tires.*

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

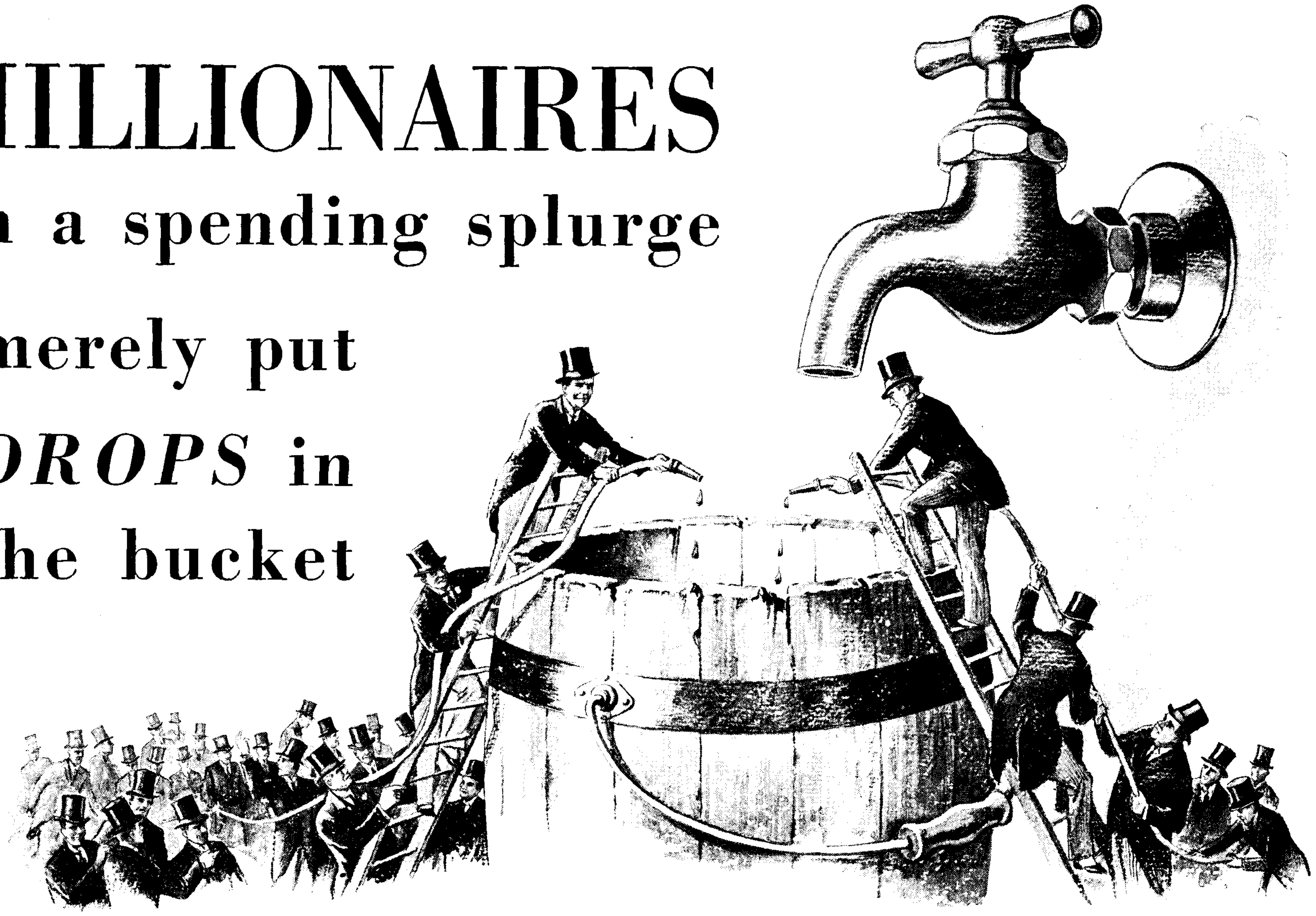
FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 345, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

The NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Copyright, 1934, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.

MILLIONAIRES on a spending splurge merely put *DROPS* in the bucket



credit to a million families turns the faucet full on

Credit, extended to the vast army of plain citizens, enables them to buy their cars, refrigerators, oil and gas burners, electrical household appliances and all the other comforts that mark the high standard of American family life.

They haven't always the cash to buy these things outright. The average man must pay as he uses—or do without.

But the average merchant's resources are limited, too. That's why Commercial Credit Company's budget buying system has grown from humble beginnings to great proportions. *It serves the people of modest means.* It enables merchants, distributors and manufacturers to keep their working capital liquid. It lets loose a flood of buying power—increases sales for those who offer the service.

This year promises a revival. Industry is wiser and better organized . . . ready to move forward. Manufacturers, distributors and dealers who provide well-oiled machinery of credit and collection will see the new spirit reflected in ever-increasing volume.

Commercial Credit Company was a pioneer in time payment financing. Founded in 1912 with a capital of $300,000, its growth has been regular and healthy. Its purchases are based on character and ability to pay. Its charges for services are reasonable and fair. Buyers are not permitted to buy beyond their means. Collections are carefully supervised to protect both the buyer's equity and the seller's interest. Every precaution is taken to avert loss to either party. Commercial Credit Company's successful administration releases a great buying power for the upbuilding of America's business.

Commercial Credit Service

Commercial Credit Company purchases open accounts receivable, notes, and instalment lien obligations from responsible Manufacturers, Distributors and Dealers. Financing plans are provided to cover the time payment sale of automobiles, refrigerators, oil burners, machinery and equipment, air conditioning units, heating plants, store and office fixtures, boats, and a score of other such broad classifications, including hundreds of individual products. The service is national in scope, yet completely local through one hundred and twenty-five offices located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS **Headquarters BALTIMORE**

CONSOLIDATED CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $39,000,000

Wherever You Are • Whatever You Make, Sell or Buy • Investigate Commercial Credit Service

Choice of Weapons

Continued from page 9

unnecessary, the hostilities between Pen and Tab seemed to be over. I observed this change—and saw suddenly that Blaisdel observed it too; there was somberness and disturbance in his face. Instantly I accepted Tab's diagnosis. Poor devil! He was not sure, even now. At once I felt infinitely sorry for him. If insecurity led him to suspect not only Tab but his fiancée as well, then that fact was fundamental. And disastrous.

The second afternoon found the Corliss twins' guests far up a hillside on skis. The obligations of a hostess led the blonder twin to take Blaisdel on a long cross-country descent that involved a time-consuming return. When it ended, two minute dots against the snow were Tab and Penelope making their way uphill to the summit. It was completely casual, but it harassed Blaisdel's forehead. I marked his increasing restlessness, his accentuated dignity. These grew. Back at the house, Pen and Tab having failed to return, the dean seemed cast in bronze. They came in at last, at twilight, without knowing that they had transgressed. But I guessed, soon after, that Blaisdel had been goaded to remonstrate, for color was running in her cheeks when I next saw her.

MEANWHILE I sought enlightenment from Tab. "Peace treaty?" I inquired.

He meditated, then said laconically, "Just Armistice Day, I think."

The next day, my sharpened perceptions told me that Penelope was avoiding all appearance of offense—but with signals in eyes and cheeks.

There was skating on the lake that night, under an immense moon that gave a glossy lacquer to the snow-covered hills. One swept far out in that splendid light, then returned to a fire on the shore for warmth and laughter. I came up once, bringing the darker Corliss twin from a long flight, and found Tab distributing coffee to the group. He pondered. "Calls for an exhilarant," he said, and produced his flask. At that moment Penelope and Blaisdel swooped out of the darkness, teetered on skates over the frozen foreground, and joined us. Pen was shivering. Tab poured some liquor into a cup of coffee, and handed it to her.

But Blaisdel said, "Do you really want that, Pen?"

"I really do, Stu. I'm miserably cold."

"Pen dear, if you don't mind! I wish you wouldn't. Just have some coffee."

My pulse pounded. Surely, I thought, surely Penelope was not born to take orders in public. But she looked at him for a long moment, said, "All right, Stu," and poured the coffee on the snow.

There was the inevitable stunned pause before everyone remembered to talk and laugh with great unconcern. I broke straight for the lake and skated as swiftly as I could up the shore. I heard the ring of steel on ice and turned to see Tab following me. "See here!" I said, when he came up. "You know your place now."

"The f-faculty of c-command!" he said. "We were wrong. Blaisdel must have had it all along. She stood there and clicked her heels and said 'Yes, sir!' "

The incredible scene had somehow shattered the detachment of Talbot King. There was the music of skates behind us. It wasn't possible that she was looking for us. But she was. She came up to us and, if my anger was any measure of Tab's, his impulse must have been to choke her.

"Do you lose caste if you accept my brandy?" he demanded.

She said, "No conversation, Tab, please. Let's skate—fast."

We joined hands and skated up the lake in moonlight. My anger was somehow extinguished as we flew through a silver unreality that held only us three. This, I told myself, this was promised in a Barre sunset, this is what was somehow lost.

So my mind slid through romantic sentiments; and at last we paused. Then Tab said with a perfectly appalling violence, "You see, you can't do it, Pen. You try to go half-caste but you've got to have these moments of escape with your white friends."

That crash was our peace splintering. I was furiously angry, as angry as this at last unleashed vehemence in Tab. I wanted to shout, "That did it, you fool. This was your big chance. You'll never have another one." Penelope jerked her hand from his arm; her weight on mine increased. She was trembling.

"I keep forgetting that you talk that way," she said. "I see you so little that I forget what words to use. There's 'mucker' of course, and certainly there's 'snob.' "

"Also 'drunk' and 'bum' and 'comedian.' " Rage had completely suppressed his stammer. "There's the whole vocabulary you've been using on me all year. Shall I tell you why you've been using it, Pen?" Tab gazed at her upturned, furious face. "Can you stand hearing why you're driven to call me names? Why you've battled me all winter?"

"I don't want to hear," she gasped, "anything you can tell me."

"You're the post-war girl—vanadium, manganese, harder than the stop-cocks of hell." He was glaring at her in the thin light. "Hard? You loathe me just because I made the dean look ridiculous. I tackled him and tied him up and, ever since, that vision has drifted before your eyes whenever you've felt tender toward his austere dignity."

"Be still!" Penelope cried.

"No, not since I've made a start," he said just as furiously. "Think it over, Pen. Nobody can make the real thing look ridiculous. You could be sure of him if he could be sure of himself. He wouldn't lose dignity in your eyes through being tied up by a pair of bums if you didn't know he was *Ersatz*." He had come close to her. "Remember that, Pen, the next time you feel guilty because a fiancé's suspicion distresses you."

SHE broke loose from me. There was a swift struggle. Two pairs of skates ground and rang. Then he had secured her wrists. I could hear her breathing. Suddenly Tab's voice leaped up into surprising laughter. He stood there, holding her and laughing with utter delight.

"Remember the wrist watch, Pen?" he asked. "I'm trading souvenirs."

He ripped back the gauntlet from her wrist. White metal gleamed in the moonlight. I saw her tiny bracelet watch in his hand.

"Here, Benny!" He thrust her into my arms. "When you decide you want it back, Pen, just ask for it." He skated away.

Given the intelligence to shut up, I took her arm and we skated homeward. Blaisdel hurried to meet us. He was tortured by suspicion. Suspicion, I thought, the most undignified emotion.

"Penelope, where have you been?" he asked urgently. "What have you been doing?"

Again she was tense on my arm. "Philandering under the moon, Stu," she said hotly. "With the sole motive of making you jealous."

"You've been crying!" he accused her. I looked at her and so she had.

I neglected my obligations to the darker Corliss twin and went back to the house. The crowd stamped in after a while. Pen's face wore the thunder and Blaisdel's was troubled almost to desperation. They immediately withdrew to another room. At odd moments, when conversation halted, I could hear the murmur of their voices. A dialogue of considerable intensity, I supposed, was going on. Meanwhile Tab did not come back and at last, feeling elderly and post-war, I went up to bed.

BUT something in that important dialogue had moved the dean to speak to me. He halted me and then followed me to the second floor. In the dim light he looked desperate. I was suddenly and curiously sorry for him.

"I want to talk to you, Benny," he said. "I think I'd better tell you something there was no intention of telling anyone."

He said that, and found it difficult to say any more. For a single moment he seemed very naked, very undefended, very desolate. Then he regained the formality, the dignity, even the superiority that had always been his best defense. "You can end an annoyance to Penelope and you can save King from looking ridiculous if you'll tell him that Penelope and I are married."

My nerves writhed but incredulity must have shown in my face, for he went on with the same cold dignity: "There will be a public ceremony in June, but we were married secretly at Providence a month ago. I think you must tell King. He will probably not want to make a fool of himself any longer."

He turned on his heel and left—left me shattered. Then he came back. "Must I remind either of you that confidences must be held in confidence? Not a word—to anyone."

Dazed and unbelieving, I made my way downstairs again. Tab was just coming in.

"Listen," I blurted out, "the dean has just asked me to tell you that they're married. Providence. A month ago. You're to stop making a fool of yourself."

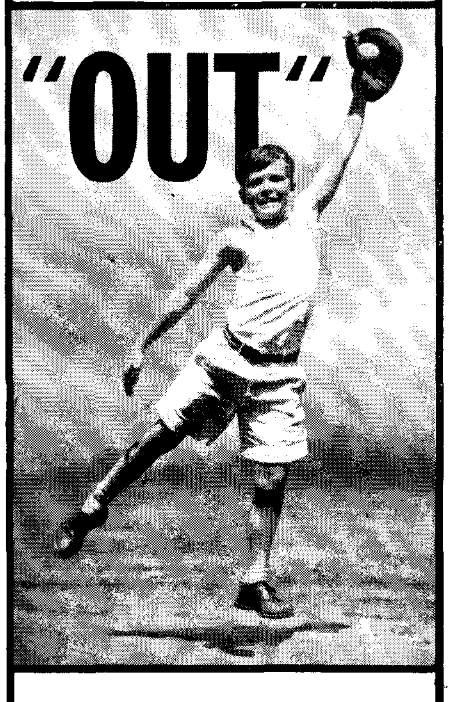
His face had been easy to read these past two days; it ceased to be legible at this exact moment. "I wonder why he chose you for the announcement? His old avoidance of the King family, I suppose."

I brooded on the manifold idiocies of the human heart until somehow I fell asleep. I woke suddenly to cold and darkness and an awareness that someone was whispering my name. It was repeated, "Benny!" with sibilant urgency and someone moved darkly from the door to stand above my bed. The perfume of mimosa identified her and Penelope said, "Benny, get up and put on some clothes and come downstairs." I sat up. "Sh!" she whispered, "I'll be in the living-room." She glided to the door, which closed on deeper blackness. Vaguely alarmed, I dressed and felt my way down the stairs. There was a single light in the big room, and Pen was standing by the fireplace, looking fixedly at its cold ashes.

She was wearing a tweed suit and a hat. A heavy coat was thrown over a chair and a week-end bag stood beside it. I blinked. "Going somewhere, Pen?"

(*Continued on page 38*)

BIG SHOE BILLS ARE



WITH THESE SOLES

HE WOULDN'T be a real boy if he didn't play ball. But how all that chasing and sliding runs up shoe bills—no matter how much you scold!

Don't spoil his fun. Save your breath—*and save money*—by getting him shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

Talk about wear! No sole ever built will outlast these tough, sure-footed, waterproof soles. And everybody knows that a longer-wearing sole keeps a shoe good longer.

Best of all, they cost nothing extra—on new shoes or at repair shops. Be thrifty. Look for this trade-mark—

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GOODYEAR

Wingfoot Soles

make shoes wear longer

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

ROVING PIPE SMOKER COMES BACK FOR KEEPS

Gets final lesson from long experience and settles down to one brand

Here is a man who has been a pipe smoker for forty years. He ought to know his pipe tobaccos. He has tried them all, and he says that there is one brand that suits him and nothing else does. Read his letter.

Welty-Buick Company,
76-82 Sixteenth Street,
Wheeling, West Virginia
Sept. 27, 1933

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

As a pipe smoker for forty years my experience may interest you.

I discovered Edgeworth many, many years ago and have never been without it since.

In the meantime I admit that every once in a while I go on a sort of "debauch," trying everything I ever heard of, from the most expensive tobaccos to the cheapest "shag." After such an orgy I always go back to Edgeworth—and the last time for keeps. For what my experimenting has taught me is that Edgeworth suits me and nothing else does.

Yours truly,
C. H. Waddell

The reason the makers of Edgeworth print letters from pipe smokers is to give information to other pipe smokers which may result in their giving Edgeworth a trial. No man can tell another pipe smoker exactly the kind of tobacco he is going to like. The only way to know about Edgeworth is to try it in your own pipe.

Mild, mellow, rich flavor—that's Edgeworth

Edgeworth gives you the fine flavor of genuine tender leaf tobacco together with true mildness. Every smoker wants mildness—but mere mildness alone is disappointing. There must be flavor—honest tobacco flavor. Edgeworth has that flavor—and it is mild.

So just say "Edgeworth" next time to your tobacco dealer. One 15¢ pocket package will show you whether you like it. If you do, you will probably like it immensely. If you do not, you are out of pocket only a few cents.

Many regular smokers buy Edgeworth in vacuum packed tins. In these air-tight tins the flavor and aroma are retained indefinitely in any climate.

Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

Just say "Edgeworth" to your tobacco dealer

If you would like to listen in on a different kind of a radio show, tune in on the "Corn Cob Pipe Club," which is the Edgeworth program broadcast over the WEAF Coast to Coast network of the National Broadcasting Company, every Wednesday night at ten o'clock Eastern time. Everybody has a big time singing, dancing and joking in the Old Crossroads Hall down in Virginia. No crooners.

(Continued from page 37)

She turned round. "Yes. Home. I want you to drive me down. I've been taken with a great desire to escape this battlefield."

The roads, I knew, were treacherous. "At least wait till morning."

Her foot tapped the bricks of the hearth. "I'm going now. If you won't go, I can drive myself. I asked you because, on the whole, you're indicated. You're not in love with me." Her voice sharpened with disdain.

"Not quite," I said. Waking so brusquely, I had forgotten the incredible news, but her words brought it back. It sharpened my vision of her with dislike and resentment. The pale light and the shadows made her infinitely appealing, but it was an appeal that turned me angry. "Not quite," I repeated. "I only think you're a fool."

She tossed her head. "That satisfies everyone. You won't drive me home, then?"

I had no choice. If Pen wanted to walk out on a house party, even if she wanted to inflict such an indignity on a husband, that wasn't my affair.

"Okay, Pen," I said. "It's not my business to treat you for insanity, temporary or chronic. I'll get a coat."

But before I got to the door it opened and Tab came in, saying, "One more argument? This house party was modeled on the battle of the Marne."

He had been sitting up in another room, at an occupation so evident that Penelope said at once, "Tight again! Am I never going to see you sober?"

There was a new note in her voice. I stared at her, incredulous, for the emotion it expressed verged on despair—and that didn't make sense. But the new note was lost on Tab, into whose face had come a deeper red. "Whether I'm lit or sober, keep your hands off, Pen. I don't mind fighting, I don't mind the battle of the Marne, but I like 'em honest."

The new note deepened. She shrugged her shoulders helplessly. "What incredible people have to fall in love with me—"

"A drunk and a temporary gentleman? We haven't talked much about the drunk, lately. Too absorbed in your—"

"Oh, do go to bed, Tab!" she said despairingly. "Please go to bed. I'm getting out of here and I'd like to do it quietly." She turned to me, "Benny, let's get started."

"Good old Benny," Tab said. "He's had to do all the ambulance work from the beginning." Belatedly, he realized the meaning of what she had been saying. He became as grave as possible. "You're walking out?"

"I certainly am." Hysterically. "But I'll be howling if we don't start now."

His face was completely sober. "Good Lord, Pen, you can't do that."

"Can't I? Oh, can't I just?"

HER voice was sharp but tremulous. Her eyes were wet. She was, I realized without understanding, at an extremity of strain. Then, as once before, Stu Blaisdel entered to a tableau. I cannot attempt to analyze the dean's emotions when, wrapped in a magnificent Japanese silk robe, he came into this atmosphere of cold, dim light, lateness and conflict. He must have been tortured by suspicion when he found that the voices he had heard had been truly Pen's and mine and Tab's. He must have been wrung by many conflicting agonies. But also he had an anger he had never before dared to yield to and a sharp anxiety.

"What are you doing up at this hour, Penelope?" he demanded. "Why have you got a hat and coat on? Everybody in the house will be awake. What time is it?"

"Five minutes to three," I told him.

But Tab had glanced involuntarily at his wrist. The dean beheld a tiny platinum bracelet and a watch set among jewels. "How did you get that, King?" So anger broke free, and he stormed. "Give it back to her. At once!"

There was answering wrath in Tab's face. But Penelope said, "When I want it, I'll ask for it." She said it without tremulousness, with something of her old arrogance. At once she realized the effect of her tone and added, much more gently, "Don't be silly, Stu. I gave it to him. It's a trade. I've had his for years."

Oh, I was thinking, oh, have you? But she had not satisfied Stu Blaisdel, whose gaze now found the week-end bag and the pair of small brown gloves that lay on top of it. So another wave of desperation broke over him. "What does this mean, Pen?" he asked.

"Exactly what it suggests," she said quietly. "I'm going home."

"You're doing no such thing!"

"But I am."

"I tell you, no!" Blaisdel had let his rage run free. Injudiciously. The room was now all conflict—conflict that held me intent and wondering. "I will not permit you to act like a fool, Pen."

"Watch out, Stu!" She was dangerous. I had seen her that way once before. Dangerous! "This has not been a reassuring evening, Stu. It hasn't done much good for either of us. A little more, just a little more, would do the job."

"You can't go!"

"I think I can." She picked up her gloves. "Come on, Benny."

I had no choice but to follow. But at once our way was blocked. Not by Blaisdel. It was Tab who moved in front of her and took her by the shoulder. "Wait a minute." She gave him a glance of furious resentment but he paid no attention. He went on slowly: "I understand that you are repudiating the standards of W-wolf Creek. I've always known you would. But, Pen, what about the marriage oath?"

Penelope sighed with utter weariness. "Oh, Tab, please don't be comic. Please go somewhere and sleep it off."

"Don't lie," he said sharply. "It's public property. Your embarrassed husband broke the story to Benny last night, with instructions to let me know at once."

"My what?"

She turned toward Blaisdel and I saw scorn suffuse her face. I understood at once—no misunderstanding was possible. Tab did too. He said "Ah!" in a tone of ineffable triumph and then was calm. He sat on the arm of a chair and his grin showed for a moment, then lapsed. "Oh, yes, he did," Tab said very quietly. "Told Benny you were married a month ago in Providence, and wouldn't I like to avoid making a fool of myself from now on? No self-confidence. Had to lie. *Ersatz*, I'd say. It shows up sooner or later, doesn't it?"

Pen showed no disbelief. I understood at once that the lie had been the expedient of a desperately insecure man betrayed into folly by what seemed a renewed accord between Pen and Tab. Contemptible, but quite understandable. But I was a little appalled to see with what readiness the same outline proved convincing to Penelope.

She said, with a calm that was altogether final, "That did it."

"I think so," Tab said, just as impersonally, from the arm of his chair. "The f-faculty of c-command deserted him. *Ersatz*—the counterfeit article . . . run the beggar out, Benny."

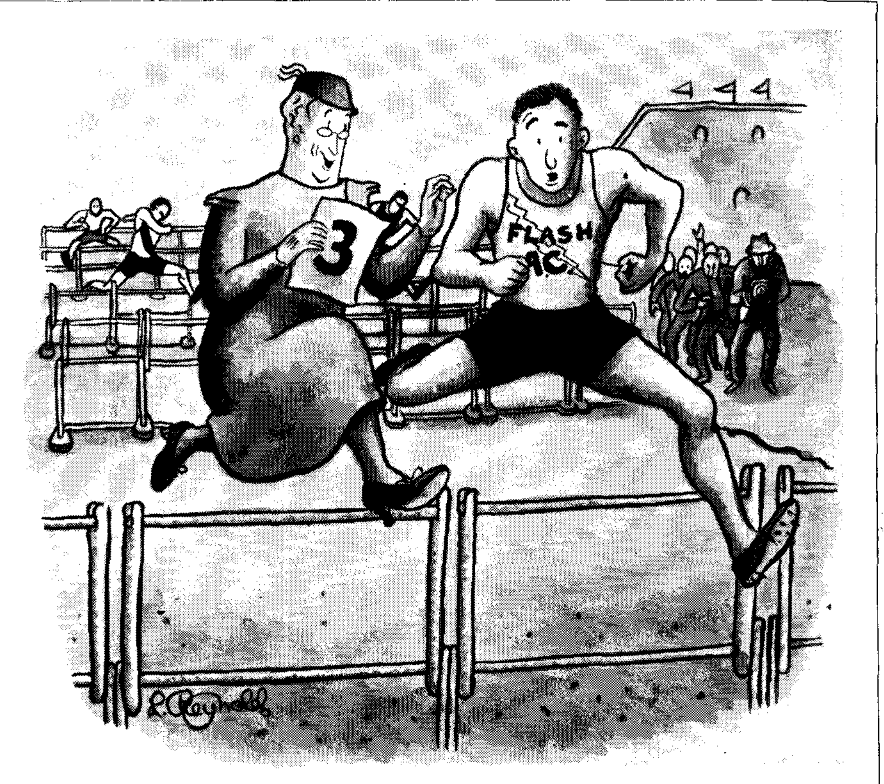
BUT Blaisdel was able to recognize the immutable. He left at once, and the door closing behind him intensified the room's silence. I was aware that it was very late, a winter morning shudderingly cold. I saw Penelope slump into a chair and cover her face with her hands. Her shoulders shook once. She mastered herself, found a handkerchief, gazed into the empty fireplace. She seemed slenderer than ever; she was shaken, listless, devitalized. Tab was watching her intently.

"No tears, P-pen," he said, after a while. "D-died by his own act—self-inflicted wound. Bring in the identity disk. Ten thousand war risk for the home folks."

"I'm not crying," Penelope said. Part of a smile reached her lips. She stood up and drew on her gloves. "More than ever, I'm going home. You have such depraved habits, Tab. . . . Darling, you're much too tight to drive me home."

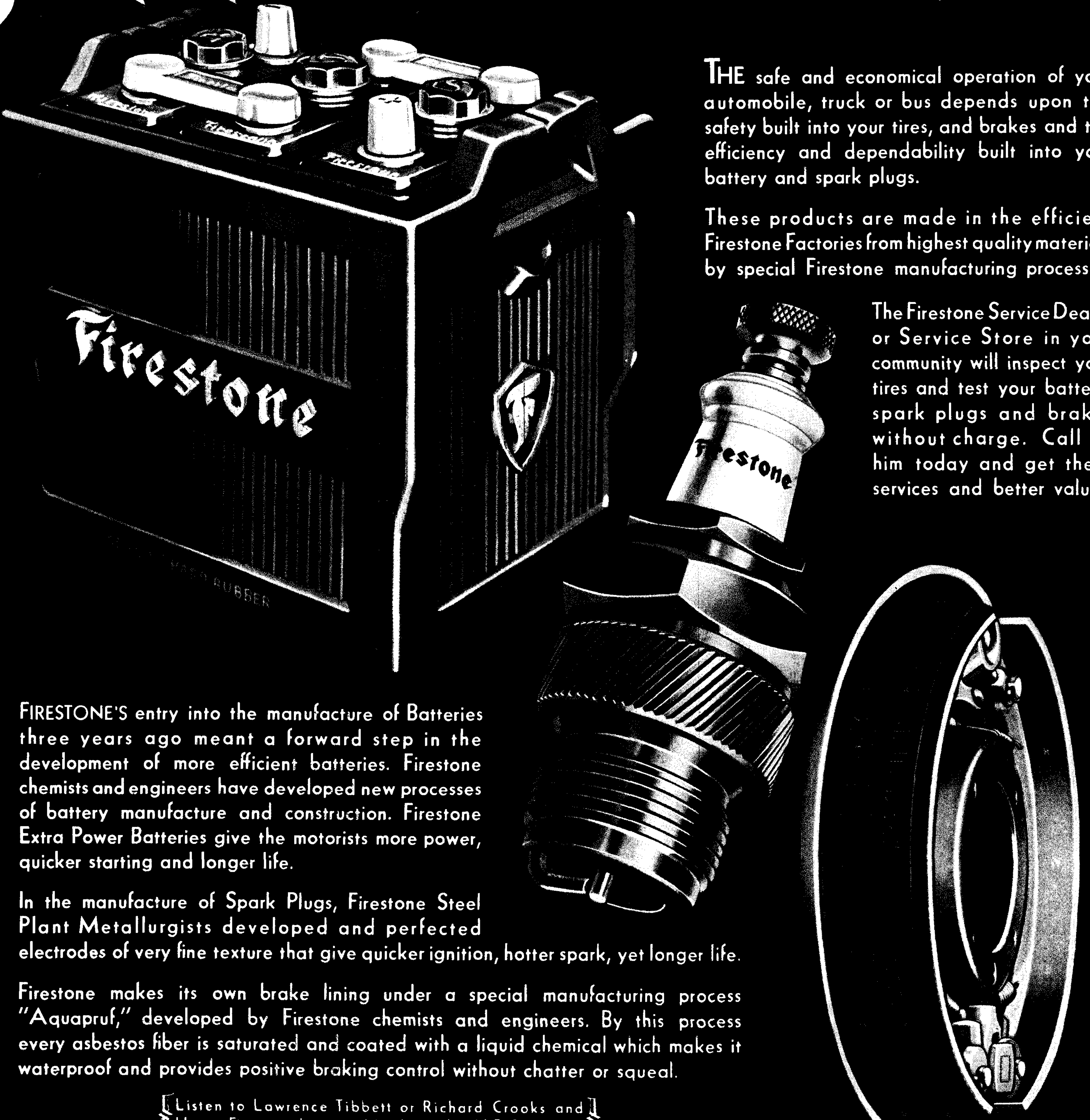
Tab moved toward her. "There's always Benny," he said.

I went for my coat.



"Oh, Mr. Flash, you dropped this back farther. I thought you'd be needing it!" *Laurence Reynolds*

BUILT BY Firestone



THE safe and economical operation of your automobile, truck or bus depends upon the safety built into your tires, and brakes and the efficiency and dependability built into your battery and spark plugs.

These products are made in the efficient Firestone Factories from highest quality materials by special Firestone manufacturing processes.

The Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store in your community will inspect your tires and test your battery, spark plugs and brakes without charge. Call on him today and get these services and better values.

FIRESTONE'S entry into the manufacture of Batteries three years ago meant a forward step in the development of more efficient batteries. Firestone chemists and engineers have developed new processes of battery manufacture and construction. Firestone Extra Power Batteries give the motorists more power, quicker starting and longer life.

In the manufacture of Spark Plugs, Firestone Steel Plant Metallurgists developed and perfected electrodes of very fine texture that give quicker ignition, hotter spark, yet longer life.

Firestone makes its own brake lining under a special manufacturing process "Aquapruf," developed by Firestone chemists and engineers. By this process every asbestos fiber is saturated and coated with a liquid chemical which makes it waterproof and provides positive braking control without chatter or squeal.

[Listen to Lawrence Tibbett or Richard Crooks and
Harvey Firestone, Jr., every Monday night—N. B. C. Network]

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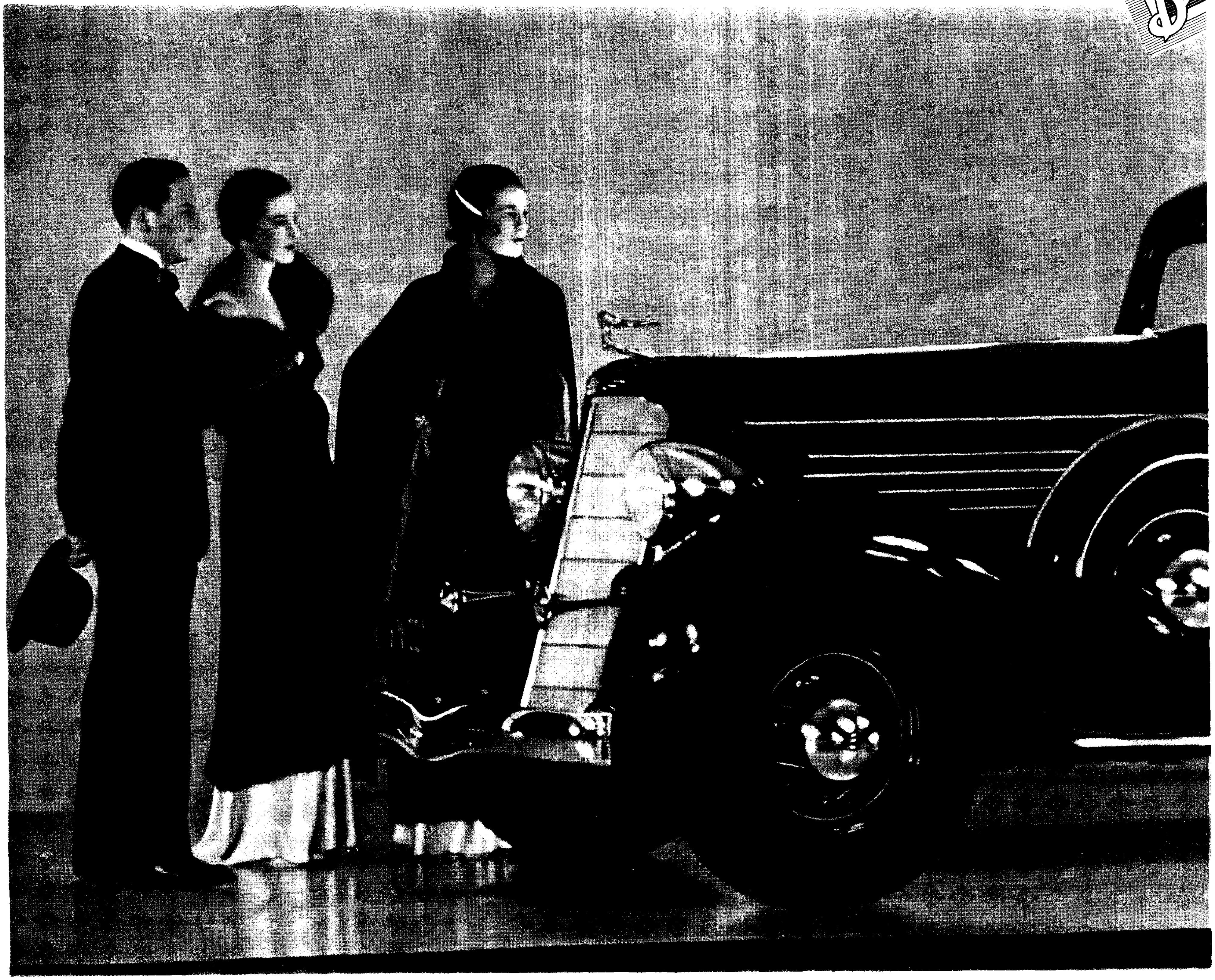
WHEN · BETTER · AUTOMOBILES · ARE



Assurance . . . of Complete Motoring Satisfaction

CARRY in your mind's eye this portrait of the stunning new Buick beauty. But also call up in memory all you have heard of the supreme satisfaction which comes to the Buick owner. He is the envied among motorists. His car is known everywhere for rugged dependability, for blithely doing the things which other owners hesitate to ask of their cars.

Then know that in all Buick history there has been no Buick to equal these new ones. Incredible as it may seem, it is a fact

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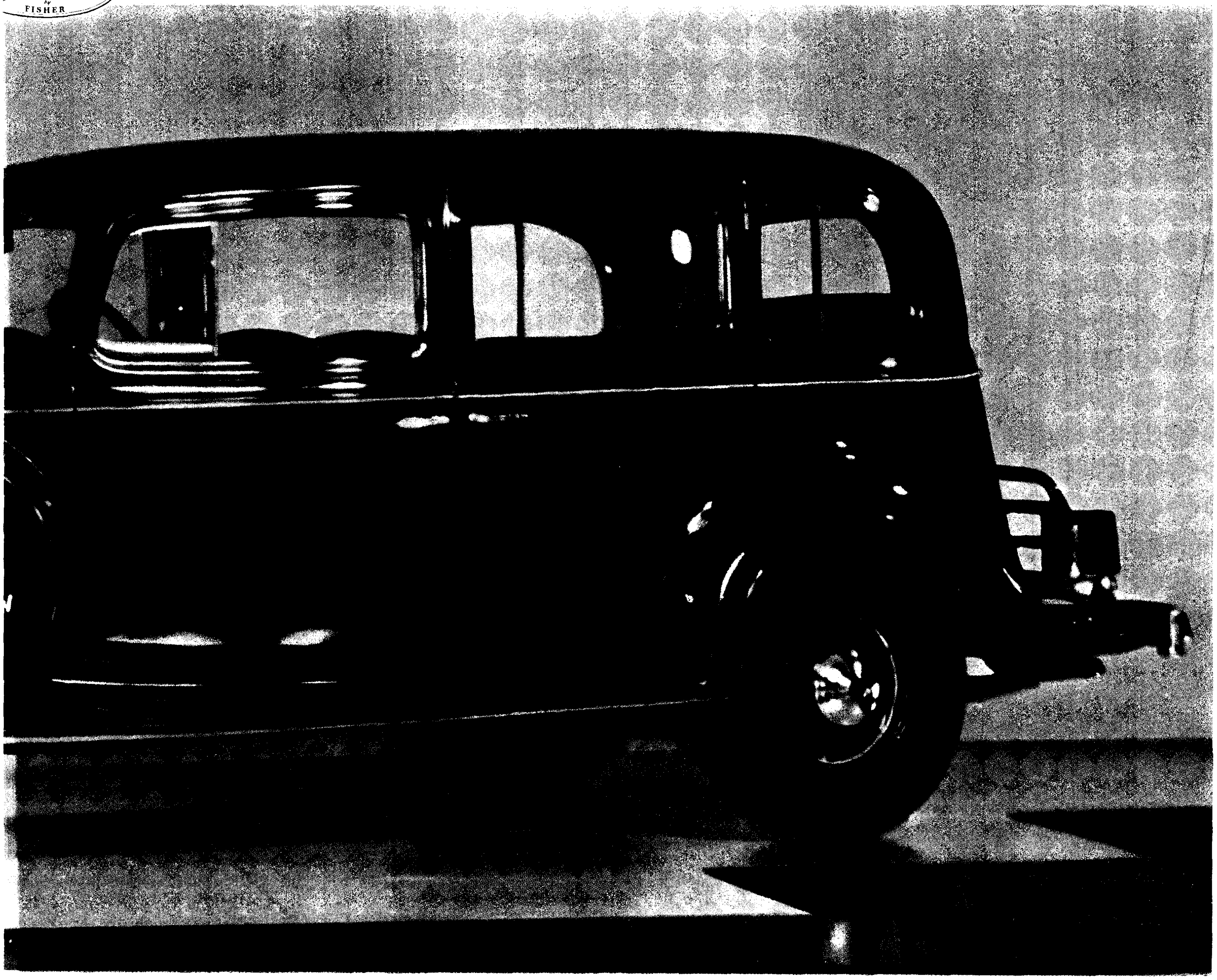
BODY by FISHER

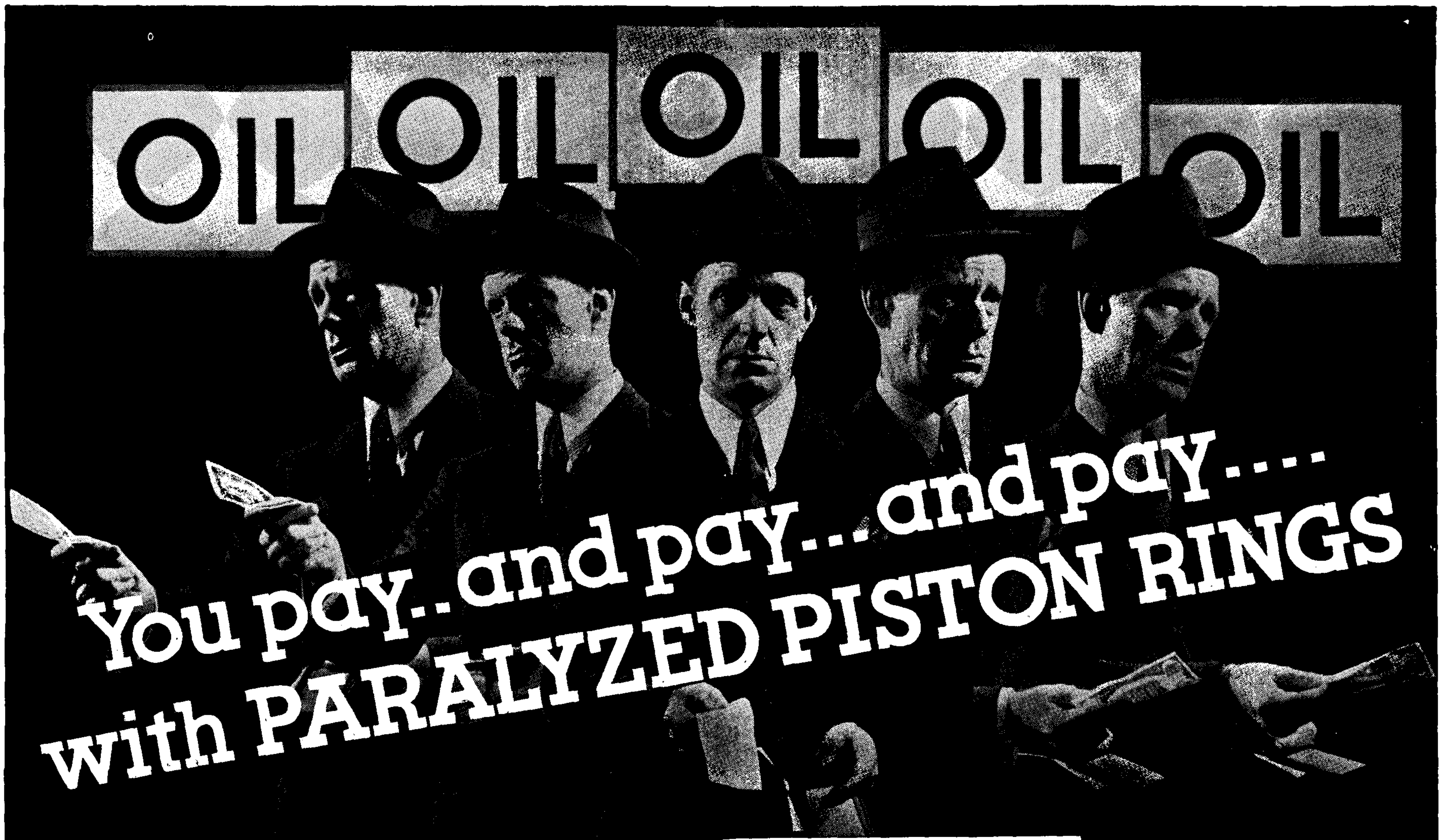


that they elevate dependability to a far higher level. Through the most alert and modern of engineering, they are greatly advanced in safety, and comfort, and convenience. The owner smoothly rides with the gliding ride as only Buick gives it. In fact, in every phase of his motoring he enjoys the utmost of satisfaction.

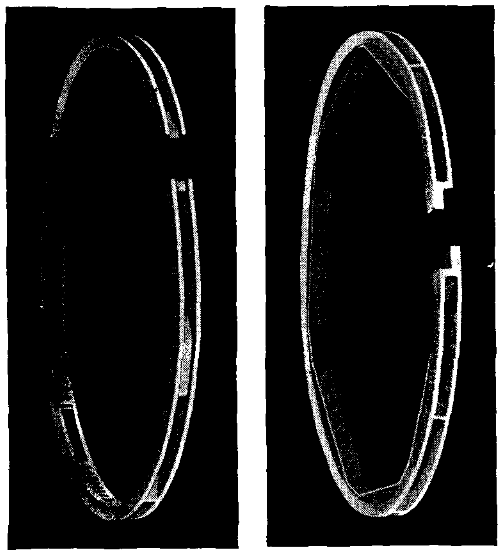
This *new* kind of motoring in Buick is attuned to modern desires, modern needs and modern conditions. It is to be had in full and generous measure only in the new Buick Eight.

Buick

for 1934



In again—
out again—gone again—
OIL again!



» » » **There is an American Hammered Energized Piston Ring to Correct Every Condition of Cylinder and Piston**

Stop again—buy again—*pay* again. So it *goes!* The oil that you shouldn't have to buy. The money that you shouldn't have to spend. To "deprive of the power to act"—that's what it *means* to paralyze. To "deprive of the power to act"—that's what wear *does* to the ordinary, *un*-energized piston ring.

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American Hammered Energized Piston Rings are daily demonstrating their definite advantages in the service of motor driven vehicles on land, or sea and in the air. And for *your* car—there is an American Hammered Energized Piston Ring to correct any condition of cylinder and piston. The American Hammered Piston Ring Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

Hammered

A Diploma in Women

Continued from page 11

There was no place in America, Roger thought as they rode, quite so beautiful as western Montana. The ranch lay in the rich valley to the south of the park, almost entirely encircled by mountains. It seemed completely isolated, and yet within a few hundred yards of his house ran a shining ribbon of road that linked the East and the West. His father had bought it almost thirty years ago; had built first a smaller house and then, five years before his death, the big, white house. His mother had lived only two years longer than his father; had died, Roger firmly believed, of a broken heart. For three years now the place had been his, and he loved it, he had just discovered, with an intensity that invited disaster. Like a hostage to fortune. . . .

HE LUNCHED on sandwiches that Martha had given him and continued his rounds. When he reached the stables again the sun was disappearing. He dismounted and hurried toward the house.

He was suddenly contrite about Erin: this wasn't exactly a cordial welcome for someone who was really a guest in his house. She'd been in the background of his mind all day, but only in the background; the ranch had held the foreground. After today he could do more to help the time pass for her if she would let him, but today there were broken threads to pick up.

He dressed for dinner, because he knew Erin would; no use in helping along her conviction that all Westerners were savages. It was hard to observe the amenities when you lived alone—only an Englishman could do that—but he rather enjoyed them when he had an excuse.

Erin was in the living-room when he came down, wearing cream lace and looking so beautiful that the sight of her caught at his throat. She was holding a book in her lap, but he was too far away to see that the book was upside down.

"I'm a swell host," he apologized, "but there's a lot to do the first day. I suppose you've been bored stiff?"

"Not a bit. I rode a couple of hours this morning, took a nap, and wrote some letters."

He was surprised and pleased that she had ridden. Mona, his newest acquisition, had been bought for her, and he wondered if the boy had had the sense to mount her on the animal.

"Did you ride Mona?" In spite of himself his voice was eager.

"Yes. She's grand, Roger—the loveliest animal I ever rode."

He flushed with pleasure. "I wish you'd ride with me tomorrow." He stopped short, dreading the metallic laugh, but she said quietly:

"Thanks, I'd love it."

Dinner was easier tonight, but he caught Martha looking at him sharply, and felt a stab of dread. Nobody could fool Martha for long; probably their separate rooms had already given him away. And Martha, secure in thirty years of service, would score him bitterly when the break came; would insist that he was the one who had failed. Martha had come out with his mother as a girl, and she was as much his conscience as his cook.

Over coffee in the living-room he mentioned an idea that had been taking shape in his mind.

"I wondered about entertainment of some sort for you. I've got several friends in the neighborhood"—neighborhood, in that part of the country, was anything under a hundred miles—"that I believe you'd enjoy. Not the sort that wear chaps and six-shooters—they paint, or write, or just raise things, like I do. We could have 'em in small batches for dinner and week-ends."

Erin looked steadily into the fire for several seconds before she answered him. Then she said:

"Sweet of you. . . . But under the circumstances maybe you'd better not. Then you won't have so much to explain—afterward."

"Oh, this is no secret," he said harshly; "we had quite a celebration here before I went East. And I've got no idea of explaining anything. They can do their own guessing."

But she held out against company, and since no one knew of his return there were no callers.

Erin rode with him the next morning, and he came back completely bewildered. No use trying to read her; he'd lost the key—if he'd ever had it. She hadn't said much, but there was interest in her eyes and in her rare, intelligent questions. They saw the orchards—sturdy, symmetrical rows of trees—and talked to the men at work. He showed her Mitzi and the other foxes, calling her attention to the fine frosting of silver which cool weather was painting upon the vixen's beautiful coat. Her reaction was one of the surprises.

"Roger, you're *not* going to kill them?"

"Not now, of course. But why not? I've heard you say you 'adored' silver fox."

She smiled faintly. "Not when I see it in this state first." She looked over the acres of wilderness that formed his range. "Why don't they get away?"

"Because I was lucky in this piece of land. The river makes almost a complete loop and the place is practically an island."

Back at the stables she dismounted and produced an apple from the pocket of her coat. "I stole this," she explained, holding it out to Mona in her open palm. Mona crunched happily and searched the pocket for more; then, failing in her search, she sniffed Erin companionably from head to foot. Because of the look in Erin's eyes and the unbearable pain in his own throat, Roger turned quickly away.

OCTOBER merged swiftly into November, and each morning found the frost a shade heavier, the sun a little tardier. Roger was working feverishly to get ready for the winter; once it had come he could breathe again; could go back and pick up the dropped threads of human interests.

He did his best for Erin, but his best wasn't much. Books each week from New York, cut flowers from Great Falls, a better radio to replace the old one. Her attitude kept on puzzling him: sometimes a tone or a gesture made him dizzy with hope; in the next instant he knew he hadn't a chance. She wasn't rude so much as she was withdrawn; life on the ranch flowed by without touching her.

The first real snowstorm came on an evening about the middle of November. From the warm security of the living-room Erin listened with her eyes dark with fear.

"Does this sort of thing—last long?"

"This one won't," he assured her. "Later in the winter they last several days."

She shivered. "It makes you feel—so far away from everything."

"Just for a little while. The highway will be cleared a few hours after it stops. They're well prepared for snow out here."

She went back to her book, and the room was quiet again except for the crackle of the fire and the swirl of snow against the windows.

Soon after ten she put aside her book. "I think I'll go to bed and see if I can't—sleep through it."

Roger rose with her and stood looking steadily into her eyes. For the barest second her gaze flickered and he had an almost ungovernable impulse to take her in his arms.

"Why can't we stop this rotten farce?" he wanted to shout. "You did love me; I know it. Surely you haven't gotten over it already!" But just then her eyes hardened and he knew she had gotten over it. He controlled himself with an effort.

"Wouldn't you like Martha to bring you something hot to drink?"

"No, thanks. I'll be very comfortable."

He stood and stared after her, fighting a desire to follow her. Then he went abruptly back to his reading and tried, entirely without success, to concentrate on his book.

IT WAS well past midnight when he waked to the feeling that a door had opened somewhere—his own door, perhaps. He sat up quickly, reached for the light at his bedside table, and flicked it on.

Erin was standing in the doorway, wide-eyed and still, with a vivid Chinese robe wrapped like a sheath about her body. He caught his breath and sat motionless, trying to decide whether he was asleep or awake; whether she was real, or whether he'd created her out of his own desire. Then she spoke:

"It's—so cold, Roger. And I was so beastly lonesome and afraid, down there."

Before the words were done he had sprung to his feet and crossed the room to where she stood; had crushed her in his arms and bent his face to hers.

Erin was still asleep when he awoke in the morning, and remembering all the work that followed a snowstorm he slipped quietly out and went to his dressing-room in order not to disturb her. The sooner he got started on his rounds the sooner he'd get back to her. He tore off the flap of an envelope, scribbled hastily on it, "I love you!" and pinned it to his pillow. Then he tiptoed from his room and went down to breakfast.

Conscious of a change in him, Martha eyed him closely, with more interest than hope, and he almost laughed aloud. He wanted to tell her that his doubts and fears were over, but Martha had a way of knowing things without being told.

He sang as his horse plowed forward, and decided that Montana was even more beautiful clothed in snow than in grass and sunlight. It was past noon when he reached the house once more.

At the door of the living-room he stopped short. Martha was there, and at the first glimpse of her stony face he knew that something had happened.

"Well," she said coldly, "she's gone."

He stood very still for a moment, absorbing the shock. His first impulse was to contradict her joyously: "She hasn't gone; she's still asleep, probably—in my room." Then he realized that Martha would have guessed at that,

(Continued on page 44)

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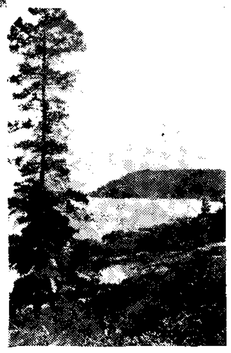

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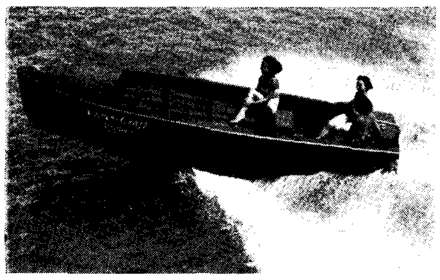

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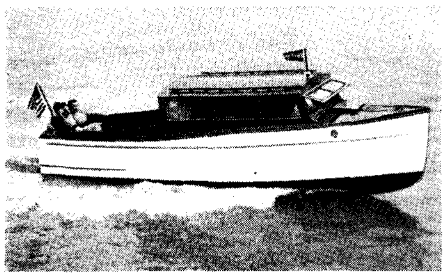

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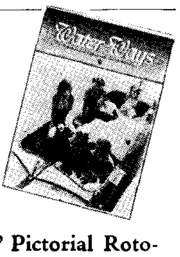

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(Continued from page 43)

since Erin's clothes would still be in her room. Conscious of Martha's accusing eyes he moved slowly and wearily across the room and stared into the fire.

"Did she—leave any message?"

"No. She said you'd understand without it."

Understand what? he wondered dazedly. That last night had driven her off? But good God, Erin wasn't a child, and *she'd* come to *him*, knowing perfectly well what it meant!

The floodgates of Martha's wrath went down. "I knew it was comin', and so would you, if you'd had any eyes; or if you'd taken the trouble to look in her room. The poor child hadn't hardly unpacked! And I did my best to keep her, which is more than you can say; but I didn't blame her a bit for goin'. Treatin' her like a boarder, and not a very welcome one at that!"

"Wait." He held up an imploring hand, and thanked God he hadn't taken Martha into his confidence this morning. "Since you know this much you'd better know the rest." As briefly as he could he told Martha the story—up to last night, which must have been Erin's revenge.

"So you see," he finished, "there was nothing I *could* do. I was beaten before I started."

Martha snorted. "Of course there was! She wouldn't have come at all if she hadn't hoped you'd persuade her to stay."

Half of his mind was answering Martha; the other half was asking: why, why? "Yes, she would have. She came because of the scandal that would have broken if she'd left me right then."

Martha looked unutterable contempt at him. "Scandal, my foot! There's no difference between four hours and four weeks, as far as scandal's concerned. She was giving you your chance to make good, but she had to save a little of her pride at the same time."

He laughed harshly, and then a thought struck him. He looked up *quickly, hopefully.* "What makes you think that?"

"Because," snapped Martha, "I tried to argue with her that you were just stubborn, like your pa, and that when you found she was gone you'd follow her on the next train, and she said, 'I hope not. I hope I never see him again, as long as I live!'"

It had been revenge, then; the same devilish ingenuity that had prompted her to wear the black velvet dress. But how she must have despised him, to pay that price to get even!

He laughed bitterly. "Swell reasoning, Martha."

"Of course it is. You may know foxes, but you've got a lot to learn about women."

He could have denied that; could have told her that he'd gotten his diploma in women—this morning. Instead he shrugged, and turning slowly away, left the room.

He went first to the room that had been Erin's, hoping against hope that there had been a message of some sort, but there was nothing. Even the traces of her stay were obliterated, as if she were determined to leave nothing of herself behind. He left the room, closing the door very softly as he went.

WINTER began in earnest, and Roger considered means of escaping from himself: a trip to Southern California, Christmas in Honolulu. Then he thought of Keats' terse comment that locomotion is no change, and decided to stay on at the ranch. He rode when the weather was good, read voraciously, kept the house filled with company when he could. He told everyone that Erin was visiting—not because he had any hope, but because he couldn't bear sympathy yet.

He thought of writing Erin a message: "The honors are yours," and even addressed the envelope, then decided against giving her that satisfaction. Cleaning out his desk one day he came across a note he had written her the week before he went East to be married, a final plea for his cause. It was easy to see, now, why he hadn't sent it.

"Erin, sweetheart—I'm torn in two. I love you unbearably, but I belong out here: you know that as well as I do. For the last time, won't you reconsider? We can go East several times a year, so you won't completely rust, but this will be home.

"But I've got to have you, and if you're still determined on New York, I give up. I'll come as soon as you wire, if that's your last word. Always,
"ROGER."

He started to tear it up, and then checked himself. It might be a good idea to keep it—a sort of reminder of past imbecility, like a whip for an unruly dog. Then, if he was ever in danger of slipping again, the letter would stop him. He folded it and slipped it back in his desk; began on a list of Christmas presents for the household.

CHRISTMAS EVE dawned gray and foreboding. There was a blizzard in the offing, so he rode furiously with Pete during the morning to be sure everything was ready for it. The snow began in the afternoon, small, stinging flakes that foretold the worst storm of the winter.

He had dinner early, and finished as quickly as he could. Since Erin's flight relations between Martha and himself had been so strained that he spent as little time in her presence as possible. If she kept this up, he thought with a wry grin, she'd succeed in driving him to Honolulu after all.

He settled down for the evening, determined to forget what this Christmas might have been; to interest himself instead in a book. But he kept reading the same paragraph over and over, like a victrola record when the needle is caught. He put the book aside and wondered if it wouldn't be just as well to go to bed and hope for sleep.

Something, he realized suddenly, was fumbling at the front door. He couldn't believe it was a person, but he hurried to investigate. As he opened the door the man outside was literally blown into the hall. The man blinked for a moment, blew on his hands, and then found his voice.

"Gosh, what a night! I got a car stalled in your drive, mister, and the lady in it's almost frozen. But I couldn't carry her, and she ain't dressed for walkin'."

A lady. Roger's mind and heart both stopped for an instant, paralyzed with amazement and hope. Then automatically he began to act. He found his boots, a coat, a heavy woolen blanket. As he dragged on the boots he fired commands at the dazed driver.

"Find the housekeeper. Tell her I want some brandy and hot water and an electric pad. Then come back to the door and hold this flash for me."

As he fought his way into the swirling darkness Roger found himself repeating like a litany: "God, let it be Erin; let it be Erin."

He reached the shapeless white mass that was the car, swept snow from the running-board with one movement, tore open the door with another. He couldn't see her face in the darkness, but something in him knew it was Erin; knew there was no use in carrying on after this if it wasn't Erin. He wrapped the blanket about her and lifted her from the car, half sobbing as he did so from emotion and the bitter wind.

"Erin, Erin." He kept whispering it over and over.

She made a burrowing motion against his breast. "I'm so cold, Roger."

"Of course you are, sweetest. But you'll be warm in a few minutes. Can you put your arms around my neck and hold on for a little while longer?"

She clung to him obediently, and he fought his way back into the faint path of light, thanking heaven that the driver had remembered his instructions.

He reached the house at last, stumbled into the living-room and laid her reluctantly on the couch before the fire. He would have preferred holding her himself, for evidence, but his hands were numb and it was Martha who warmed her feet and mixed the steaming brandy. He stopped trying to be useful and knelt beside her, devouring her with his eyes.

She was trying to talk. "The man didn't want to bring me, Roger, he said it was going to snow harder and we'd never get here. It was all my fault. . . ."

He slipped an arm under her shoulders. "Don't talk; wait till you're stronger. It's enough that you're here."

She frowned. "I'll stop in a minute, as soon as I've said this. He said we'd never find it, but I told him—I had to spend Christmas—at home." The word lingered in the air like a chord.

Behind him Martha was crying violently and happily, and the driver was rapidly getting drunk on pre-war brandy, but none of that mattered. Nothing mattered but Erin, here in his arms. He said:

"This is the first time since you left, Erin, that it's been—home."

Her voice was getting stronger. "I had to leave because I'd taken such a beastly advantage of you—showed you how much I cared; and I knew you were so decent you'd insist—afterward—that you wanted me, whether you did or not." (He hoped the driver was too drunk to understand that, but he didn't really care.)

"But I left a note," he insisted gently.

"I know, but that would have been part of it. I thought if I went back you'd have a chance to decide, and send for me if you wanted me. But I despised New York so, Roger, after all this. I told them I was just visiting, and waited and waited, hoping you'd write. I'd almost given up when your letter came. After that I took the first train."

HIS letter. There was a sudden stillness behind him, a stillness in which he heard Martha catch her breath, and in that split second all the pieces of the puzzle fell in place. It was Martha who had brought Erin back; Martha who had realized that he might know foxes, but he didn't know women. She'd found that letter, written before his wedding, and mailed it. There was nothing in the wording, he remembered, to indicate when it had been written. He wanted to turn and kneel to her, but he couldn't betray her or himself. Instead he said:

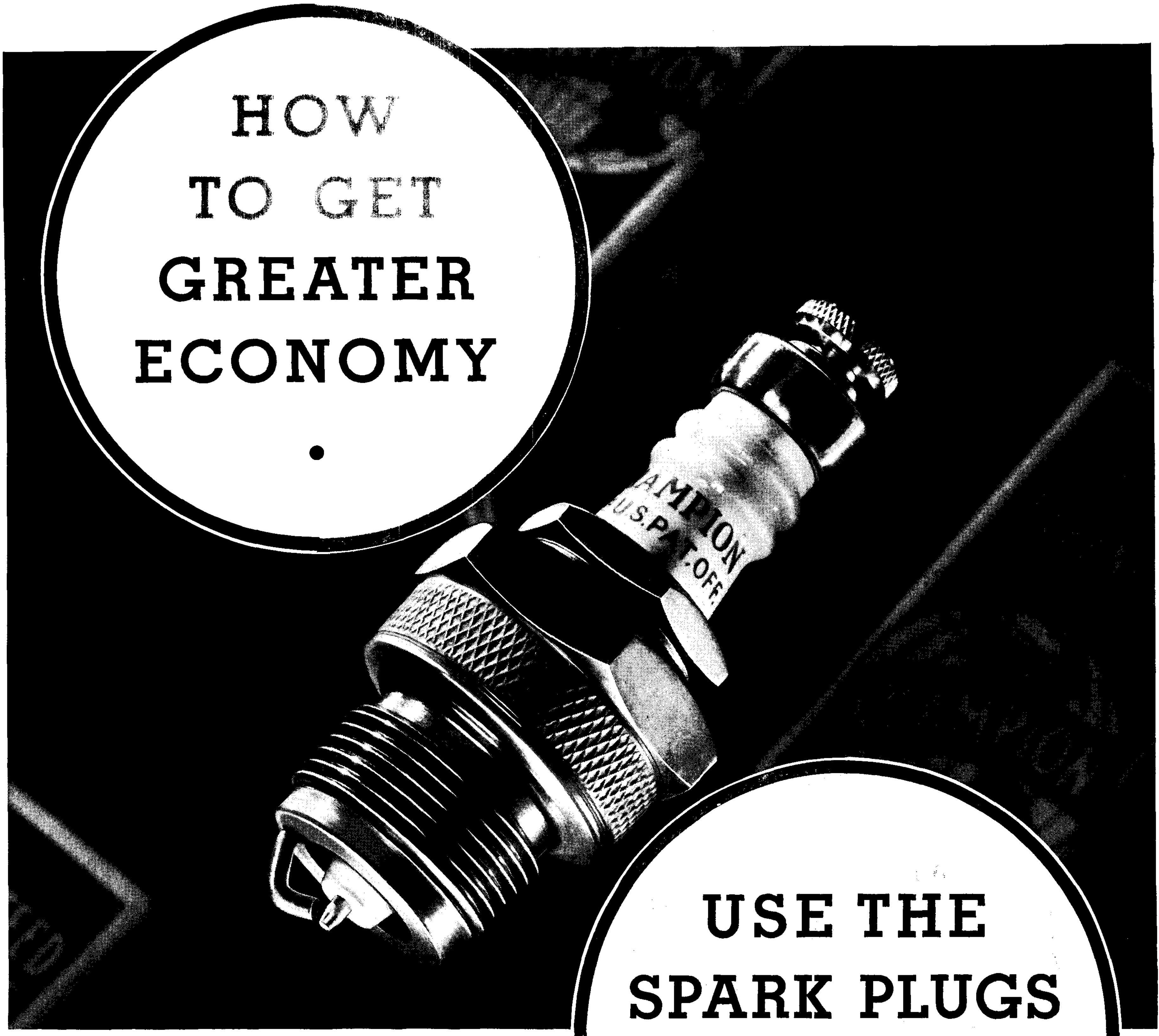
"I didn't know that. But I stood it as long as I could, and then I had to beg, no matter what you thought of me." He saw that her lashes were drooping. "Do you want to go to sleep, sweetheart?"

"I'm afraid," she said drowsily, "that I can't help it. You wouldn't get a girl tight, would you, mister?"

He chuckled as he lifted her from the couch. "I would if I could, lady."

At the door of his room he paused, thinking of Erin's sporting and unwilling driver. Then he decided that Martha would undoubtedly reward him with the best guest room. He stepped across the threshold.

HOW TO GET GREATER ECONOMY



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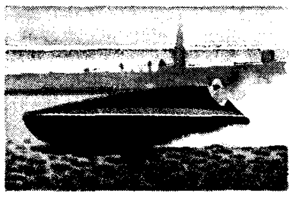
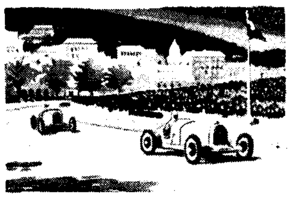


VENICE, ITALY—*Guido Cattaneo set a new world's speed record for hydroplanes in the International 12 Litre Class, with his Champion equipped, Isotta powered racing craft "Asso."*



NICE, FRANCE—*Nuvolari won the Grand Prix Nice, requiring perfect spark plug performance in negotiating 655 street corners. His Maserati was Champion equipped.*

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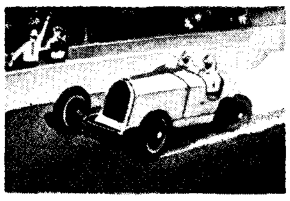

BROOKLANDS, ENGLAND—*Count Czaykowski, won the British Empire Trophy, in a Champion equipped Bugatti, averaging 123.58 m.p.h. He recently set four new world's speed records.*

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The Man who Knows How

Continued from page 19

Maguire, one of this country's leading pros.

"A glass of beer would be very nice," Nusslein says. He knows the English for that perfectly.

"Two glasses would be even nicer," Kozeluh suggests hopefully.

"I will buy the third round myself," Maguire promised.

Meanwhile we have been joined by Frank Shields, our No. 1 player, George Lott, Cliff Sutter and Bitsy Grant, the half-pint from Georgia, who has been doing so well for himself of late. It wasn't long before we found ourselves in my room, accompanied by several very cold bottles of beer and a tall pitcher of lemonade for the amateurs, who, during the course of the tournament, were neglecting even beer. So we talked of fishing and golf and tennis and then someone mentioned the name of Tilden. It was as though someone had struck a gong. It is no secret that Tilden is thoroughly and heartily disliked by his colleagues of the tennis world. But they never confuse Tilden the man with Tilden the tennis player. For the player they have only praise.

"Is Tilden the greatest player in the world today?" I asked innocently, and before they got through answering that one many a bottle had been emptied of its beer, more than many a lemon had been squeezed and a Florida dawn was beginning to emerge from the east.

Nusslein started it by saying emphatically, "Of course he is."

"But, Fritz," I reminded him, "Tilden himself told me in Berlin that you were the world's greatest player." His name is Hans but everyone calls him Fritz, and he doesn't know why, either.

"Nonsense," Nusslein snapped. "You saw me beat him at the Blau-Weiss Club last August. Remember how one week later he won from Cochet in Paris? Now, he wanted to beat Cochet—oh, very badly. He would like to have beaten me, too, but his mind was on that Cochet match. I was just another opponent, but Cochet—that was different. Unconsciously, while playing against me he was saving himself for that Cochet match. He was playing good tennis against me, but not inspired tennis. Bill is what you call—is it a money player? When the stakes are high he is unbeatable. *Nicht wahr*, K?"

Pressure Where It Counts Most

Kozeluh, who is "K" to his friends, emerged reluctantly from his tall glass of beer and nodded. "Bill is like that," the Czech said. "He can always make one big effort if he thinks it is important enough. Now take his match against Ellsworth Vines at Madison Square Garden—that first match Vines played as a pro. That was very damn' important, that match. If Bill loses, they all say, 'Bill is through, all washed up.' But if he wins the crowd comes out the next time they play and they say, 'Hey, that Bill is still too good for these kids, what?' So what happens? So Bill murders him. He puts out everything and he beats Vines easily. Later on Vines beats Bill three or four times—so what? So Tilden only turns on the heat when it is very important. And he can beat Vines or anybody else if he thinks it is very damn' important. But he has to think that or else he can be beaten."

Frank Shields uncoiled his long frame, removed his feet from a pair of my white flannels, and agreed. "That's right—if you'd hang your trousers up people wouldn't put their feet on them—that's right about Bill," he went on. "I played with Bill in New York last month several times. Indoors of course. Now, playing with me, he didn't seem too hot. I don't mind saying that I was beating him more often than he beat me, but also I will add that these were *just practice matches that didn't mean* a thing to Bill. We were both merely interested in getting into shape. He was a different man against Vines and he'll always be different when the match means something."

"No one ever beat Tilden on the tennis courts," George Lott snapped suddenly. That startled everyone into silence. George was only drinking lemonade, too.

The Player Without a Flaw

"No," the world's greatest doubles player added, "Bill has all of the strokes. As far as sheer tennis is concerned he's got everything anyone else ever had plus. But sometimes his temperament—not his opponent—beats him. In Davis Cup matches, which are the culmination of a long series of test and trial matches, or in a tournament that lasts a week, his nerves and irascibility often spoil his game. But let him point for just one match and let him pace himself along so that he'll be tops when that match comes along—and he's worth anybody's bet. Sure, I'll bet on him today at forty-one to beat anybody. I mean I would if I were a betting man."

Joe Maguire nodded. Maguire, by the way, has the world's best job. He's the tennis pro at Vassar. Yeah, and they pay him for that, too.

"When he's really on his game," Maguire said, "the guy just isn't human, that's all. His strokes are sometimes unbelievable. If he has a technical flaw in his game I've never seen it. I agree that he's still the greatest one-match player alive."

Suddenly a discordant note broke into this cacophony of praise. It came, surprisingly enough, from Bitsy Grant, who, because of a lack of chairs, had been sitting on the floor in a corner hidden from everyone else.

"You're all crazy," Bitsy said scornfully. "When Tilden turned professional he was getting licked by guys like Johnny Doeg. You'll remember that he lost his last amateur match to Johnny. That was some years ago and you're not going to tell me that Bill is improving with age. Doeg had only one thing—controlled speed. With the exception of Vines none of you pros has such speed. Speed, well controlled, will beat Bill any time, and I could name more than one amateur who could do it."

"I agree with Bitsy," Cliff Sutter chimed in. "Put Bill in our national singles championship and he wouldn't finish anywhere. He couldn't stand up against a strong field like that, although I'll admit that, as Frank and Fritz say, he's a wow if he points for one big match."

"We're really not getting anywhere at all with this argument," I suggested.

"We've had some nice beer," Kozeluh said complacently.

"Nice," Nusslein added, "but not so nice as that beer at the Blau-Weiss Club in Berlin. You agree, friend?"

Sure, I agreed. A man is a sucker to argue with a German about beer. The best he can get is second and besides beer was brewed to drink, not to argue about.

Washington Workers

Continued from page 16

soon think of asking the President to invite you to his house as I would of asking him to let me select his wife." Senator Byrd of the same state, perhaps because he is a freshman, meets all comers and mail. Dave Walsh of Massachusetts, who actually courts correspondence, has, partly through such means, become a domestic hero in the Bay State. Some members have been defeated because they neglected these amenities and such casualties frighten the others.

In asking about the status of his extra-clerk resolution, Senator Ashurst told of the growing volume of mail—he received 6,000 letters on the municipal bankruptcy bill alone—and expressed the sentiment of his colleagues on the subject of keeping up with your correspondents and constituents.

"Our correspondents should have replies," he told the Senate, "or the Congressional Record should show why they are not answered."

It doesn't pay, in his opinion, to seem to be too snooty. Some members resort to the stratagem of inserting form replies in the Congressional Record, which are then printed and franked out by the government.

Unseen Hands

Senator Couzens rarely worries over politics and patronage, and his aide, the crusading John Carson, spends most of his time in research work. Senator Glass knows his subject of finance so well that Secretary J. W. Rixey Smith can look after almost all the detail work.

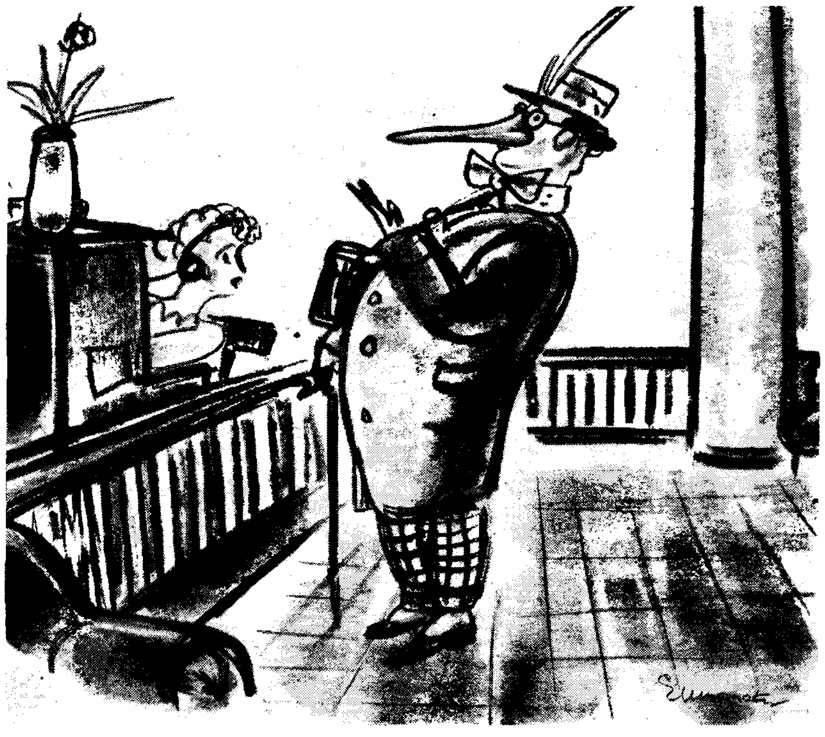
Other esteemed under-statesmen include Ted Huntley, who tries to teach practical politics to Mr. Reed; Ben Stern, who knows the political landscape of Indiana as well as his boss, Senator Van Nuys; Catherine Blanton, whose years with Pat Harrison have given her a real understanding of finance; Cora Rubin, who visits Russia to discover for Senator Borah just what conditions are under the Soviet. Mary Connor, quiet and soft-spoken, presents a clear contrast to her booming boss, Hiram Johnson, which may explain why he thinks she is one of the best on Capitol Hill.

Most senators are heroes to their secretaries. You can't convince Ted Huntley that Mr. Reed will not be President if the Republican party comes to its senses, and many other idol-makers walk about proudly with potential Presidents under their hats. Some secretaries pattern their walk, their talk, their ideas and their dress after their close-up stars. Representative William Edgar Howard of Nebraska, who served under William Jennings Bryan in the House many years ago, still affects the flowing hair and swallowtail of the Great Commoner. Sometimes it's hard to tell which is the statesman and which the secretary.

Although the majority of the secretaries are men, almost a score of senators and a third of the representatives prefer feminine helpers. Some masculine secretaries say that the sisters don't fit in around a statesman's office. "The politicians like to come in," so one explains it, "put their big feet on the desk, tell stories, cuss, chew tobacco and smoke, and they can't be themselves if the secretary is a gal." But the ladies say the only difference is that they can't go on the floor, under an unwritten rule, whereas the men can swagger across in the hope that gallery visitors will stare and gasp: "Who is that fine-looking senator?"

The two presiding officers—Vice President Garner and Speaker Rainey—have their wives as secretaries, and they really work. Besides secretarying for papa, the ladies make sure that they take proper nourishment at noon, and see that their ties are tied neatly when they go out to ascend their respective rostrums.

If politics is a thankless job to politicians, it is even harder on the secretaries. They do the work and rarely get a word of reward. One secretary dug up jobs for 250 constituents last fall, but only three remembered him with Christmas cards. Most of them appreciate the sarcastic comment of Boies Penrose, who said, after reading a vicious complaint from a friend, "Get out the files and see when I did him a favor!"



"I'm from the O. K. Jolly Novelty Company!" *Edy Umansky*

DON'T BE A BRISTLE PICKER

BRISTLE PICKER WRECKS HIS CAR

SAGINAW, MICH.—George K. tried to pick a bristle from his teeth while driving. Suddenly a car pulled out of a side street and . . . CRASH!

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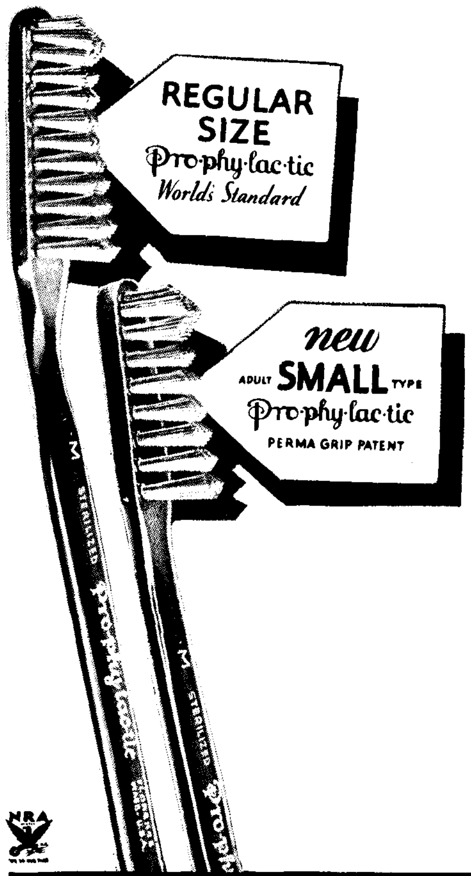
*Bristles can't come out**



The bristles in the Pro-phy-lac-tic are sealed in by a totally different method. They don't come out!

Perma-Grip is exclusively a Pro-phy-lac-tic development (U. S. Pat. 1472165). It is as important an improvement as the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic TUFT itself.

Both TUFT and PERMA-GRIP are brought you at no extra cost. Remember this when you buy. There is no such thing as a "bargain" tooth brush at a lower price than what a Pro-phy-lac-tic costs.

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Both adult sizes, 50¢. Genuine American-made throughout, sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy you completely or your money back.

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Two Models—REGULAR and NEW SMALL type for adults

Old King Coffee

Continued from page 28

counting houses of Santos buzz with elation. Acres of new coffee shrubs are planted by the *fazendeiros;* trains of coffee cars roll seaward; myriads of bags, chock-full of little green berries, are dumped into hundreds of ships and transported over thousands of miles, and brewed into millions of gallons of dark, steaming, savory fluid—all because you and countless other human beings reaching out a hand with an empty cup in it, have chanted in clamorous chorus: "Another, please!"

Just now Old King Coffee feels glum. The world doesn't want a second cup! For some years now the magnates of São Paulo, in alliance with the Brazilian government, have been fighting hard to overcome the coffee crisis by means of artificial control of prices. The government has more than once saved the magnates from serious loss by taking off their hands big quantities of their output, and storing it in expectation of a brisker demand.

Hopes that Go Up in Smoke

Of late, however, the stocks thus accumulated have increased so alarmingly that the government, faced with the necessity of providing space for more millions of sacks from new crops, has been compelled to destroy huge lots of coffee for which it could find no remunerative sale. As you journey from Santos toward São Paulo city you suddenly become aware of an overpowering odor, and you see thick clouds of smoke rising from fields by the roadside, and you realize that tons of berries, which should be bringing stimulation to the world, are crackling to destruction because the world cannot afford to buy them!

But even at its darkest, São Paulo's gloom shows no signs of being here to stay. Old King Coffee refuses to despair! And, like that renowned royal non-warrior, Old King Cole, he calls for his pipe and he calls for his bowl and he calls for his fiddlers three—the bowl, in his case, being filled not with punch but with that luscious beverage, black as the ace of spades and strong enough to lift the roof off your skull, which is the favorite tipple throughout his kingdom.

It is to the United States that Old King Coffee's eyes turn most hopefully; for, of all his foreign customers, Uncle Sam is the best. When will Americans reach out their hands for that second cup? For many years now we have been buying about half of all Brazil's coffee, and since (as has been observed) São Paulo supplies around two thirds of the whole Brazilian crop, we are well thought of in the land of the Paulistas, and São Paulo city has reared skyscrapers with a real American look to them, and filled its streets with American din and bustle, and affectionately named a big store "Yankee Bazar."

Westward and northward from the city of São Paulo roll the coffee lands which have brought the Paulistas prestige and wealth—those lands of the "terra roxa," the "red earth," whose soil really does show as ruddy as dried blood whenever a gash is made in it by pick or shovel. Over its undulating surface, amid ridges so red that they seemed artificially stained, I was taken in a motor car by a Brazilian friend, a retired coffee planter, to whom every bit of this fertile territory has been familiar since boyhood.

Coffee shrubs began to appear when we were about twenty-five miles from town; and, after that, we were hardly ever out of sight of them. "Old plantations," my guide informed me; "some of them were laid out a century ago." The shrubs, some as much as ten feet high, stretched in long, straight rows into the far distance—with here and there tracts which had been allowed to go to waste—sad signs of the depression.

As we sped along the winding road we constantly met groups of the *colonos,* who pick São Paulo's huge coffee crop, help in the cleaning and drying of the berries and, out of the harvest season, tend the plants, weed them at regular intervals, and do the other multifarious chores needed to keep a "fazenda" going. Among them were many Portuguese and Spaniards, also individuals of Italian or Teutonic blood.

Originally, the "fazendas" were worked by slaves, but the abolition of slavery in Brazil in 1888 necessitated the introduction of a new system of labor. In the "colono" system each worker gets a small house, built on the estate where he works, together with a patch of ground for raising necessaries for himself and his family. Some of these dwellings along the route of my trip were dirty and ramshackle; others, though, were neat, trim little bungalows—"with electric light," proudly remarked my Brazilian guide.

At one "fazenda" we surprised the family taking a dip in a private swimming pool worthy of a millionaire's place on Long Island. But—again that touch of the exotic!—while they conversed with us about Paris and grand opera, a collection of strange pets eyed us curiously—solemn monkeys and herons with long, looped necks, and pink flamingoes, and beautiful blue and yellow parakeets—the latter called, locally, "politicians," because (I was told with a grin) "they chatter so!"

At Campinas, the principal town of the neighborhood, we found, at one turn, an Agronomical Institute of the most modern sort, where coffee and other plants are tested and studied, and the resultant scientific data supplied gratis to "fazendeiros"; and, at another, donkey carts, horsemen, with broad-brimmed felt hats, bestriding wiry little horses, and one-story shops, painted in bright hues, wide open to narrow streets—all the characteristics, in short, of a typical Brazilian country town, hardly changed since the days when it acknowledged the King of Portugal as its overlord.

The Prince of Coffee Growers

Beyond Campinas begins the domain of the really big coffee estates. Hereabouts are some twenty enormous "fazendas" with more than one million coffee shrubs each. In the Riberão Preto district, in the heart of the best tracts of the "terra roxa," lie the huge coffee lands once held together in a vast feudal unit by the celebrated Colonel Francisco Schmidt, greatest of all Brazilian coffee potentates.

He came to São Paulo in the '80's of the last century as a poor German immigrant, with nothing but ambition and the determination to gratify it; when he died, two years ago, he was the owner of a string of plantations on which grew something like *sixteen million* coffee plants!—a record never equaled before or since in Brazil. His plantations constituted a veritable principality, with palatial residences for their owner; private railway lines; a private telephone system connecting outlying parts with the central administrative headquarters; and an army of thousands of "colonos," employed exclusively in tending and harvesting the colonel's immense crops.

Already he is becoming a legendary character in the "terra roxa." They still tell there of his uncanny sense of direction, which kept him from ever losing himself amid the monotonous, landmarkless vastness of his domain; and of his marvelous memory, which enabled him, after whole weeks spent in cattle-purchasing and horse-trading and bargainings involving immense lots of coffee, to remember, without the aid of a single written note, how much of each he had bought or sold, and what profit or loss each transaction had represented.

And they recall also that he had an extraordinary fondness for that squashy; exotic fruit, the "jabuticaba"—so much so that he called for it almost to the moment of his death—thus proving that his long reign as the greatest of São Paulo coffee lords had made him more of a Brazilian than a German.

A Free and Easy Land

We motored back cityward through glorious sunset, which streaked the sky with fantastic coloring, and brought out, with weird emphasis, the reddish hue of the soil. With the people of the countryside my Brazilian host stood on terms of charming familiarity. When he stopped for directions, he would call those whom he addressed by the unvarying appellation of "chief."

"Chief, is this the road to São Paulo?" The "chief"—a youth with blue eyes and yellow hair, whose ancestors undoubtedly drank much beer and sang many songs about the Rhine—replied: "Yes, senhor, just keep on going."

"Obrigado!" (That means "thanks.") And off we would buzz. After a few miles he would halt again.

"Chief, this isn't the road to São Paulo, is it?"

"No, señhor. Go back and take the first turning to the left."

"Obrigado!"

And the "chief"—in this case a "colono" with jet-black skin and ivory-white teeth—acknowledged our thanks with a grin stretching right across his face.

All the way my guide raised loud lament about the coffee crisis. If only some means could be found to stimulate the world's appetite for coffee! If only Americans would drink that second cupful for breakfast!

"And why only for breakfast?" he exclaimed—one hand idly toying with the wheel, the other waved in emphatic gesture, and the car going at fifty miles an hour!. "Why, I say, only for breakfast? What is the matter with coffee for lunch?—and in the afternoon, as we Brazilians drink it?—and again in the evening? Good coffee is good at any hour of the day or night!"

Brazil's crisis, I gathered, is largely a matter of overproduction. In expectation of something like that "permanent prosperity" which Herbert Hoover prophesied for North Americans, optimistic South Americans, notably in São Paulo, started some years ago to plant a huge new acreage with coffee shrubs. In 1928 Brazil turned out a record crop of 28,000,000 sacks, an achievement which struck prudent observers of the situation as too much of a good thing. But the optimists didn't care! These

(Continued on page 50)

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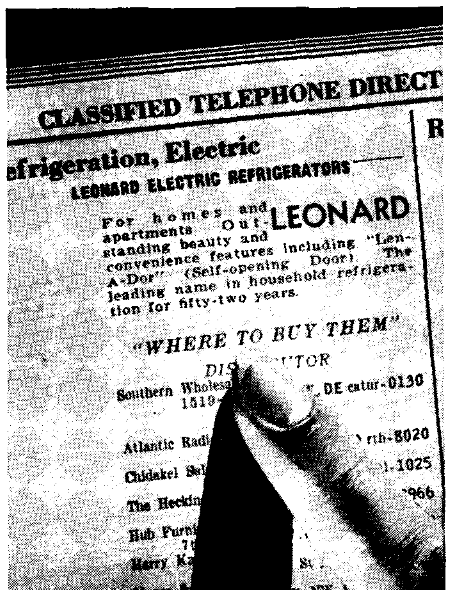
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Women don't agree about Hats . . .

. . . *nor about Refrigerators*

UNTIL THEY SEE THE NEW LEONARD

A HAT designer, asked to create *one* hat to suit *all* women, would throw up his hands in despair. So many types of beauty! So many tastes in colors and materials! So many ideas of price!

Refrigeration engineers have had a job almost as hard—to satisfy requirements that vary in every family, and personal tastes that differ with every individual. Yet tens of thousands of women, shopping independently, each with her own idea of what a good refrigerator ought to be, are finding *exactly* what they want in *one* refrigerator—Leonard.

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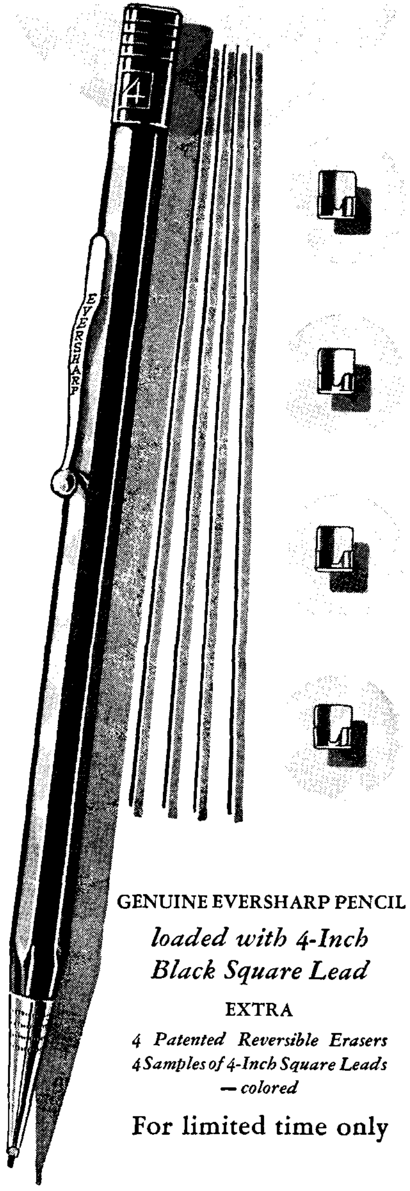
ROOMINESS—wide, sturdy shelves; dairy basket, vegetable crisper, cold chest for storage; *folding shelves*, room for tall bottles.

CONVENIENCE—12 freezing speeds (one for extra fast freezing), Steady Kold Defroster, and "vacation temperature" that cuts cost while you're away; unusual ice capacity; sliding shelf to save reaching; new serving tray to set things on while rearranging shelves; automatic electric light.

ECONOMY—moderate first cost, low operating cost; long life and trouble-free service.

LEONARD THE *COMPLETE* REFRIGERATOR

LOOK! ONLY 47¢



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Writes 4 times as long!

The pencil is a propel-repel Eversharp. *Holds Four-Inch Lead!* Lasts four times longer than regular-sized lead. Has special chamber to hold 4 extra leads. Note the new special rounded-square shape for better grip —has the right balance and thickness.

Made of jet black pyralin—UNBREAKABLE—and topped with new patented reversible eraser cap. Prevents loss of eraser. All in all, this Eversharp pencil compares with the finest $1 pencil made.

Remember the lead you get is Eversharp Square Lead. Can't slip or turn. One of the smoothest writing leads you ever tried.

IMPORTANT

This remarkable 47c price must soon be withdrawn. Go to your stationery store, department or drug store and see this pencil. Try it—buy it. The Wahl Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

THE NEW 4 SQUARE

EVERSHARP

Old King Coffee

Continued from page 48

sanguine Brazilians, letting their thoughts wander fondly to the millions of people all over the world who consumed a cup of coffee daily, cried: "Make them two-cup conscious!" And the orgy of planting continued.

Soon Brazil was in trouble. In order to prevent coffee from pouring in too large quantities into ports like Santos, and thus causing a serious break in prices, the government established so-called "regulating warehouses" along railways in the coffee-growing regions. In these, surplus stocks were stored, and released only in quantities too small to send prices tobogganing. At first the government made loans to the producers of these stocks, reimbursing itself out of the proceeds of sales. But soon the stored coffee reached a total of 20,000,000 sacks—and no remunerative sale in sight! Obviously, something drastic had to be done.

Coffee to Burn

So the government paid outright to producers what was deemed a fair price for the surplus stocks on hand and then proceeded to burn or otherwise destroy a large percentage of these stocks. When I was in São Paulo some weeks ago the number of sacks of coffee burned in the vicinity of the "regulating warehouses," or dumped into the sea at Santos and other Brazilian ports, had reached the appalling total of 24,000,000!—and there was every prospect that, by the time this article got into print, the grand total would be 25,000,000 sacks!

Furthermore, some 12,000,000 sacks —representing forty per cent of the bumper crop of 30,000,000 sacks which, it is estimated, the 1933-34 crop will total—are likewise slated for destruction, the Brazilian government having agreed to indemnify planters for their sacrifice of this percentage of their production.

The main reason for all this wholesale annihilation is that those responsible for it consider it preferable to allowing the vast new acreage, so lavishly added before the depression to Brazil's coffee-producing area, to go to waste. The enormous numbers of new coffee shrubs in this acreage are just reaching maturity. For instance, those planted in 1929 (when the depression started) matured last spring.

Now, coffee shrubs in Brazil continue to bear during 10, 20, 30 or 40 years, on an average—sometimes up to 100 years. Therefore, one can easily understand the reluctance of Brazilians to doom to destruction hundreds of thousands of these valuable plants, because of what most of them view as merely a temporary crisis. In this, they are like manufacturers in the United States who, having made additions to their plant during boom years, now see these additions idle, yet flatly refuse to make this idleness an excuse for scrapping them.

As for the coffee crop of 1934-35, it is hoped that the alternation of good and bad crops, which has been characteristic in Brazil for years, will bring it down to a mere 16,000,000 sacks. Owing to this, optimists argue, something like a normal relationship between supply and demand will have been established by the end of June, 1935. But pessimists refuse to swallow such rosy prophecies without a grain of salt!—too many sad things, you see, have been happening of late in the realm of Old King Coffee!

Depression or no depression, heavy trains loaded with coffee converge every day on São Paulo city from the "terra roxa." These converging lines, aggregating some 7,000 miles in all, may be likened to the ribs of a gigantic fan, with São Paulo city as the top of the fan's handle, and, as the bottom of the handle, the port of Santos. As for the handle itself, it is represented by one of the most extraordinary railways in the world—the renowned line from São Paulo to Santos, over which practically every single sack of the millions produced yearly in São Paulo state has been hauled for over half a century.

Only forty miles long, this road is one of the world's marvels of engineering, also a veritable gold mine for those lucky enough to own stock in it. Its stockholders (mostly English, for the road is English-built) received regularly, over a long period of years, a dividend of fourteen per cent. When the World War and the subsequent coffee crisis cut into the earnings of the "Coffee Railway," the stockholders howled like stuck pigs because their dividends were cut to a puny, beggarly ten per cent!

If you take this railway from Santos to São Paulo your train runs for some miles over perfectly ordinary flat country. Soon, however, you get to the foot of the steep mountain-barrier, and your train is broken up into short sections of three or four cars each, which, gripping a cable operated on the endless-chain system, is hauled up a grade that is simply wicked (you rise 2,000 feet in 6 miles!) to the top of the mountain range. There the various sections are coupled together again, placed in charge of an ordinary locomotive, and hauled over more flat country in a perfectly conventional manner, into São Paulo city.

To negotiate the cable section of the journey takes about half an hour. There are five cables in all—as soon as you get loose from one, you are hooked onto the next, and sent up another stretch of appalling steepness. Precipices yawn below, crags scowl above, your life, apparently, hangs by a hair. But the Coffee Railway is doubtless the safest in the world, despite the fact that the huge quantities of coffee which it transports are a serious strain on its capacity.

A Paragon Among Railroads

The roadbed is banked and buttressed with solid walls of masonry and stone; the cable is minutely scrutinized at short intervals by track-walkers; and every little mountain torrent, foaming down from the heights, is taken in hand early in its career, and tamed within an inch of its life, and forced to run prettily in solid cement beds, and steered under the rail line; and, finally, when no longer in a position to make trouble, allowed to continue its natural course from some point far down the mountain slope. As a climax to all these precautions, the rocks on each side of the right-of-way are daubed with special paint to keep them from disintegrating and thus causing the roadbed to shift.

All in all, the Coffee Railway is the most petted, scrubbed, brushed, manicured, shampooed, dry-cleaned-and-pressed stretch of track in the universe. An American engineer who traveled over it, when asked by his English hosts for suggestions as to how it might be improved, dryly remarked:

"Well, you might carve all the ties into artistic designs and set the ends of every rail with diamonds!"

Hard times during recent years have made some Paulistas realize the disadvantage of living in a one-crop state. Now and then they show a certain sensitiveness about their dependence on coffee. Heroic attempts are being made to diversify activities and thus avoid the perils arising from putting all one's eggs in a single basket.

Nowadays, in São Paulo, people like to tell foreigners how promising is their budding cotton industry, how encouraging the progress of the silk industry, how well the textile mills, scattered through the "red earth" region, are doing in these years of their infancy. And they resolutely substitute for coffee discussions tales of the wonders which immigration has wrought—interwoven with impressive statistics of the great masses of Italians and Portuguese, Spaniards and Germans, who have settled in the state and left their imprint on local character and customs and speech. And they will talk about the Japanese, now immigrating in growing numbers—to the elation of some Paulistas, believers in the doctrine of "the more foreigners the merrier"; and to the alarm of others, who do not relish the idea of these Orientals getting a foothold in Brazil, and living mysterious lives of their own in hundred per cent Japanese communities, where only Japanese is spoken and the very street signs are in Japanese!

One-Track Minds at Work

Also, Paulista apostles of "get-away-from-coffee" will talk politics at great length and damn the latest move of the Rio de Janeiro authorities with fervid profanity. And, of course, they will ask the foreigner for his impressions of the "Snake Farm." "Surely, senhor, you have seen our famous Snake Farm?"—and then comes much lore about that remarkable institution, unrivaled in the world, at which scores of venomous snakes fix cold eyes on visitors, while they bask before the little rounded cement cells in which they live. From these cells they are fetched by white-clad experts and forced to spit out their poison, which is then made into serums and sent into the interior, for combating the snake bites which are as common there as head colds are with us.

On all these matters, the Paulista will discourse freely and intelligently, until, little by little, coffee fades from your thoughts. And you emerge from such general discourse and head for your hotel and, after the manner of tourists, allow your eyes to roam carelessly to the trolley cars clanging along the streets, in order to learn, by perusal of what is printed on them, where they are bound or what company owns them.

But in São Paulo trolley cars don't tell you such idle trifles except as an afterthought! To your astonishment, you read, printed on the side of one of them, in big, bold lettering:

"*To plant fine coffee is a patriotic duty!*"

And, on another:

"*Planters! Grow good coffee always, bad coffee never!*"

And, on a third:

"*High-grade coffee is gold and gold is worth what it weighs!*"

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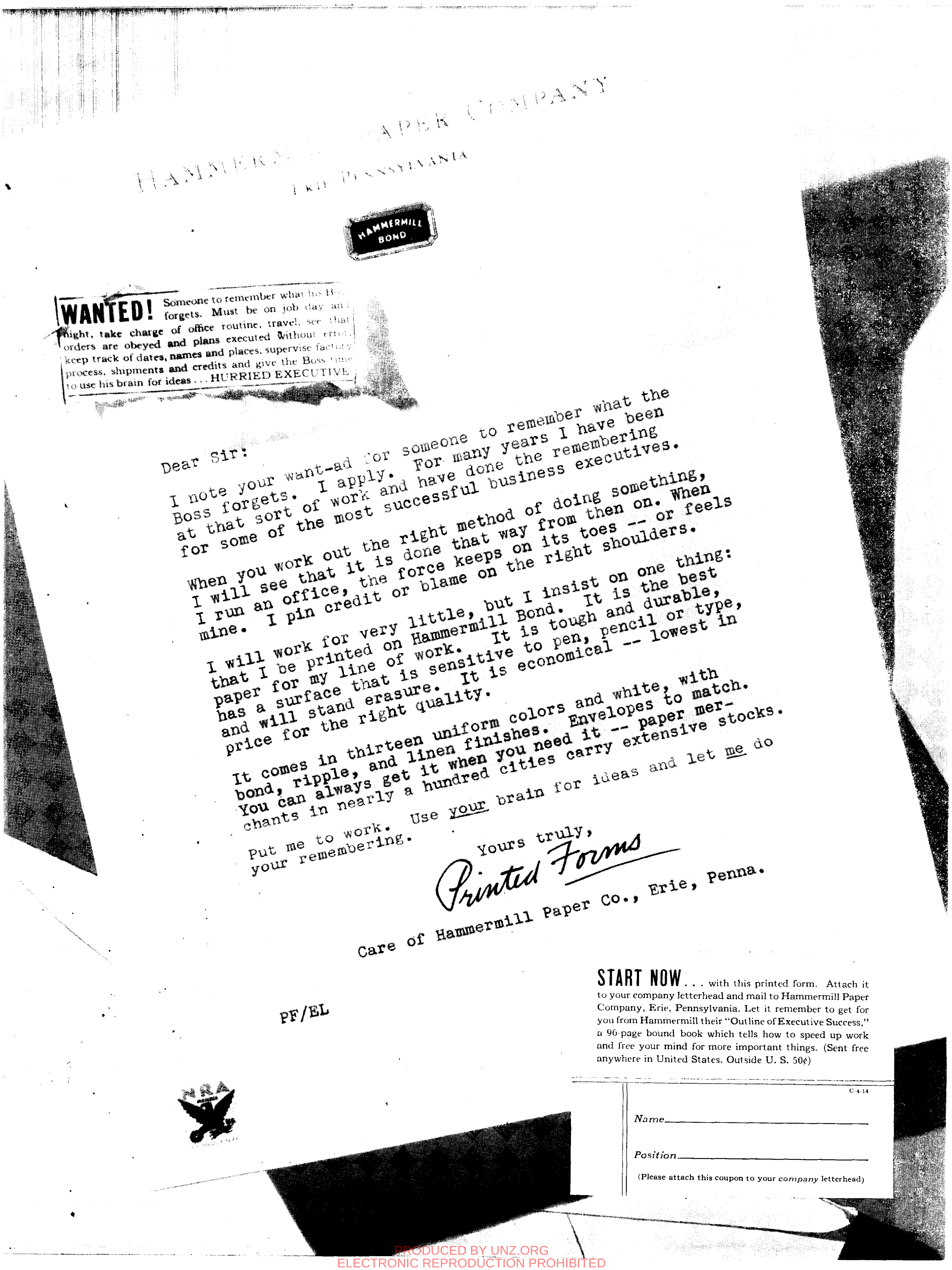

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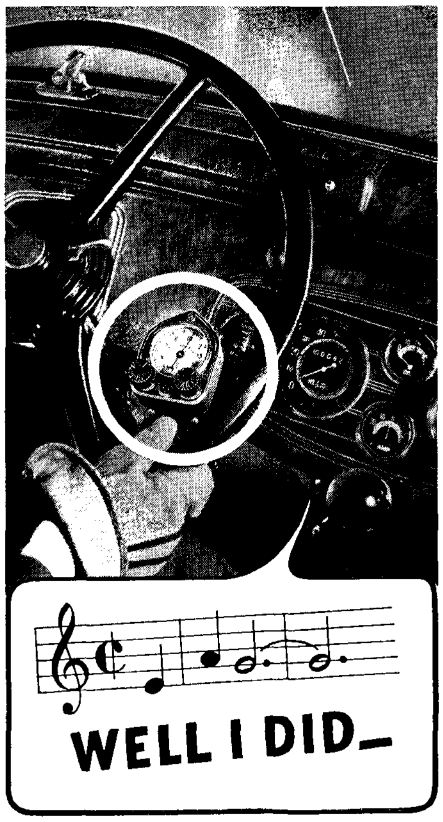

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The Jonah

Continued from page 26

The agent stared at him and decided the subject was bad.

"Well, I've got bad news for you, Captain," he said. "I'm afraid the charter's gone."

Captain Harvey glared at him.

"Gone? What d'you mean, gone?"

"Haven't you heard," said the agent. "Oh, I forgot. You haven't a wireless. Well, it's the usual thing. All sorts of trouble ashore."

"Ashore?" questioned the captain bitterly. "Only ashore, you say. Trouble?"

"Same old stuff in these parts," agreed the agent. "Politics. The president's up in the hills with half the army and General Alvarez is holding Benzara with the other half. The navy's declared for the general and is smoking down the coast, a little lone destroyer but enough to swing the thing. There'll be a fight and no one knows what's going to happen. If the navy gets here in time it looks like the president's goose is cooked."

CAPTAIN HARVEY went a little green.

"You mean to say my charter's no good? You mean to say I've got to stick around while they finish some fool war? Like hell I will! Stick around with wages going on and the damned crew eating its head off. I've got to get a cargo."

"I don't blame you," agreed the agent. "If I were you I'd get up the coast and see what's doing at Manoas. If you find nothing there I'll wire you to come back when the shooting's over. I imagine the charter parties will want to resume business again."

"Ah," said Captain Harvey and he breathed hard. "Manoas."

The agent rubbed his hands together and smiled.

"That's the best bet you know. I suppose you've got enough coal and supplies to last you that far. You can't get a thing here at present."

"Coal?" echoed the captain blankly. He groped for the push button and summoned the steward to get the chief engineer.

"Coal?" said the chief. "We're sweeping up bunker dust now. I'd say we could run about another day. That is," he added pessimistically, "if the engine holds together."

"Never mind," croaked the captain. "Never mind. We're not going any place. Manoas is three days' steaming." He summoned the mate. "You'll get the ship off the mud at high tide, mister. Anchor her somewhere in the stream. I need a drink and I'm going ashore."

HE GOT into the agent's launch and they started for the wharves where a few armed men carelessly patrolled. Far off there was the sound of sporadic rifle fire and the louder detonations of bursting shells.

"I suppose," ventured Captain Harvey, "I suppose if I'd got here on time none of this would have been going on."

"You could have loaded and been away two days before the blow-up," agreed the agent cheerfully.

"I knew it," said the captain, groaning. "And so did that Jonah I'm supposed to own."

The agent looked back at the Pole Star, gracefully heeling on the mudbank.

"Oh, she's not a bad little ship," he said comfortingly. "Just about right for the Benzara trade. Things are bound to straighten out eventually, you know."

"Ship?" choked Captain Harvey. "Not a bad little ship? That ain't no ship, mister. Just let me tell you." And he did not repeat himself for a very long time.

IT MUST have been close to four o'clock in the morning when Captain Harvey awoke, and it took him some time to collect his faculties. He dimly remembered taking an affectionate farewell of the agent by the wharf steps; and he dimly remembered carrying half a case of brandy up the Pole Star's gangway. How he got into his bunk he did not remember at all, but since he was sprawled out in his underclothes and with a bad taste in his mouth he must have managed it somehow.

"You'd better get up, sir." Someone was shouting and shaking him. "They're taking the ship."

"Eh?" said Captain Harvey. He sat up and blinked at the sour face of his mate. "Who's taking what ship?"

"This General Alvarez, sir," roared the mate above an inferno of noise. "Can't you hear the racket? He's being chased out of town."

Captain Harvey pulled himself together and decided that the thundering he had thought was inside his head was outside after all. It seemed several thousand rifles and machine guns were doing the best they could ashore, while the detonations of cannon made a sort of under-running obbligato. Captain Harvey groaned, slid to the deck and sat down on the half case of brandy. He was vaguely relieved to see it was safe and he mechanically pulled on the pants his mate handed him.

"There's a crowd of soldiers aboard," complained the mate, "and this General Alvarez ordering them around. I was going to throw him over the rail but he stuck a gun in my stomach and told me to shut up and put to sea. What about it, hey? They can't take a ship like that."

"WAIT a minute," said Captain Harvey. "I'm not feeling too good."

He slipped his suspenders over his shoulders, stuck his feet into carpet slippers and then opened a bottle of brandy. After a couple of drinks things straightened out a bit, and he experienced a glow of indignation.

"Taking my ship?" he demanded. "We'll see about that. What the hell've we got to do with their war?"

He padded out on the lower bridge with the brandy bottle and discovered his decks swarming with strangers. Two of the for'ard winches were rattling, lifting boxes and kegs from the several launches banging alongside. A stout gentleman in a gold-spangled uniform was leaning over the rail and bellowing orders.

"That's him," said the mate. "That's the general."

"Here," said Captain Harvey. "Here, here. You can't do anything like this." He dug a thumb in the general's ribs and added a deep-sea oath for good measure. The general turned, scowled at him and waved a heavy revolver under his nose.

"So you're the captain?" he demanded with a villainous accent. "We go to sea at once. We go to Manoas, you hear? We go before they come after us." He waved ashore where rifles were flashing along the wharves and it seemed several buildings were already in flames. "I am in a great hurry," he added ominously and jolted the captain's wind with a gun jab in the stomach. Captain Harvey swelled with all the indignation of a master mariner insulted on his own bridge. And he exploded:

"In a hurry, you greaseball? If you think I'm taking you to Manoas you're crazy. Wait till I see my consul."

General Alvarez barked an order and two soldiers with fixed bayonets materialized out of the shadows.

"Take him up," said the general, motioning to the navigation bridge. And then in English, "Unless you wish something unpleasant to happen we must be leaving Benzara in fifteen minutes, as soon as my launches are unloaded. You understand?"

"I guess I'll be gettin' for'ard and see about the anchor," said the mate hurriedly.

Captain Harvey choked.

"But it stands to reason. Even if I wanted to I couldn't get to Manoas. I've only a day's coal."

"What you call the bluff, eh?" suggested the general nastily. He jabbed with the gun again and his patience began to wear thin. "That is no good. No bluff. My men are already making steam. Fifteen minutes and we go. Pronto. Take him up. I have talked enough."

"LISTEN," blared Captain Harvey, and then he yelped as a bayonet point stuck into him. He went up on the navigation bridge, boiling but helpless, and the mate hurried for'ard to see to the anchor and gather together the Pole Star's completely bewildered and frightened crew. Captain Harvey took a drink viciously and stuck the brandy bottle back in his pocket. The third mate joined him, nervous and excited. A man came to the wheel.

"Look at the junk they're piling on my deck," demanded the captain. He leaned over the rail and glared down at a guard of soldiers standing around the large pile of crates and boxes hoisted up from the launches. "Just look at it. Someone'll burn for this!"

"The point is we'd better get going," suggested the third mate. "I think they mean business."

"Of course they mean business, and it means I'll be ruined. Wandering around the coast without power when the coal's gone. I'll be fat salvage for someone. And if I'm not picked up the first blow'll pile us on a reef. Damn the ship!"

"Well, she's insured, isn't she?" comforted the third mate. Captain Harvey eyed him coldly.

"There hasn't been a company that'd insure this Jonah for the past year, young man. Do you think all the underwriters are crazy? If I lose her I lose the works."

General Alvarez interrupted the conversation, bustling onto the bridge, bawling orders over the rail and then imperiously waving to the captain.

"Now we go," he said. "Pronto. Move."

ASHORE most of the firing had died away but along the waterfront there seemed still to be great excitement. Lanterns bobbed back and forth; the erratic sound of launch motors chattered over the water; cries; oaths; irregular rifle spurts, and all directed at the ill-fated Pole Star. The soldiers on the ship's decks began to set up machine guns to beat off the chase if it ever caught up with them, though that was not likely, for the vessel was well in the channel now and making good time on the ebb.

"Swine," said Captain Harvey bit-

(Continued on page 54)

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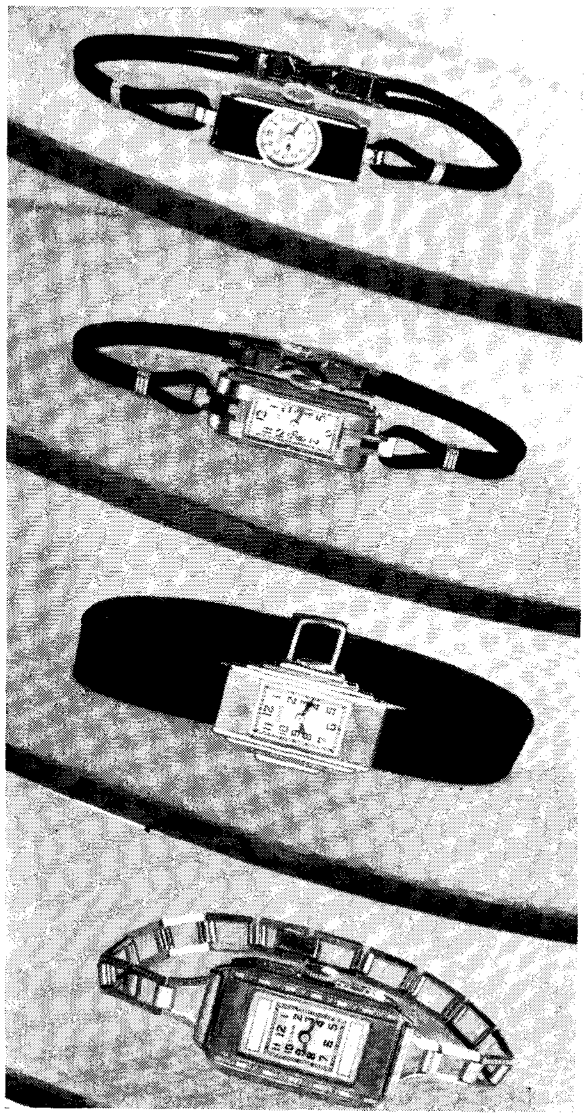

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Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. Do this every week. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

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And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable.* In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature. You add just the right amount of oil to the tonic to have your hair the way you want it. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

After 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. As for dandruff—well, this treatment usually checks it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to prevent dandruff's returning.

If, after using your first bottle of Scalptone and cake of Packer's Tar Soap, you are not satisfied with the improvement in your hair, we'll cheerfully refund the purchase price, if you'll write and tell us what you paid.

The Jonah

Continued from page 52

terly, recorking the brandy bottle. "Swine! Ten times out of eleven, running a channel like this in the dark, she'd bury her snout in the first shoal. But not this time. Oh, no! That'd be doing me a favor. She'll go to sea as clean as you please, and she'll ruin me. Just what she's been figuring all along. Listen to that engine."

"She's certainly behaving well," agreed the third mate, mystified. It didn't make sense. Not with the Pole Star.

"The only time I ever wanted her to act up she runs like a clock," wailed the captain. "The dirty scow!" He said a lot more but General Alvarez, watching the lagging pursuit, was rubbing his hands, and was pleased.

"Magnificent," he declared. "Magnificent! They will never catch up before we are at sea. And the swells. They cannot fight us in the swells from little launches. And they cannot board us. So tomorrow we should meet the navy and they shall escort us to Manoas. Or perhaps we will return to Benzara for revenge. A little bombardment should teach my enemies they cannot drive General Alvarez from the city of his birth."

He twisted his mustaches and coughed importantly.

"It's just a question of time," said Captain Harvey darkly, "before I smack him one with this bottle. I don't like him."

He groaned as he perceived the Pole Star was almost clear of the channel and he took another drink. An excess of sentimentality overcame him and he remembered all that he and the Pole Star had been through together. Hadn't they suffered? Hadn't they rested together on more sand bars than any other ship? A sudden and inexplicable fondness for her flooded through him and he almost wept. Or perhaps it was the brandy.

"Old girl," he said brokenly, patting the rail. "Old girl. You wouldn't let me down now. I don't want to go to sea. Good old ship."

"A dirty ship," said General Alvarez incautiously, overhearing the last. "A very dirty ship and a slow ship, but she will become glorious in the history of the republic. Tomorrow, when we meet the navy. . . ."

"ARE you speaking of the Pole Star?" interrupted Captain Harvey with wrath. "A dirty ship is she? A dirty ship? You're talking of my ship? The one ship I've always loved. A dirty ship!" Vast indignation overwhelmed him and, forgetting the two armed soldiers behind him, he brought the brandy bottle hard down upon the general's head. The general collapsed. The third mate, acting automatically, slammed his fist under one soldier's jaw and kicked the other in the stomach. He considered it his duty to support his captain, and as if she felt it too, for once in her life the Pole Star also did nobly. Everything that could possibly happen to her she caused to happen. It was, in its way, epic, almost as if she appreciated just the few words in defense of her character.

Sweeping past the last of the shoals, where the channel narrowed just before opening into the sea, she locked her steering gear. Yawing widely thereafter she took a sudden and incomprehensible list to port, dropped her screw, broke her tail shaft and rammed the end through her hull. Simultaneously with this, two of the raised derricks on her foredeck broke their falls and dropped with considerable noise and with devastating effects. She swung broadside in the narrow channel, dug her nose into the soft mud of one shoal and settled her stern on another. And then she went down, quietly and efficiently, as if the whole bottom had fallen out of her, plugging the harbor of Benzara as securely as a cork plugs a bottle.

"There you are," said Captain Harvey, weaving more than a little. "There y'are. Good old ship. And what do you think of that?"

He waved the broken bottle neck and glared down at General Alvarez, but the general was holding his head and moaning and the third mate had quieted the two soldiers. On the foredeck there was shouting and milling and confusion and that irritated the captain. He charged down the companion with his bottle neck, and the third mate and the helmsman loyally followed behind him. Just what might have been the outcome is debatable, but of a sudden launches were banging alongside and fresh waves of soldiers swarmed across the rail. A few rifles squibbed off and then it was over. Captain Harvey found himself confronted by an excited little gentleman in a badly fitting uniform, accompanied by the American agent.

"GET off my ship!" roared the captain. He was still indignant and he thrust the bottle neck under the little man's nose. "Get off!"

The agent caught his arm just in time and yelled in his ear.

"Drop it, you idiot. This's the president. He's trying to thank you."

"Calling my ship a dirty scow," choked the captain. "President or no president. . . ."

"Listen," said the agent. "You certainly pulled it. Wrecking your ship like that to stop Alvarez getting away. You've got the harbor bottled too, so the navy can't get in for any more rough stuff. It'll surrender as soon as it finds out. And do you know what's more?"

"I don't," glowered the captain. "And I don't give a damn. I'm a free citizen. And let me tell you no man can call my ship. . . ."

"Shut up!" roared the agent. "General Alvarez was running off with the treasury, all that baggage he loaded on board. Six million dollars. The president's thanking you. Shake hands and forget it."

"I'm not the sort of man. . . ."

"He wants to pay you whatever you feel the Pole Star's worth," insisted the agent. "And there's twenty thousand dollars reward for the general's capture. You've cleaned up a fortune."

"Eh?" said the captain suddenly. "Eh? What's that? Twenty thousand dollars and the price of the ship?"

"Certainly. You're a national hero. Now shake hands."

"That's different," agreed Captain Harvey and he magnanimously shook hands. "Now if you gentlemen would come up and have a drink I'll open another bottle."

He checked himself halfway up the companion to his room and turned to the agent.

"That reminds me," he said. "Can I send a cable from here?"

"You can," agreed the agent. "Who to?"

"A friend of mine," explained the captain. "A very old friend. Old Man Johnson. He'll be delighted to get the news."

Longsword

Continued from page 31

"May it please your high Excellence, from the end of all land—what is called the ultimate Thule."

John Dukas nodded as if satisfied. "Bring me a report," he said, "of its master, and its probable length of stay" —for the first time he glanced at the secretary—"Theophile."

NOW the dragon ship lay in the bight of the Golden Horn. A gangboard stretched from its foredeck to a stone jetty. On the afterdeck its master sat, gazing at the lofty towers and the mighty domes of such a city as he had never seen in his days before now.

Brian was his name—Brian Longsword, a sea rover and a great manslayer by reason of his strength in weapon play. Wide shoulders he had, behind an arching chest; he had such legs that he could leap his own height into the air, and with his fingers he could pull nails from a plank. But he was handsome and gentle until something angered him overmuch. He had a youthful beard curling around his chin, and he had mild gray eyes.

"It is a good hamlet," he said, "for spoiling."

Beside him squatted an old Viking of more fell than flesh. A far-wandering man he was—Fiddle Skal they called him—and he had many tales at his tongue's end of the wonders he had seen. "Rather," he grunted, "would yonder dwellers spoil three, Brian."

The tall rover gazed down affectionately at the gray steel blade that lay upon his knee. He was polishing with a sheepskin the long sword that had won him his name. "Oh, I would bid them take their weapons," said he, "and many of them would be raven's meat before that happened."

Fiddle Skal grunted again. He had been in Constantinople, that the Vikings knew as Micklegarth, before.

"These men—" he waved a crooked hand at the crowded waterfront—"do not stand their ground with weapons. Nay, they have other ways of plucking gold and gear from the likes of us. But they have grand horse racing, whatever."

"I would like well," observed Brian Longsword after a while, "to see that."

So they went ashore, the Viking sea rover and his foredeck man. They walked with a clumsy rolling gait, yet many heads turned after Brian, who had put on a red cloak. At the first booth where carved ivory trinkets were displayed he stopped to stare admiringly.

"Come away, man," urged Fiddle Skal, who was impatient to get off to the Hippodrome to watch the chariot racing.

JUST then a Greek peddler edged up with one thing in his hand, holding it so Brian could not help but see it—a round miniature painting no larger than a man's hand, with a frame of gold and pearls. A dainty woman's head the size of his thumb looked up at Brian.

"Does your Lordship wish to buy a slave—such a slave?" The man asked in fair Norman French, that the Vikings understood well enough.

The hair of the head was pale gold, and the eyes met Brian's no matter how he turned the miniature. He had never seen anything like it before.

"Her portrait," the Greek whispered.

Meanwhile Fiddle Skal had peered around Brian's arm. "Put it down," he urged. "'Tis a Greek trick. One like that is not for the like of you."

Brian thought this would be true. Still, he gave it back reluctantly and followed slowly after the hurrying Skal. The eyes of the miniature still seemed to be beseeching him.

So he stopped readily enough when that same Greek bobbed up at his elbow again, out of the crowd.

"This way, your Lordship," the fellow whispered. "Up this alley—come."

Brian looked over the heads of the chattering throng. By now Fiddle Skal was almost out of sight hurrying toward his horse racing. The tall seafarer wanted above all things to set eyes on the woman of the miniature. There could be no harm in that, he thought, and he might find Skal later. But the truth was that whatever Brian had in his mind to do, he did that, no matter what might be in his path.

Following the Greek, he made his way through a kind of garden, into a gate where lounging spearmen inspected him curiously and a softly stepping person with a staff appeared, to whisper to the Greek. Again the big Viking followed patiently through dim corridors, up winding stairs into a tapestried room.

There he stopped motionless. By the window the woman of the miniature lay, curled among cushions. She was twisting her heavy hair with slim, white fingers, and she looked up at him, startled. Brian felt the hot blood rush into his cheeks. It seemed to him that here was an elf-maid come among mortals.

When she spoke, her voice was like the chiming of a golden chain. Not a word did he understand. He had seen the girl, though, and that was enough. He would have liked to pick her up in his arms and bear her off to the ship. But it seemed she must be bought.

AFTER avid questioning by the Greek, and—through the Greek—by the man with the staff, Theophile by name, it turned out that the woman's price was two hundred and ten gold byzants. That, strangely enough, was the exact number of coins Brian had confessed that he had in his wallet. So he handed his wallet to the fellow, who began to argue fiercely with the bearded Greek. They did not count the money before the woman, and Brian moved toward her shyly.

"Thy name?" His deep tones rumbled through the room.

She only looked at him strangely, as if puzzled, and turned suddenly away to the window.

"Her name is Irene," the Greek was whispering, "and now she is shy—you understand? Consider, my lord. Now she is a slave, but once she was the daughter of a *magister militum*—of—of an earl, you understand." He addressed the girl respectfully, and she answered briefly. "She asks an hour or so to gather her belongings together. At the hour of the vesper bell she will be brought down to your ship."

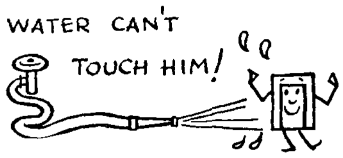
Still talking, he edged Brian from the room and into the corridors. At the garden gate he said farewell hurriedly, to hasten after the man with the staff who had retained the purse.

Veiled women looked quickly into Brian's flushed face as he strode down toward the waterfront. He thought of nothing but the living thing that was Irene, who would soon belong to him.

Halfway down the market street, however, he had an idea. Here, in a booth at his side was a carpet somewhat like the luxurious carpet in Irene's room. He motioned to a bowing shop-

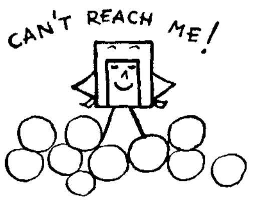
(*Continued on page 56*)

OFFICER,
YOUR RAZOR PULLS BECAUSE YOUR WHISKERS ARE WATERPROOF, LIKE A DUCK'S BACK.
DE-WATERPROOF 'EM WITH COLGATE'S····AND SHAVE WITHOUT WINCING


WATER CAN'T TOUCH HIM!

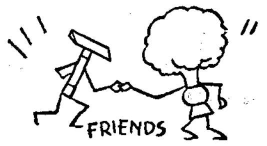
What makes whiskers hard to cut—and shaving difficult? Just this—every single whisker you own is wrapped in a tough, waterproof jacket of oil.

But once you remove every trace of that stubborn, waterproof jacket from *every* whisker—you'll get a shave that's as slick as silk!

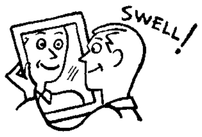

CAN'T REACH ME!

And that's something you can't do with most shaving creams. For most shaving creams froth up into *big-bubble* lather—bubbles so big they don't get *close* to every whisker.

But Colgate's *isn't* a "big bubble" shave cream. Colgate's whips into millions of tiny, *little bubbles*, so small that myriads of them crowd *close* around every whisker.



Thousands of these tiny bubbles completely surround every whisker you own. They *emulsify* that tough, oily, waterproof whisker-jacket — and float it *all* away.



Then the tiny bubbles *soak* each individual whisker *soft* — wilt it — take all the fight out of it—make it a set-up for your razor. Just try Colgate's, and see for yourself. You'll find that you get a better shave — and a smoother shave, too. Buy Colgate's Shave Cream now —the large 35c tube is now only 25c.

P.S.—*For a face that feels like smiling, finish off your shave with Colgate's After-Shave Lotion, and Colgate's Talc for Men.*

LARGE SIZE TUBE

now only 25¢

COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVE CREAM

Let me de-waterproof your whiskers— and make shaving a cinch!

(Continued from page 55)

man to roll it up and carry it after him. He did not know anything about haggling. But after that he looked to right and left. When a thing caught his fancy he had it carried forth and strode on, with a growing procession of merchants' boys at his heels. The last purchase he made was a couch with a brocade covering.

When he reached the dragon ship he went to his sea chest and ransacked it for gold rings and bits of silver. When he had a handful of these he distributed them among the bearers.

Only a few of his stalwarts had remained to guard the ship; the rest were amusing themselves on shore. These few he set to work swabbing down the half-cabin under the afterdeck. He made them wash down the sidewalls that looked of a sudden bare and inhospitable.

He moved his sea chest and sleeping skins to one side and spread the new carpet over the rough planking. The couch he arranged on the other side, with an ebony chest, cushions and gilt candelabra. The linen cloths with pictures of strange birds—meant to cover the walls—he did not meddle with. Such as that was woman's work. But he did have his men rig up a length of tapestry to screen the newly adorned cabin from the open waist of the ship.

IT WAS after dark when Fiddle Skal pushed through the tapestry and blinked in astonishment. "What wine," he growled, "did they pour out for you, to turn your mind to this peacock's nest?"

Brian admitted it was for a woman.

"What manner of woman would set foot on a dragon ship?"

"One that I bought."

Fiddle Skal's jaw dropped open, and he remained speechless for a moment. "You—the war-farer—*bought* a woman? Where is she, then?"

"After the vesper bell she will be brought down to the boat."

The foredeck man pondered and his beard twitched in a grin. "That is to be seen. Did you buy her in the slave market?"

When Brian described the garden and the lion-guarded portal, Skal burst into a roar of laughter. "May the dogs bite the Greeks! That was the Sacred Palace. It must be that the imperial slaves have shown you some dancing girl. And for that you gave them all your gold!"

And he struck his hands together. "A princess, no doubt, she was—for two hundred byzants—"

He stopped, amazed. A seaman came under the hanging to say that armed men in uniform had come to the gangboard. Skal went to the rail, to peer into the darkness.

These men carried no torches. But he saw a white-veiled figure emerge from a litter and come down the gangboard. Behind her followed a black slave in the red cloak of the palace guard, and he carried on his shoulder a box.

The Vikings stared in silence as if spirits had appeared among them. The guards and slaves departed with the empty litter, and Brian stepped toward the veiled girl, who was now alone. Fiddle Skal heard her speak slowly, as if the Norman tongue were strange to her.

"My lord, you are he that will take me to my home. But what manner of ship is this?"

Fierce joy surged through Brian's body. Irene had come. She was here on his boat—she was his. When he tried to speak his throat closed and he could not utter words, although he was laughing softly from sheer exultation. Beckoning her to the afterdeck, he clumsily drew back the tapestry hanging so she could see her new quarters.

And she cried out in dismay. The common bazaar hangings and the glaring rug appeared to be a stage set to deceive her. Theophile had sworn to her on holy relics and she had hoped—although she had not quite believed—that she would be sent back unharmed to her summer home on the sea. Theophile and the Greek trinket seller had shown this great Viking to her that afternoon and assured her that he had been commissioned by the Cæsar to bear her thither in his ship. And she had thought that the Viking's gray eyes were honest. So she had hoped. But this cabin—a pagan Tatar would have provided better quarters for a slave.

"Let me go!" she whispered.

Slowly Brian shook his head. He would never do that.

It seemed clear, now, to the girl: the Cæsar had sent her to this strange ship with the dragon's head to be slain at sea.

"Is—is it thy will," she whispered again, "that I should find my death here?"

Brian could only shake his head. "That," he growled at last, "will never happen while I can hold a weapon."

She let the veil fall from her face and looked into his eyes to read the soul behind them. And in that moment she knew more of Brian than he knew of himself. A flush of blood darkened her cheeks and she spoke shyly. "Then why did they bring me here?"

"First tell me," he bade her, "who thou art."

So it happened that she told him of the capture of Comnenus and the slaying of him, when the Cæsar's axe-men hewed her father into five pieces under the eyes of the mob in the Hippodrome. And then of her imprisonment in the Sacred Palace, when the slave girls whispered one day that she might be spared, and the next day that the Cæsar would poison her food—until that afternoon when Theophile had ushered Brian into her room.

The Viking listened without moving. At the end he nodded, because he had thought it all over carefully and he knew now what was to be done.

"It is clear to me," he said, "that they are mighty liars. Now sleep."

Sitting on his chest with the sword on his knee, he kept watch, while the tired girl stretched out on the couch. At first she pulled the mantle over her head and cried a little. Then the slapping of the wavelets against the hull and the swaying of the curtain made her drowsy. Not until the last candle had guttered out did the Viking rise and go forth to the deck.

There a shaggy shape croaked at his elbow. "The messmates are saying that harm will come out of taking that mighty dame on the ship."

"I will take her, and I will keep her."

Fiddle Skal sighed. "That is to be seen."

THE last thing John Dukas expected was a visit from the master of the dragon ship. He was seated at his noon meal on a terrace overlooking the sea when his chamberlain announced that the Viking demanded admittance. It pleased the Cæsar's humor to see him, although Dukas instructed Theophile to have in four stalwarts of the Varangian Guard to stand behind the table. These mercenaries were the Emperor's personal guard; but the Cæsar cultivated them against the day when he might feel himself strong enough to seize the imperial palace and the throne of Constantinople. There was a proverb that he who ruled the army would some day rule the empire. . . .

The Cæsar looked up indulgently while he selected a bunch of grapes and dipped them into wine. "What says the barbarian?" he asked Theophile.

Brian had his shield on his arm, an iron cap on his head. He gazed about him in wonder, and, obviously, he did not know how to prostrate himself fittingly.

"Your Illustriousness," explained the secretary, "he hath a grievance."

It seemed to the Cæsar amusing that a sea rover who had just been given a fair girl should come with a grievance.

"And what is it?" he asked.

"He says your Illustriousness hath dealt churlishly by his bride. He says that the woman who will be his bride was held in captivity here like a slave. . . . For that reason he comes to challenge your Illustriousness to combat with weapons, ahorse or afoot, on sea or land, with sword or spear or axe."

John Dukas selected a grape, rather regretting that the four Varangian swordsmen should be within hearing. He himself was skilled in handling weapons; he judged himself a match for the slow-moving seafarer who had been mad enough to defy him, but he had no intention of settling a quarrel in this fashion. "Ask him," he responded, "by what right he claims a bride in Constantinople."

Every one in the room heard Brian's answer. "By two hundred and ten byzants paid down."

With lifted brows the Cæsar glanced at Theophile, who fingered his staff uneasily. Then, gently, he shook his dark head. "Tell him a Cæsar of the empire does not cross words with a war-farer."

"I am Brian," the Viking said slowly, "Sigurd's son, Earl of Drontheim at the land's end, and I hold myself equal in blood to any man so faint of heart that he will war against a girl. Tell the beardless one so."

THIS baiting John Dukas had found amusing. He contemplated the earl of a thatched village at the land's end who meant to marry Irene. This dull man was waiting patiently, unmoved as the timbers of his storm-battered dragon ship. And in this patience John Dukas found something disturbing. He had not, it seemed, managed to make Irene disappear without notice. It might be better if she did not join herself to such an outspoken earl.

"Seize him," he ordered his Varangians. "Disarm him."

Not a man moved to obey. Those four mercenaries from the Norse lands had seen the gold ring of a chieftain of their folk; they had heard the broad accents of the north. In their scarlet cloaks and gilded helmets they stood motionless. Theophile and the slaves cast down their eyes, trembling. Only John Dukas found amusement in the situation.

In another moment, he thought, they might salute the barbarian. A feckless breed, touchy about points of honor, yet dense of brain. So—they served the Byzantine princes for hire. To Brian aloud, he said, "So be it. I will meet this earl on the morrow, when he comes ashore again, and I am armed. Until then, bid him go without harm."

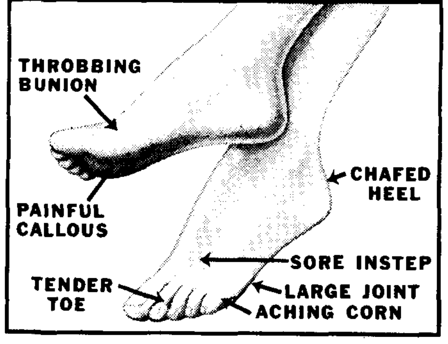
Brian considered, and nodded. "Tell this lordling to arm himself well." And he strode from the hall between the silent guards.

When the Cæsar and Theophile were alone, the secretary wiped the sweat covertly from his cheeks. But John Dukas was little concerned about the byzants that had found their way into his wallet. Instead, he reflected that it was necessary now to dispose of this sea-roving earl. After which he could confidently expect that the Viking crew would dispose of the troublesome Irene in their own fashion.

"Theophile," he said, "I do not wish another such conversation with your barbarian. You will go to Phocas and

(Continued on page 58)

QUICK Relief FOR YOUR FEET!



GIVES COMFORT IN NEW OR TIGHT SHOES!

Relief will be yours the minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on any part of your feet or toes made painful by shoe friction and pressure. Aching corns, tender joints, sore toes, painful callouses, throbbing bunions, sore insteps, chafed heels—all are instantly relieved by these thin, dainty, soothing, healing, protective pads.

END THE CAUSE

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end the cause by cushioning and protecting the feet and toes. They soothe the irritated nerves, and prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and abrasions.

REMOVE CORNS and CALLOUSES

Now, to quickly remove a corn or callous, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks* included in every box for that purpose. One or two applications and the hard, dead skin is safely loosened and easily, painlessly removed.

For Corns—Sore Toes

For Callouses

For Bunions

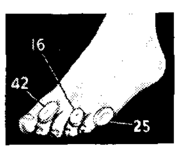
For Soft Corns

ALSO SPECIAL SIZES—THICK

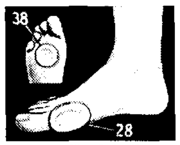
for hammer toes, very large joints and thick corns and callouses.

In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads "THICK" for removing pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief.

Sold everywhere.



#42 for Hammer Toe
#16 for Thick Corns
#25 for Tender Joint Behind Little Toe



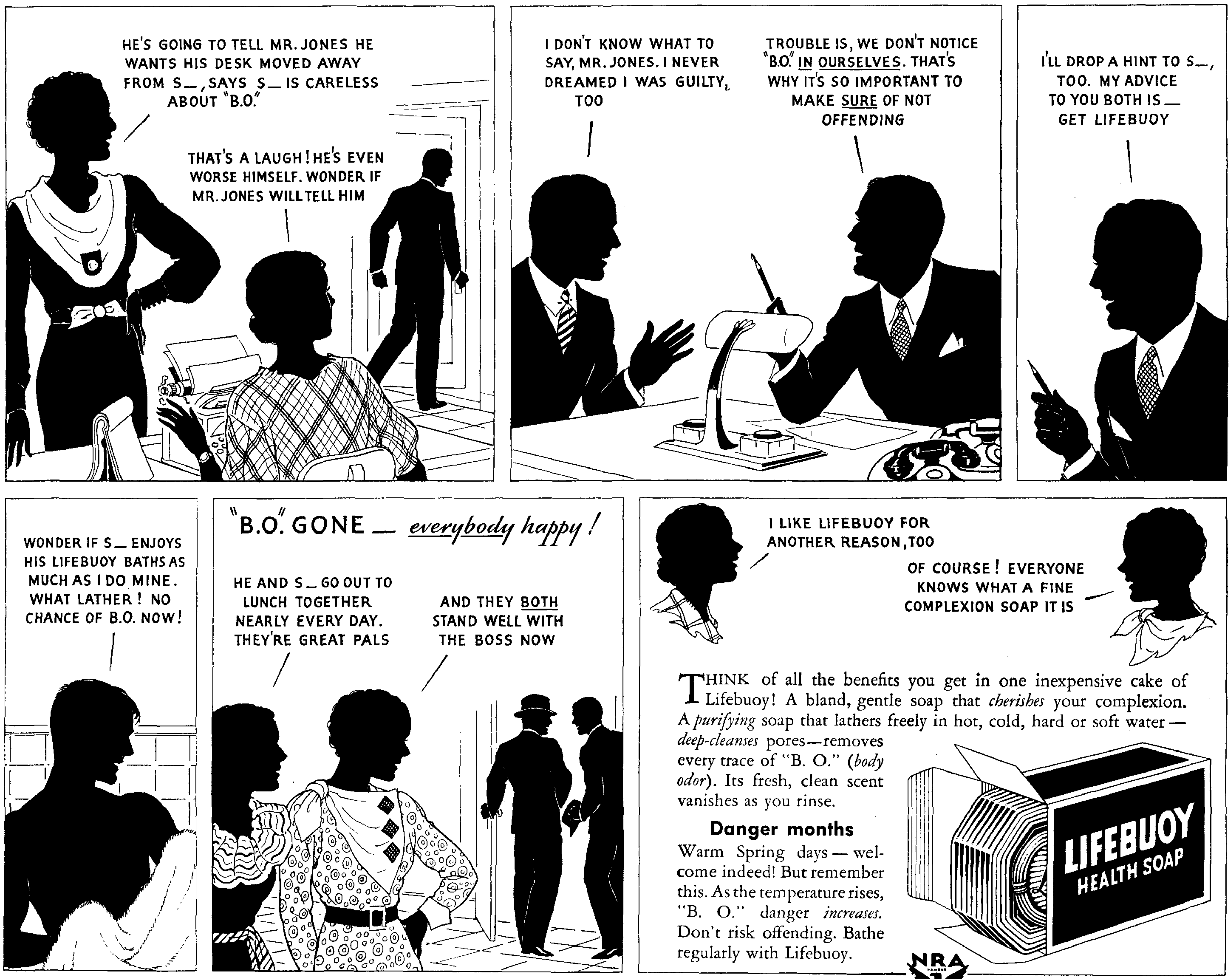
#38 for Thick Callouses
#28 for Large Bunions

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAVE YOU OTHER FOOT TROUBLES?

Dr. Scholl has perfected a Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, 112 W. Schiller Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE ACCUSER IS OFTEN AN OFFENDER, TOO

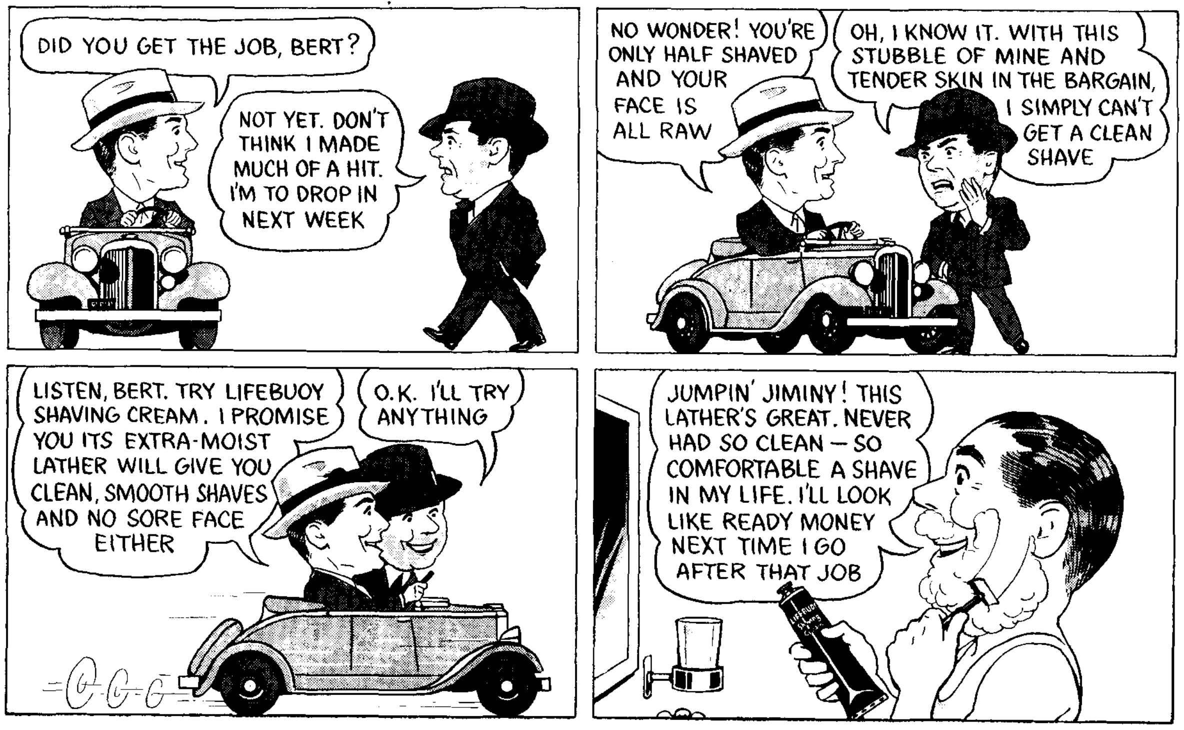

HE'S GOING TO TELL MR. JONES HE WANTS HIS DESK MOVED AWAY FROM S—, SAYS S— IS CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
THAT'S A LAUGH! HE'S EVEN WORSE HIMSELF. WONDER IF MR. JONES WILL TELL HIM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, MR. JONES. I NEVER DREAMED I WAS GUILTY, TOO
TROUBLE IS, WE DON'T NOTICE "B.O." IN OURSELVES. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO IMPORTANT TO MAKE SURE OF NOT OFFENDING
I'LL DROP A HINT TO S—, TOO. MY ADVICE TO YOU BOTH IS — GET LIFEBUOY
WONDER IF S— ENJOYS HIS LIFEBUOY BATHS AS MUCH AS I DO MINE. WHAT LATHER! NO CHANCE OF B.O. NOW!
"B.O." GONE — everybody happy!
HE AND S— GO OUT TO LUNCH TOGETHER NEARLY EVERY DAY. THEY'RE GREAT PALS
AND THEY BOTH STAND WELL WITH THE BOSS NOW
I LIKE LIFEBUOY FOR ANOTHER REASON, TOO
OF COURSE! EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT A FINE COMPLEXION SOAP IT IS
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

THINK of all the benefits you get in one inexpensive cake of Lifebuoy! A bland, gentle soap that *cherishes* your complexion. A *purifying* soap that lathers freely in hot, cold, hard or soft water—*deep-cleanses* pores—removes every trace of "B. O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Danger months

Warm Spring days—welcome indeed! But remember this. As the temperature rises, "B. O." danger *increases.* Don't risk offending. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy.

SHAVING SECRETS


DID YOU GET THE JOB, BERT?
NOT YET. DON'T THINK I MADE MUCH OF A HIT. I'M TO DROP IN NEXT WEEK
NO WONDER! YOU'RE ONLY HALF SHAVED AND YOUR FACE IS ALL RAW
OH, I KNOW IT. WITH THIS STUBBLE OF MINE AND TENDER SKIN IN THE BARGAIN, I SIMPLY CAN'T GET A CLEAN SHAVE
LISTEN, BERT. TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. I PROMISE YOU ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER WILL GIVE YOU CLEAN, SMOOTH SHAVES AND NO SORE FACE EITHER
O.K. I'LL TRY ANYTHING
JUMPIN' JIMINY! THIS LATHER'S GREAT. NEVER HAD SO CLEAN — SO COMFORTABLE A SHAVE IN MY LIFE. I'LL LOOK LIKE READY MONEY NEXT TIME I GO AFTER THAT JOB

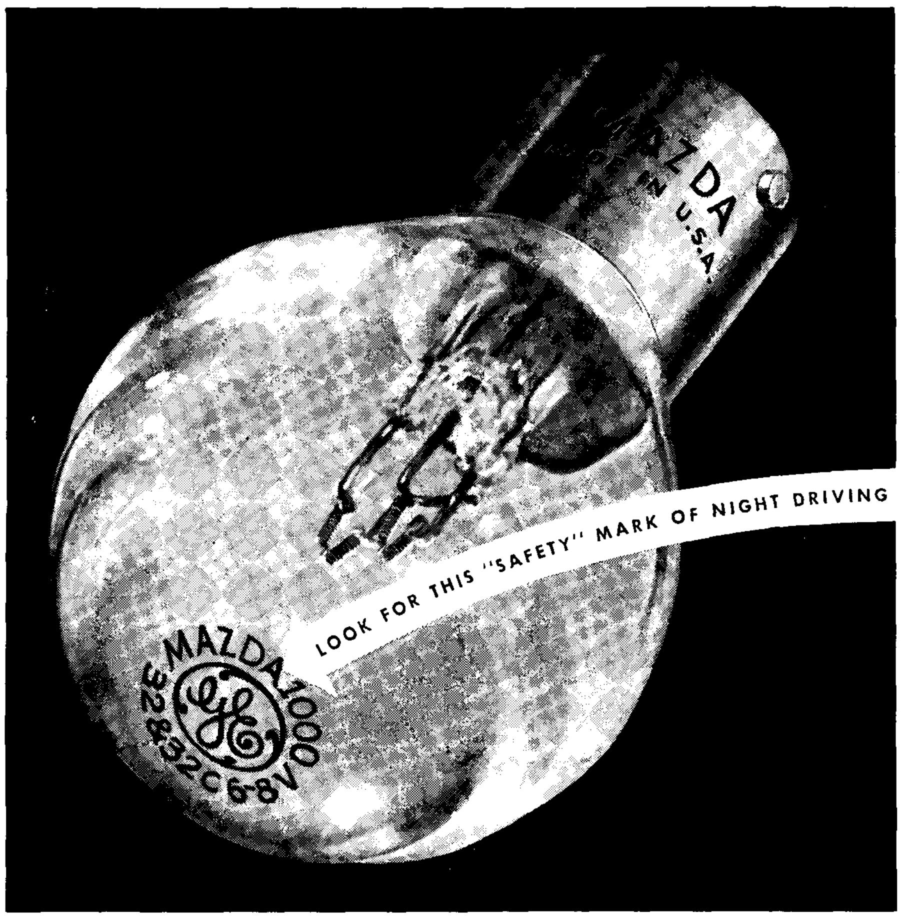
TRY ME—I'LL GIVE YOU THE SMOOTHEST, EASIEST SHAVE YOU EVER HAD!

That's what you'll get, too, when you use Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. And here's why. Lifebuoy lather holds 52% more moisture—holds it to the shave's end. Soaks tough beards soft—softer than any quick-drying lather ever could. Makes clear sailing for the razor. You get the quickest, cleanest, gentlest shave that ever crossed your face. Easy on tender skin, too. Leaves it soothed, cool, refreshed—free from all after-irritation.

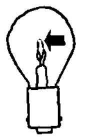
Try it. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A114, Cambridge, Mass. for a free 12-day tube. (*This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.*)

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

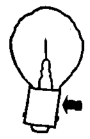
FOUR LITTLE THINGS THAT SPELL
big trouble
FOR USERS OF AUTOMOBILE LAMPS



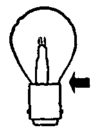
General Electric urges you to be careful of the lamps you buy for your automobile—because driving safety may depend upon freedom from defects *that may escape the eye.* For instance—



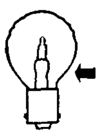
Filament Too Close. Does not depress passing beam sufficiently to eliminate glare and, consequently, is a menace to safe night driving.



Crooked Base. A lamp with a crooked base cannot be focused properly. The result is a distorted and misaimed light beam which is glaring to the approaching driver. It spoils the lighting performance of any well designed head lamp.



Filament Not Centered In Bulb. The lighting results from such a lamp are about the same as from a lamp with a crooked base—it is difficult or impossible to focus it in the reflector.



Poorly Shaped Bulb. Represents careless and indifferent lamp manufacturing. Basing cement is exposed and the base is likely to come loose. Also, the irregular bulb shape distorts the light rays before they reach the reflector and thus reduces the light beam intensity and scatters the light where it causes glare.

If you look for the famous GE on every automobile lamp you buy, you can be sure of safe light for yourself—as well as for the other fellow. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs ..... Also Sunlight lamps.

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Longsword

Continued from page 56

bid him place his spies on the jetty by that dragon ship. He shall observe the movements of the barbarians, and when this Brian, son of Sigurd, comes ashore again, Phocas' men shall set upon him in the market street. They can pick a quarrel with him, and knife him in the back. Then, Theophile, you might reward Phocas with some of your ill-gotten byzants. Do you understand?"

"Your Magnanimity," cried the secretary, "it shall be done."

"I hope so," smiled the Cæsar. "This evening I go to the Asia shore to take command of the army encamped there. But I shall hear the gossip of the town. And if there is more bungling, Theophile, you shall be given red gloves to wear."

The secretary looked down at his hands, at the skin upon his hands. When the Cæsar smiled, he was quite capable of ordering the skin stripped from the fingers of one who had displeased him.

AS FOR the Cæsar, he had many other things to think about that afternoon. The sun telegraph was winking a message to him from the dark hills of the Asia shore, across the blue waters of the Marmora. Officers from distant points waited to talk with him, apart from listeners. Once, indeed, a bearded man in a striped robe appeared like an ominous djinn at his elbow. The bearded one, the Bokharian spy, prostrated himself before the Cæsar and whispered tidings.

"May the star of good fortune never fail your magnificence! I come at command of Phocas, who serves your—"

"What says he?"

"The barbarians of the ship thou knowest sent men to the market for grain and oil and dried fish. Phocas himself, waiting in a fishing skiff, listened to their talk. He heard the voice of the woman thou knowest in the cabin of the ship. *Ai!* He heard her voice many times, and she urged the master of the ship to go away from the city in his boat."

"And what said he?"

The oriental spy glanced up shrewdly to judge if his message pleased or not. "Phocas thinks he will not go. *Ai*—he spoke angrily to the woman, swearing that he had a duel to fight."

With a gesture the Cæsar dismissed his spy. If he knew the mind of Sigurd's son, the Viking would never turn his prow away from a combat. But when late that afternoon—when the sun had gone down behind the Golden Horn and lanterns were appearing like sparks in the darkening alleys—he looked out over the waterfront, he noticed that the dragon ship was moving out from its berth. It was turning toward the sea.

At the same time a cortége was proceeding from the Sacred Palace toward the great basilica—the gaunt Emperor was walking in his cloth-of-gold to the place of prayer.

The Cæsar liked to overlook the city at this hour of candle-lighting, when the round domes merged into the blue haze, and the sea wall faded against the dark water. It would not be long, he fancied, before he would walk, clad in gold, at the head of his court while the singers intoned hymns of praise. He was thinking then of those four Varangians who had disobeyed his spoken order. Perhaps his cousin the Emperor suspected him—so the Varangians had dared defy him, hoping that he might be struck down by that barbarian.

If so, John Dukas reasoned, he should lose no time in joining his army. By degrees he could move his cataphracts, his mailed cavalry, across the strait, into the city—

The Cæsar could act swiftly without seeming to hurry. By full starlight he was at his barge, sitting the saddle of his white charger, with a dozen nobles and officers armed at his side. Beneath the tossing flames of torches his Bulgarian archers, twoscore strong, manned the waist of the great barge. (Dukas had chosen no Varangians to go with him this night.)

The barge captain struck a chant and the slaves on their benches heaved at their oars. With a fanfare of trumpets and a waving of torches the barge moved out of the harbor toward the distant shore. The Cæsar was aware that with the plumes swaying upon the gold-plated helmets, and the purple cloaks of his nobles fluttering in the night breeze, it made a fine sight for the crowds on the shore.

A half-hour and he would be at the head of his army on the Asia side. Then the captain of the slaves cried a warning, and the oars hung motionless. John Dukas heard the thresh of other oars. A shape appeared on the bow.

A wooden dragon head, crudely carved, with its tongue sticking out, loomed above the rail of his barge. The two craft drifted together. Wood crunched against wood. The barge captain shouted furiously, but the deep voice of Brian, Sigurd's son, cut through his complaining.

"I see well that you have come armed for weapon play, lordling."

It was all absurd, the Cæsar thought. That clumsy dragon head that should have been well on its way into the Marmora under the starlight by now. Those twoscore wild figures leaping from the rail of the Viking's ship to the foredeck of his barge—so swiftly that the Bulgarian archers had no time to string and raise their weapons. Absurd, the way the unarmed slaves slid under the rowers' benches or dropped into the water to cling to the oars—

"Shield wall—shield wall!" cried a grotesque bearded man. Roaring their glee, the Vikings pressed into double ranks, shield overlapping shield, stretching from rail to rail of the barge. The shield wall, topped by iron helms, moved forward swiftly over the benches.

THE Bulgarians took to their axes, and hewed at it. Steel clanged against iron, as the long swords flicked out among the axes. Several of the Bulgarian mercenaries leaped into the water and more were trodden down by the Vikings. Blood flecked their arms and heads, but when a man went down the warrior behind him stepped forward to his place.

John Dukas looked to right and left. Far off shone the lights of Constantinople; no vessels except fishing craft were afloat in the darkness. Over his head, hugging the long wooden neck of the dragon, he made out the slender figure of a girl.

"Stand fast!" John Dukas cried at his men. "Stand—for aid is coming."

Leaning down he snatched a spear from an officer. Rising in his stirrups he hurled it fair at Brian, in the center of the shield wall. The Viking swayed his head aside and the spear went by.

Brian had changed. His eyes were shining. He sang as his sword whirled. The muscles rippled along his bare arm. Here, in the weapon play, he tasted his joy.

John Dukas flung himself from the

saddle of the white horse—for the trembling charger was useless in a boat. In the boat he must fight, for in armor he could not swim through the water. With his nobles he rushed forward.

"Now," cried Brian, "there is little between us, Cæsar."

Absurd that John Dukas should be fighting sword in hand, under the last of the guttering torches, under the dragon's head and the eyes of the girl he had put there to make an end of her.

But Brian thrust the boss of his shield into the face of a Byzantine captain; he drove the pommel of his sword into the jaw of another. "Make way," he said between his teeth, and came at Dukas.

The Cæsar slashed wide at his head, and Brian's iron cap clanged off, leaving blood flowing down. The Viking's sword crashed full upon the Cæsar's unlifted shield, cracking it and driving it back on his arm. And Dukas felt sick, at the power that numbed his arm and drove the links of his mail into his chest. Raising his sword again, he was only in time to parry a second terrible blow that beat down his blade and wrenched his right arm from wrist to shoulder.

He staggered, his crippled arms flapping at his sides. A voice was screaming in his ears, and it was his own voice. His jaws snapped together and fell apart, while the Viking's sword was sweeping toward him a third time out of the air.

JOHN DUKAS' body lay on the boards of the deck, the knees moving slowly. Apart from it, still fast in the gold-plated helmet with the Cæsar's crest, lay his head. Above it the Vikings were stripping gear and jewels from the nobles who had thrown down their arms at his fall.

"Well, it cannot be said that he was a great man with his weapons."

Brian leaned on his long sword, staring down at the body, puzzled. It had been a brave encounter, he thought—that of the two boats on the water. But this Cæsar had brought with him too many niddering fighters to the duel, and after all he had fallen as easily as a common man.

He had fallen and the duel was over. "Back to your benches, lads!" cried the Viking. "Out oars and away!"

When the oars churned the water white under the star-gleam, he stood by the steering sweep, watching for pursuit. No sail followed. Slowly the lights of the great city merged and dwindled astern. Fiddle Skal was singing to the laboring messmates of the sword that wrought a lordling's doom. But Brian wondered why the sea was without hue and cry after them.

In his mind he recalled that afternoon, when he had seen again the two men that sold him Irene. The bearded Greek peddler had been fishing in a skiff; but Theophile had brought a message to the ship. Theophile, that confidential man with the staff, had said that Dukas would fight the duel that evening, coming out in his barge to meet the dragon ship midway between the city and the Asia shore after the first starlight. Theophile had whispered it, showing fleetingly a signet ring in his hand. And now Brian wondered.

He washed the blood from his head and went down into the cabin where Irene was sitting with a curtain cloth on her knee. The place looked bright now and not at all like a wolf's throat. She held out her hands to him. "You are brave, my lord."

It pleased him, but still he did not forget the doubt in his mind. "I am thinking," he explained, "that Dukas the Cæsar did not relish that duel of ours. It may be that he did not seek it. Yet that man of his, Theophile, showed me his signet ring."

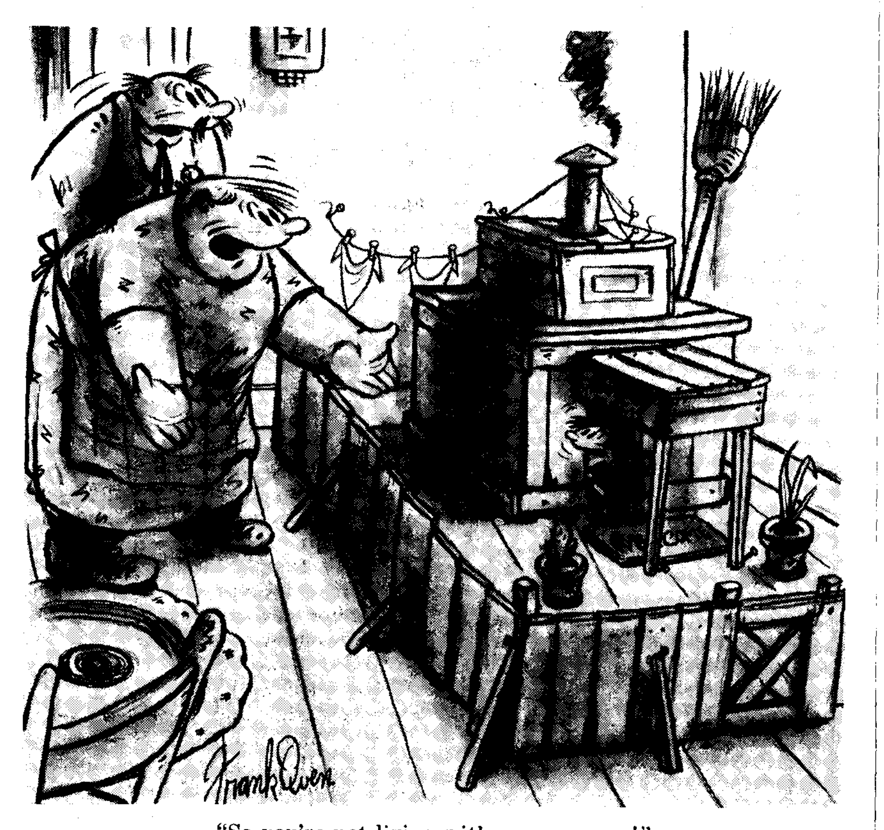
Irene sewed a stitch or two. "It was not his. I saw it." She sighed and thought for a moment. "The ring was the Emperor's. Aye, Theophile must have been his spy."

Brian could make little of this. "Then why, after that, didst thou pray me to sail away?"

"Because"—she lifted her eyes suddenly to him—"I was afraid for thee. Do not think now of that which is past, and I will not." She took his face between her hands and smiled unsteadily. In her heart she had said farewell to the sunlit palace by the Judas trees. "Wilt thou take me to that land where the lotus eaters are, and no one remembers aught?"

"Aye—if it will make thee glad, my lovely one."

"So glad," she said softly, "so glad."



"So you're not living with us any more!" *Frank Owen*

ONE DROP OF WATER SPELLS *trouble* FOR USERS OF 100,000 LAMPS!

TO AVOID COSTLY "WATER VAPOR" ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS MARK
MAZDA
100 WATTS

There is one time when **1/100,000** part of a dew drop is a veritable flood! That's when that much moisture is present in the incandescent lamp you buy.

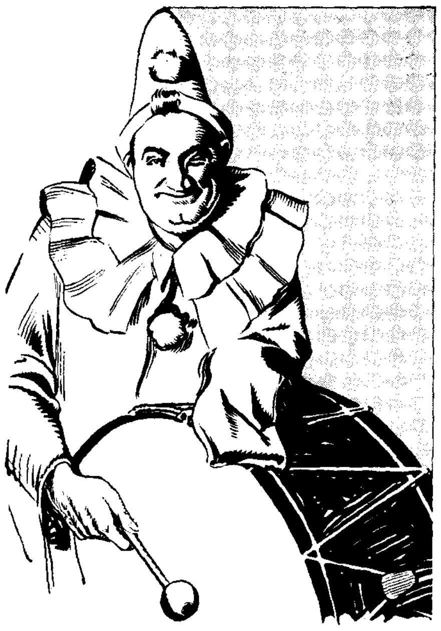
Costly water vapor is painstakingly eliminated from every General Electric MAZDA lamp because it hastens deterioration of the lamp filament; speeds blackening of the bulb; and brings a corresponding loss of light and lamp life.

As a matter of fact the gas in General Electric MAZDA lamps is 100 times drier than the air in the very dryest part of the Sahara Desert. That's one reason why lamps bearing the famous GE monogram are *sure* to give you all the light you pay for—why they are used by steamship lines, railroads, leading industrial and commercial concerns everywhere.

To look for this symbol of quality is an easy and sure way to avoid inferior lamps that may waste electricity like a leaky faucet wastes water—that may contain that tiny particle of water vapor that spells lighting waste and trouble. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS



IF ALL *Singers* SIGNED A CODE THERE STILL WOULD BE BUT ONE *Caruso*

● Paris Garters—like famous men—achieved their leadership by consistent, distinguished performance. Not by mere compliance with a code. Buy under the Blue Eagle of course—but choose the best. Paris Garters are supreme for style, value and comfort. 25c to $1.

Paris Garters, Suspenders and Belts are a better buy today than ever! Made and guaranteed by A. Stein & Company

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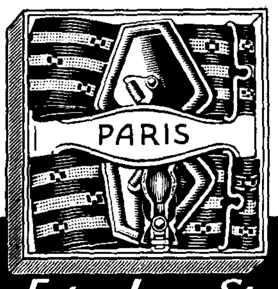


Try-Extra Long Stretch

PARIS

GARTERS

For Greater Comfort

There's a Great Day Coming

Continued from page 13

by a succession of intelligent families, who in return for free rent and everything except food, will help him to find mistakes in the design or equipment. So, if you have not made plans for this year's vacation and he can tell from your pictures that you are not the type who arrives home from trips with a suitcase full of hotel bath mats and that your wife is not the sort who sweeps orange skins under the refrigerator, write a letter to him and see what happens.

Vaughan feels this house would justify itself, even under the high rates for electric current prevailing now in many communities, because your electric bill at most would be less than the wages of one servant. Whereas the gadgets in this house take the place of 864 servants—figuratively, of course, because he knows that to have room for 864 servants you would have to live in a National Guard armory. There are three and one half miles of wire in the house, and a couple of hundred outlets; also, 108 electrical horsepower available for household duties, which are just one hundred more than you have in your present home unless Mr. Vaughan is mistaken.

Reuniting the Family

The house, eight rooms and two baths and a penthouse, is of the $12,000 type; and that means everything, from insulation to weather vane, including all the machines and devices of electrical sorcery. Thus it stands at the center of the average price class of privately owned American homes. You might fit all 864 of the invisible domestics into a much smaller and less expensive house; but then you would collide with an important fraction of Engineer Vaughan's dream.

Public worthies have lamented the passing of the old-fashioned American family circle; you know, wintry nights around the best oil lamp, the one with the peach-bloom globe, while Uncle Van read aloud from Hiawatha. One by one we slunk away when science winked outside the parlor window with cars and movies and other ready-made joys. Now, her Mansfield advocate contends, she will make amends for her vampirish youth and in addition insure the United States against revolution, depression and worse fates by reattracting the American family to its fireside. She will do this by providing within its own home all the entertainment the family has been scattering elsewhere to get immediately after dinner each night.

Up to now the average modern home design has called for one living-room—perhaps combined with a dinette—and comparatively large bedrooms, and a fellow would retreat to his own if he did not agree with Father's radio program choice. We are living in our bedrooms. In Engineer Vaughan's house of tomorrow the bedrooms are small, the living-rooms numerous; and rugged individual expression will not have to sulk in bed. Sister giggles with sorority chums in the penthouse; Brother shoots pool and improvises Hinkey Dinkey Parley Voo stanzas with his Phi Beta Kappa pals in the basement recreation room; over bridge tables in the living-room Mother and her club friends exchange recipes and check dates with relation to coming blessed events; Father slumps alone in the tiny library with Rabelais and a glass of sherry and a platter of chocolate wafers.

There is the house, down that next street. I don't know what you have been expecting; most likely, this is not it, and does not bear out the fancy you have been nurturing in your slyly humorous way, as Engineer Vaughan rattled off technical figures, that the bride of tomorrow will need a steamboat inspector's certificate, a locomotive engineer's license, and an engineering degree from Massachusetts Tech. It looks conventional enough—from outside. But when we turn in from the street the witchcraft begins. The driveway gates swing apart and as the car traverses the yard you watch the garage doors slide upwards out of sight. "Radio control, from the car!" says Vaughan grandly. "You saw me turn this? It's a low-wave set. No more getting out into the rain or cold. What's more, you can call Dearie from the car when you come within half a mile of home and warn her you're bringing Fred Mattress to dinner."

We step across not only a threshold but a boundary line between eras.

That evening you are virtually drugged into a coma by statistics about your new home. However, you never do sleep well the first night in a strange bed; and presently you sit up with a start, wide awake in the darkness, to begin your adventure with tomorrow. You are sure you heard dishonest footfalls and you cannot depend upon Fido, because he has been hard of hearing since the last time he was shot by the neighbors. Reach under your pillow! Feel that switch at the end of a flexible cord? Snap it! Instantly the entire house is aglow. Inside, every corner in every room and hall from basement to roof is brightened; outside, two floodlights recapture the candor of daytime. It is enough to embarrass any burglar, if one is around; but a look-see suggests you must have been dreaming.

You turn off the burglar lights but leave on the night lights; these low-wattage and low-intensity bulbs are set just above the baseboard and throw pathways of light along the floors so that you won't trip over Baby's tricycle and fall downstairs when you want only to go to the bathroom. Electrical science has made a delicate entrance into the latter room, in which plumbing science too long has been left to progress single-handed. The burglar scare has left you jittery. You find surcease on a recessed bookshelf, which contains a dozen select volumes. There is a reading light, too—handily placed; and a telephone extension.

Antiseptics While You Wait

You decide on a shower to restore complete peace to your nerves. After you have turned off the water, and are toweling, an infra-red lamp overhead preserves you from all chill. This is the so-called black light; to be felt, but not seen, and unproductive of sunburn. You put the damp towels in a cabinet and shut the door; electric heat, thermostatically controlled, will have them dry and fluffy in no time. If your ablutions had been minor you might have used the hand-dryer. Soothed, you return to bed. If you should grow restless and kick off the bedclothes in your sleep a thermostat in the mattress will switch on an infra-red lamp in the ceiling. This will suffuse over your body enough heat to keep its temperature as it was when you were covered; a vigilant member of your staff of 864 that will see to it you don't take cold.

At seven your alarm clock wakens you to cheery sunshine, although in the April morning out-of-doors raindrops as large as kumquats are falling. When your alarm rang it turned on the bedroom sunlamps and caused the windows to close automatically. Blithesome as a charter Rotarian, you whistle to the bathroom. While you brush your teeth, then lather, an electrical exerciser gives you a four-minute work-out. Your shaving mirror is so lighted that your hands and razor throw no shadows on your face. Even so, you cut yourself. Take a spoonful of common salt, stir it into half a cup of water, pour the solution into this glass jar near the bottom of which you see two platinum electrodes. There is a wire from the jar. Plug it in. Instantly the direct current converts the sodium chloride into sodium hypochloride, a powerful antiseptic, which you dab on your cut.

Modern Magic

Unchastened, you proceed down to the breakfast-room, where Dearie has been clicking switches in expectation of your appetite. There is a small refrigerator in this room for liquids; and a full complement of toasters, pancake grills and the like, but nothing that will surprise you much unless it is the coffee urn. This formidable unit holds a gallon, keeps the grounds in the 190-degree water for only four minutes, then pop goes the basket to the inside top of the urn, whence it drips.

Dearie walks to the door with you. Devote all your time to affection and forgo warning her not to open the door to strangers. No speakeasy door was ever so hard to crash as this door to your new home. It is guarded by "the doorman," another of your 864 sleepless retainers. From any room in the house Dearie, when she hears the bell, can throw a switch and talk to whoever seeks admittance; she can also transfer the caller to any other person in any other room. But your reporter got awfully twisted when he began to experiment with this feature; so we'll let it drop.

Another thing: you do not have to be concerned whether Dearie will have plenty of hot water to give little Rascal his morning bath. In this house the same idea that keeps your refrigerator cold is employed to keep your water hot! Reverse refrigeration, we scientists call it. Water from the storage tank is circulated through a compressor unit, of the same type that is used in refrigerators, and there it picks up heat during the process of changing the refrigerant from a gas to a liquid. Be off with a care-free heart; and when you start your car the sound of the motor will cause the garage doors to open automatically—if you should forget to switch on the radio control.

This being Monday—or whatever the traditional day is in your state—Dearie goes down to the laundry in the basement. Her alacrity belies the name of this room, so long associated with drudgery. No lost steps; your shirts and scanties move along in a progression as scientifically planned and as orderly as that of a car on the assembly line. Everything is arranged to the right hand; therefore, left-handed wives have to back in. First, there is a sorting table onto which empties the soiled-clothes hamper, which is fed by chutes from upstairs. Then, there are a clothes sterilizer, a heater for making starch, a three-unit washing machine, a wringer, a hand sink for silk hose and

(Continued on page 62)

A MESSAGE
TO THE 17,061 AGENTS OF

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. *and* THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.

ON every side we see evidence that the country is slowly but certainly emerging from the era of discouragement and depression. To you, the far-flung group of Hartford Agents everywhere, the Hartford extends a public expression of appreciation for your loyalty and cooperation over the trying years through which we have passed. • During the 124 years of its life the Hartford, a stock company whose policies are non-assessable, has weathered many critical periods with honor and increasing strength. • Another successful record made by the Hartford in the face of adverse conditions is set forth in the annual statements of the Two Hartfords. Be sure you have at hand a sufficient supply of these statements to hand to property owners who may be interested in the financial strength of their insurance companies.

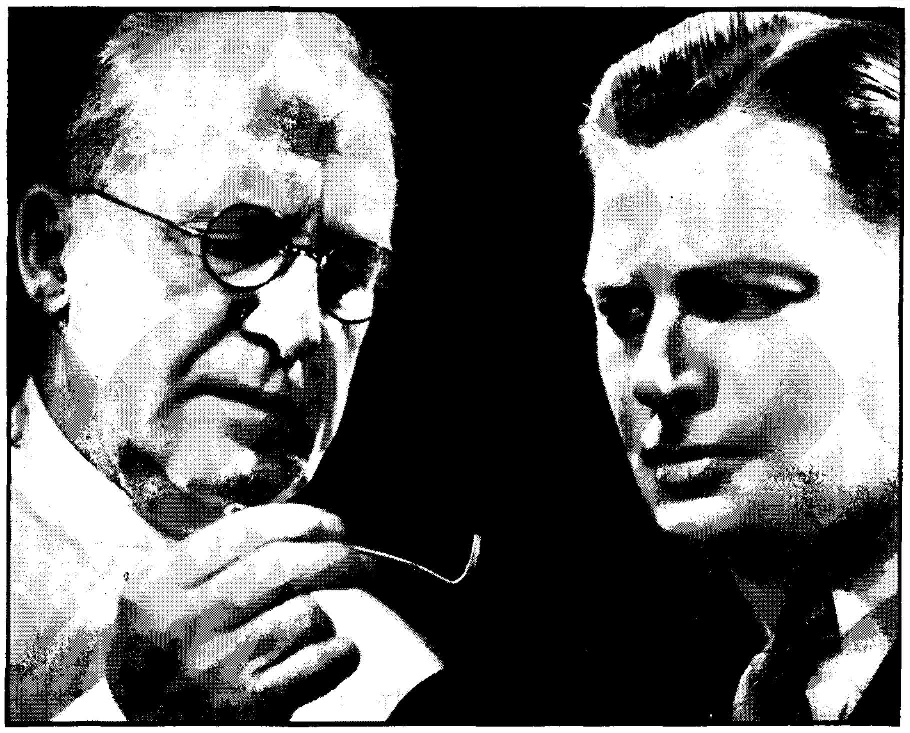
To the Public:

THE NAME OF THE HARTFORD AGENT IN MANY COMMUNITIES IS LISTED UNDER "HARTFORD" IN THE TELEPHONE BOOK. IF IT ISN'T SO LISTED WRITE THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.

Research Throws New Light

On Bad Breath

—Finds A Surer Way To Avoid It



Unique Mouth-Purging Gargle Actually Removes Tainted Tongue Coating, Now Revealed As A Leading Bad Breath Cause

NOW—scientific research throws new light upon the cause of unpleasant breath. And reveals a surer, simpler way to secure protection that really *lasts.*

For authorities now tell us that a tremendous percentage of bad breath is due to "tainted tongue." Is caused by the sticky gray coating that forms at the back of *everybody's* tongue—in *everybody's* mouth.

Until this tainted tongue coating is *purged away,* the most elaborate precautions can give no lasting effect.

Ask Your Dentist

Your dentist will tell you this is so. For, working closely over people's mouths all day, he is in a position to know what *really* purifies the breath.

That's why you see Lavoris in 8 out of 10 dental offices today—and why it is used by more dentists than all others combined. For Lavoris is utterly different in formula, action and results. It is one gargle with positive *mouth-purging action*—one gargle that really has the power to *remove* tainted coating from the tongue.

This is because Lavoris has a property that's distinctive and unique. For it acts to coagulate tainted mucus—break it up and convert it into tiny curds that quickly flush away.

Every time you use Lavoris, you see the purging evidence with your own eyes—hundreds of tiny shreds detached and swept away. Lavoris users have the satisfaction of knowing that only by thus removing the cause of offensive odors is their breath really purified.

Free Material For Interesting Test

Nothing can be more convincing than to see for yourself how different Lavoris really is. So send for a free Special Dental Instrument to test the condition of your tongue—and a generous trial bottle of Lavoris to make the famous "mouth-purging test."

Then you'll understand exactly why Lavoris is so different from any other mouthwash you've ever used before. And why dentists so overwhelmingly prefer it—to cleanse and refresh the mouth—as well as to give *lasting* protection against bad breath!

The supply of Special Dental Instruments offered free is limited. So clip and mail the coupon below today.

THE LAVORIS COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lavoris Chemical Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada

LAVORIS

Tested and Approved 723 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

RELIEVES SORE THROAT TOO

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

FREE DENTAL INSTRUMENT AND LAVORIS SAMPLE FREE

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930 North Third St.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Please send me the Special Dental Instrument for testing for "Tongue Taint" and your trial bottle of Lavoris for making the famous "mouth-purging test."

This offer NOT GOOD AFTER May 14, 1934

Name..........

Address..........

City..........State..........104

There's a Great Day Coming

Continued from page 60

other dainties, and a tray wagon for ferrying wet clothes from washer to dryer. You sit down to iron, and there is a grilled ceiling to carry off steam and heat so that you need not worry about the finger wave you got last Saturday.

Come late afternoon, you go to the kitchen to prepare dinner and find the same "moving-belt" plan. The refrigerator has a defrosting clock which may be set to work daily while you sleep, so that you won't have to use a crowbar and pick-axe when you want to get out an ice-cube tray. There is a false ceiling, with fans, and a hood over the electric range; this system lures the cooking odors and heat outdoors. There is a completely automatic dish-washer sink. Rack the dishes, add powder, close the lid, throw the switch, and go away, please. The machine will soap, wash, rinse, dry, and break your dishes better than Bridget did in your last home.

Twelve Mays in One Year

It takes but eight steps from the kitchen to the dining-room, and the sliding doors between open of their own accord when you walk upon a panel in the floor as you approach them. Even so, you don't have to keep trotting back and forth. Your food cart has everything but an outboard motor. It is mounted on rubber wheels and has three compartments. The front one has racks for all the dishes and incidentals needed for the serving of this meal.

The top compartment, electrically heated and protected by sliding covers, holds the food for the complete dinner—everything. As the soiled dishes are taken up from each course they are placed in the back compartment. After it's all over but the crumbing, you wheel the cart back to the kitchen and unload the dishes and things directly from it into the dish washer.

Remember how, in the long ago, socially inclined members of a family used to contend for the parlor? Now the bone will be the penthouse. Every home will have one tomorrow, because of the growth of the cult of the sun. Up here tonight on the roof you hear the cold wind outdoors, but notice that although the windows are open you do not feel chilled. You touch the wall. It is warm. You thus come upon the new science of heating; it all happened because of a train ride a scientist took.

Most of us in our travels have seen a pile of discarded ties burning beside the railroad track, and we have remarked, an instant later, a brief wave of heat from the windowpane—even in the coldest weather. That never meant much to you or to me, but Doctor L. W. Chubb deemed it an enlightening demonstration of the importance of radiant energy on the human body's sensation of warmth. In other words, the heat was radiated from the fire to the pane, thence to our cheeks quite independently of the cold air between. Doctor Chubb broached his idea to Engineer L. W. Schad, who took up the research trail.

Each of us, it seems, is his own furnace. Our bodies are constantly manufacturing heat. We must lose some of it, or we should burn up with fever. Our normal internal body heat is about ninety-nine degrees; on the external surface of our skin, however, the average temperature is eighty degrees, with variations due to external conditions. Moisture evaporation—perspiration—accounts for twenty-six per cent of our body heat loss. Convection—transfer by forced or free-air currents; for example, electric fans, or window drafts, blowing upon our bodies—takes thirty per cent. That leaves a forty-four-per-cent loss to be charged to radiation—the transfer of heat from hot to cold bodies by wave motions without reference to the surrounding air. If we stand near a wall that has cooled to forty degrees, heat rushes to it from our bodies and we feel chilled even though the room's air is warm. But if the wall temperature is eighty degrees, heat exchanges are at a standstill between us and we feel comfortable even though the room is flooded with cold, fresh air. Your house of tomorrow, consequently, will have its walls heated; and much of the body heat you now lose through radiation will be conserved. Perhaps electric heating units will be used, behind the panels; or maybe pipes, through which either hot or cold water may circulate, for the process can be reversed to provide a summer cooling plant!

Together with the prospect of having May, loveliest and mildest of the months, spend the year in your home, you can expect another scientific frustration of nature of no less magnitude. Henceforth the sun will never set—unless you want it to. With the sunlamp improved, cheap and commonplace—here is one imitation whose virtues may exceed those of the original, before the laboratories are through with it!—the tables of the almanac lose their significance. Moreover, the whole field of home lighting is on an inspired footing; as you will perceive when we hurry now to Nela Park, in Cleveland, and to the desk of Doctor Matthew Luckiesh.

This scientist—terse, opinionated, provocative, charming—is one of the most versatile geniuses in the world today. Aviators everywhere know him, for he wrote their Bible of meteorology. He took weather hazards apart and taught pilots they had nothing to fear from thunderstorms—so long as they were afraid of them. Lights, colors, radiation therapy: in these fields he has done research of outstanding usefulness. And he has discovered a brand-new science; one that has roots of deep influence in your home comforts, and in your physical health—the "science of seeing."

Light on the Subject

The science of vision has been known for a long time. It is part of the individual; familiar to him from the moment he first opens his eyes. The science of illumination is almost as old; it began with the first campfire. It has been refined and improved but never applied; we moved out of caves and into houses and from candles to lamps to electric light, but still proper seeing stopped at the thresholds of our homes and with the setting of each day's sun. Now Doctor Luckiesh brings up the science of seeing. It differs from the science of vision because it deals, not with the ability to see, but with the ease with which we see.

Seeing, a universal human activity, has been reduced to exact measurements by Doctor Luckiesh. Taking vision for granted while ignoring the amount of energy used by the eyes in seeing has placed untold strains upon them; worked untold harm. The new science opens a field of "prescriptive" lighting to illuminating engineers.

One foot candle is the light value from a standard candle at a distance of one foot. The power of direct sunlight outdoors, is 10,000 foot candles. In the shade of a tree on a sunny day it will be 1,000 foot candles. This measure, lacking glare, has been taken as a basis for determining the amount of light we require for ease in seeing.

Your new home will have the power and placement of your bulbs and lamps worked out from a meter, which measures the amount of foot candles we require for all ordinary household tasks and activities. General health is involved more than you might think in ease of seeing. Doctor Luckiesh has made tests of unwitting subjects. He has placed individuals of varying temperaments alone in rooms. Unknown to them he has, from ante-rooms, gradually changed the light values in the test-room; and watched their heart and nerve reactions by means of ingenious and unsuspected devices.

Step by step with quantity of light the engineers at Nela Park have also worked out the application of colored light for the esthetic purposes of interior decoration. Light will be built into your new home; part of the walls and ceilings and window frames. The springtime moon will be forever outside your living-room window ready at the touch of a button. You can light any room in your house to suit any mood or occasion: red, white and blue for Independence Day, if you want it. Furthermore, it will be necessary in the interests of safety to have tints and strict regulation for every major use of color in outdoor lighting.

Illuminating engineers well know that the lax and informal use of red—the color generally associated with a warning of danger—has caused numerous accidents. One eastern railroad has a crossing, the lowered gates of which are frequently smashed by motor cars; the drivers, seeing the red lantern on the gate, mistake it for a parked car and turn out to pass it. National outdoor illumination tomorrow will be a scientifically keyed and organized pattern, everything from airway beacons to road vehicle tail-lights having its own tint.

Tail-lights, that is, if we still have them! For there is an important development in lamps for outdoor illumination, especially highway, that will probably make automobile lights as obsolete as nondemountable rims. It is the new bulb filled with sodium vapor, which is so much more efficient than the older types of lamps and so much less expensive to burn that every highway in the land will, in a few years, be equipped with them—and, for purposes of motoring, it will then be daytime all night.

The sodium lamp has a yellowish color which unfits it for indoor use; its merits for other purposes are manifold. It has a high luminous efficiency, a freedom from glare, and a softness of diffusion which give a definition of visibility never before achieved.

Electrocuting Germs

The automobiles in which you will drive over our nightless highways will be quite different, too. For one thing, there will be a wider use of radio in connection with automobiling. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if the day will come when all you have to do is show your car a map and tell it where you want to go!

It is not only in motor cars that you will encounter startling visible changes when you travel. Airplanes will become "flying wings"; that is, everything—motors, cabins—will be "faired" within the perfectly streamlined wing, and efficiency gained. Overnight service from coast to coast is definitely within reach today; it will pass without comment tomorrow. Railroad trains, too, are reflecting the great things of tomorrow. Air-conditioning and streamlining are here now. The former will be universal soon; as the present high cost of the improvement — $8,000 a car — comes down. The latter awaits the results of experiments now being made in actual practice by two of the country's greatest railroad systems. One of the high-speed, light-weight trains is made of stainless steel; the other of aluminum. One has a Diesel motor; the other a gasoline engine. Both have provided luxuriously for the comfort and well-being of the passengers, with deep chairs, solariums, shatter-proof glass, and full air-conditioning; Bermuda compressed and transformed into rolling stock.

If, in your travels, you pick up a germ, its evil designs upon you will be thwarted because of the work of the scientists. Their contributions to medicine are many: from the electrically heated surgical knife that cauterizes as it cuts, to the X-ray tube developed by Doctor W. D. Coolidge, one of the greatest minds in science. From the Coolidge X-ray tube came his famous cathode-ray tube, with its virtually unplumbed germicidal powers scarcely touched possibilities as a tool for advanced research. There are thousands of the Coolidge X-ray tubes in hospital use. The giant one at the Mercy Hospital, Chicago, is the Big Bertha of cancer warfare today. Your ailment, let us hope, is not important enough for such a cannonading; it might well be, however, that you will need the fever machine. That was another of those accidental discoveries.

Fevers to Order

Dr. Glen Smith, medical director at Schenectady, noticed that men working on tubes for short-wave, five-meter radio sets were running fevers. He discussed the tendency with Dr. Whitney, head of the laboratory. Other workmen, unsuspecting that they were being used for tests, were ordered to the same benches. Fevers developed in all. The phenomenon was traced to its cause—concentrated short-wave emissions. The usefulness of this was apparent immediately. Of late years medical experimenters have recognized the value of fever; nature's own method of burning out germs in a diseased organism. Malaria bacteria have been deliberately fed to paresis victims. The malarial fever killed the germs of paresis; and then doctors cured the malaria.

Now the laboratory built a "fever machine." You lie between two parallel plates, and millions of radio waves course through you from plate to plate. Paresis and arthritis were the first major prey of the artificial fever; and experimentation continues. The fever machine had one adventure which its scholarly inventors did not count upon; it was responsible for the hottest kiss on record. In a certain progressive hospital an arthritis patient was on the table, having her temperature raised. From the expression on her face it was plain that she mistrusted science and scientists quite as much as she disliked arthritis. Her husband, standing near, was stirred by a manly impulse to reassure feminine timidity.

"Don't worry, dear," he said. "It's quite all right. These machines can't do you any hurt." And he bent over to kiss her. There was a flash and a sputter between their lips not unlike those demonstrations of laboratory lightning which you have seen in the movies. The husband was grounded; and the leashed current had seized its chance to escape.

If you are not moved to agree that it is a great day, indeed, when sparks fly as a husband kisses the wife of his bosom, then you are what we stout progressivists call an old stick-in-the-mud. And you don't deserve to live happily ever after.

Here's What To Do
when "nerves" won't let you
SLEEP

—A Simple Way to Get to Sleep Quickly at Night, Entirely Without Drugs . . . A Way that Brings You Steady Nerves and New Energy Tomorrow

Now—put an end to night-time tossing and turning! Fall asleep tonight almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep all night as peacefully as a child.

OVERWROUGHT nerves and sleepless nights—what havoc they can work! And what a vicious circle they establish once they thoroughly take hold!

But now—there is a remarkable way to bring sound sleep quickly at night. A way that puts an end to those restless hours of night-time tossing—and the nerve-wracked days that come as a result.

It is made possible by a delicious food-drink, called Ovaltine, originally created in Switzerland and now made over here. It is composed of elements processed from *natural* foods. And is as free from drugs as the milk you drink or the bread you eat.

You simply take it mixed with hot milk before you go to bed at night. Then fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep the whole night through as soundly as a child.

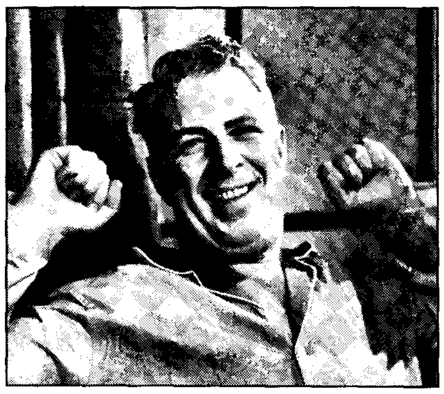
Look And Feel Like A New Person Mornings

In the morning you awaken vastly refreshed, nerves calm, mind clear and alert. Filled with an abundance of new-found vitality and energy to last you through the day.

For this unique food-drink not only brings sound sleep quickly, but actually improves the *quality* of sleep. And acts to replenish body, brain, and nerve cells *while* you sleep. At the same time, it multiples your ability to recover from fatigue. And aids in the maintenance of nerve poise to a marked degree.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is approved and used by thousands of physicians. *Try it and see for yourself.*



New Energy Tomorrow

Make this test:—Try Ovaltine for 3 nights straight—and observe especially how much better you feel when you awaken mornings. Note how much more quickly you "come awake"—how much easier it is to arise and start the day.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. You'll fall asleep more easily and quickly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning when you awaken, take stock. See how much fresher you feel—how much more *rested* you look. During the day, note how much better your energy "stays with you"—how much steadier your nerves.

So don't put up with sleepless nights any longer. Nor with the lowered vitality they inevitably bring next day. Make up your mind you'll really *sleep* tonight! Phone for a can of Ovaltine now! You'll be glad you did.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding nerve-shattered, shell-shocked soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.* 1049

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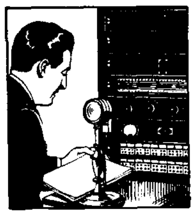
OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula



Radio Telephone
helps to put him there!

The Public Enemy works fast. But police in many cities—aided by Western Electric radio telephone—work even faster!

Frequently criminals are caught in the act by radio patrols—when headquarters flashes the alarm via Western Electric equipment. This system of police communication is instantaneous—thoroughly dependable—produced by the makers of your Bell Telephone and distributed by Graybar Electric.

Other products that share this background of 50 years' experience are—sound amplifying and distributing systems, broadcasting, aviation and marine radio telephone equipment, talking picture apparatus, hearing aids. Western Electric leadership in Sound has been won by pioneering along many lines.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Western Electric

LEADERS IN SOUND TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

Preserve the Cook

Continued from page 34

twenty-one things nobody likes to do, from shelling peas to polishing silver; above all, the marvelous system of wall and floor cabinets, the latter with tops which give a continuous working surface around three walls. But I've got to go on and do a Mary Stuart in just a moment.

"Did I tell you that my author-husband"—that crack-brained genius who wrote Twentieth Century and Lulu Belle and conspired with Ben Hecht to perpetrate The Front Page—"has a kitchen all his own? You know authors! You can't house-break an author—fit him into the regular domestic routine of three meals a day and bed at eleven. There are days when you not only can't sound a dinner gong but can't even tiptoe into his room to leave a tray inconspicuously at his elbow. So we've fixed our author up with a kitchen of his own so that, if I should turn sulky or the household get out of hand, he can retire to his own premises and subsist there for weeks, not emerging till we mend our ways.

"It's a swell kitchen, all in shades of brown and copper, modeled more or less on the one called "his kitchen" in one of the shops. In a recess in his room stands a handsome piece of furniture, looking like a modern chest of drawers, but which opens up into a complete kitchenette with a grill on one side for toasting sandwiches and cooking little things like sausages and scrambled eggs, trays for sandwiches and a refrigerator on the other side, and cabinets for pots, pans and dishes. To carry out the color scheme, the walls are cork, the cabinets are highly polished maple, the sink and all other metal surfaces, including the cooking utensils and the cocktail shakers, are copper; the glasses and dishes have copper-luster borders, the towels and table linen are in copper-colored checks.

Catching Up with Men

"Oh, I forgot to say, it includes a most complete bar, for sometimes the author is gracious and entertains, usually after the theater. Lots of men today, especially bachelors, have kitchenettes of their own, usually largely bars, where they can toss off a Welsh rabbit or throw together a salad, and this coppery one is about the jolliest male kitchen I've ever seen. . . ."

The stage call interrupts, and in a breath she is all queen.

I decide to crash over to the nearest kitchen emporium and discover why, all of a sudden, everyone has gone kitchen.

It takes no more than a glance to see. Those kitchens! Miracles of beauty and modern efficiency, as beautiful as an airplane or a battleship—and for the same reason, that they represent sheer usefulness, shorn of folderol and waste motion. No department of the house has shown the rapid advance in the past few years which the kitchen has. And heaven knows it needed it! While men, in offices and factories, have been surrounding themselves with every modern invention and labor-saving machine as fast as it was invented, women—the poor saps!—have trudged along in the old, merciless way that was good enough for their grandmothers—the stove here, the sink anywhere, space wasted, steps multiplied, backs breaking, arms reaching, such a waste of human energy as no factory today would tolerate.

Suddenly all that has been changed—and now any woman, anywhere, in isolated farmhouse or small apartment, in an antiquated house or one still to be built, can have a kitchen as up-to-date and efficient as a Krupp factory.

Why? Because the era of "planned" kitchens has dawned. "Don't buy a single thing, not so much as a dishcloth," the experts will tell you, "until you have first *planned* your entire kitchen. Who knows? Maybe you won't need a dishcloth! If you take our advice, you won't."

Experts to Your Rescue

But how can *you*, with an old-fashioned kitchen as big as a prairie, cumbersome and antiquated in equipment, how can *you* have a planned, up-to-date kitchen?

I'll tell you. You sit down one evening and you draw a floor plan of your present deeply scorned kitchen—oh, as simple as you like—giving the general shape, marking the dimensions, and indicating the location of doors, windows, cabinets, stove, closets, sink, etc. Then you send your funny little sketch off—I'll tell you where in a minute. Experts will immediately get to work on it, architectural planning experts co-operating with home economics specialists, and in three or four mails you'll receive a bee-oo-tiful architect's plan of your kitchen, all made over and up-to-date, showing the floor plan and the four walls, the kind of stove, cabinets, etc., you should have, and suggesting some heavenly scheme of decoration. All this is the more likely to suit your taste and your purse if you tell them in the beginning about how much you want to spend, what type of kitchen, style of decoration, etc., you prefer, how many in the family, how many rooms in the house. So far you've spent only three cents for the postage—no charge for the plans.

Then—either you can have the entire renovation done at once, installing whatever new equipment is needed, redecorating, laying linoleum, all at one fell swoop, which is the best and cheapest way to do it (they figure that, including complete new electric or gas equipment, the modernization of the average kitchen costs no more than a medium-priced automobile) or you can work the plan out gradually, paying so much a week. From the ark to a zeppelin would be no more astounding a transition than from your antiquated kitchen to the modern one.

Now as to where to send for the plan, which in each case is unique, adapted to your particular problems: Various types of companies do this scientific kitchen planning—manufacturers of electric appliances, makers of kitchen cabinets, sometimes local department stores or building specialty stores, or local gas or electric companies. But if you don't know just how to go about it, write us and we'll tell you where you can send your cherished sketch and get excellent plans and advice.

That's the way to begin, whether you expect your kitchen to be completely renovated, with all modern improvements, in a few years or a few weeks.

And don't think, if your heart yearns for the old-time beauty of a Spanish, an early American, English or Dutch kitchen—pewter, casseroles, chintz, rush-bottom chairs, gourds, cooky jars, bunches of peppers, any of the touches that made old kitchens quaint and lovable—that you've got to get along without them in this modern kitchen. If you loathe modernism and all its works, there's no reason why you should have even a touch of it in your kitchen. One of the most popular kitchens shown in New York during this present epidemic is a French provincial kitchen, all old walnut, copper, mural paintings, glazed chintz, peasant pottery, inlaid tiles, rush-bottom chairs, carved settles—in a word, a glowing painting in lovely old browns, yellows, greens and tans, something a Frans Hals might have painted. And it is quite as efficient as the last word in stainless porcelain and metal.

Cabinet Schemes

Great as is the change that has come over the refrigerator, the range and other kitchen equipment in the past few years, nothing has made greater strides than the kitchen cabinet. You can't, if you have the slightest respect for the twentieth century, just go out and buy a cabinet, any old cabinet. You must first consider that cabinet in relation to the entire kitchen—just what it will be used for, where it will be placed, how it will fit into the work scheme and the scheme of decoration. In other words, the ensemble idea has invaded the kitchen just as it has the world of fashion.

Cabinets are now manufactured as part of a complete scheme of efficiency. One company, for example, makes twenty-two different units, which, in various combinations of floor and wall sections, will completely equip any size and type of kitchen. Each unit comes in many sizes, from 15 inches wide to 48 inches wide, and in several heights, as well as in a wide range of colors—or they can, at a small extra cost, be enameled in any desired color.

They are planned for various uses, and contain not only every possible arrangement of drawers and shelves, for silver, for canned goods, for china and glassware, etc., but such things as tilting bins for flour and sugar, flour sifters, racks for pot lids, pull-out table-tops for the housewife's luncheonette, tall cabinets for brooms, porcelain compartments for bread and cake boxes, sliding shelves in the floor sections for easy access to pots and pans, felt-lined cutlery drawers, a series of shallow trays for linen—everything that belongs in kitchen or pantry properly stored in cabinets ready to be installed in their proper work centers.

And all you have to do to have this modern planning service at your command is to mail your ridiculous little sketch—you never having been much of a hand at drawing—to the proper authority or get in touch with the local agent for cabinets. If desired, the installing can be done by local carpenters.

Cabinets can be installed for anywhere from $75 to $2,000, depending on the size of the kitchen, the family and your purse. An average price is around $200. And when that's done, you can take your exercise on the golf course instead of on the kitchen linoleum.

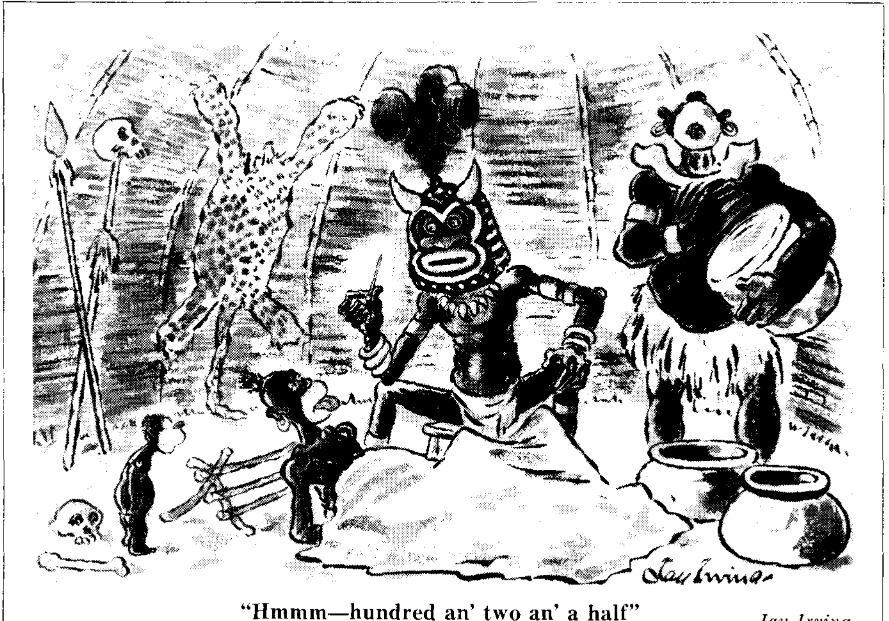
There's no end to the devices the kitchen wizards, now they've gotten down to it, have thought up to save your steps, your back and your time. For example, all sorts of things that work with a touch of the toe—to save stooping and to allow your two hands to be doing something else: refrigerator doors, oven doors, garbage containers, any number of things. Then there's that console stove—the top the same height clear across (to give more working surface and nothing to cast a shadow), even the burners concealed beneath a porcelain cover, the ovens below, a drawer containing the broiler, a compartment with a wire tray for warming dishes, the whole thing of gleaming white enamel and looking very much like a modern chest of drawers. There are several variations of this console model.

Fun in the Kitchen

They've invented a special vacuum-cleaner broom for the kitchen—and all other hard-surfaced floors—an electric broom and dust mop combined to do away with dust-raising brooms and back-breaking dust pans. This devilish device brushes as well as sucks the dirt into its interior, eating up crumbs and litter as though it loved them, polishing waxed floors as it goes.

As for interior decoration, kitchens turn orchid or mauve at a mere nod; cabinets take on the most unlikely colors, practically anything an interior decorator can think up in the small watches of the night; pots and pans are absolutely kittenish. You can get them bright red to spot about an otherwise spotless kitchen; all black on the outside and all white within to fit into a modern kitchen; or with all the efficiency and beauty of copper or aluminum.

As for breakfast nooks, they're a whole story in themselves. I wish you could see the one in the honeymoon kitchen. The whole darn' thing, kitchen and nook, is only seven feet square. The table is a bar really, just like a night-club bar, with two high stools drawn up to it—modern metal stools with padded white leather seats. The linoleum, showing a butler kissing a maid and both of them spilling their trays, is by John Held, Jr.—the scamp! And that darling penthouse kitchen! But what's the use? You get the idea—that to do over a kitchen today is more fun than a box of monkeys.



"Hmmm—hundred an' two an' a half"

Jay Irving

Brighten Up
FOR SPRING

NEW Hylite BROWN CALF

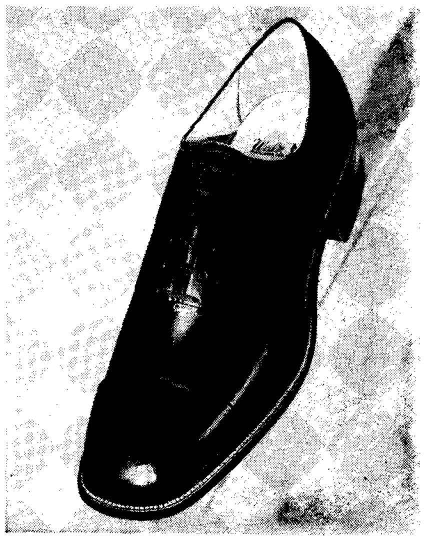
deep, rich, lustrous ... looks like cordovan, feels like kid

● Dark brown comes to town with a shine on its face. Walk-Over Hylite Brown. A rich cordovan shade that keeps a high polish but is as easy-going on your feet as kidskin. Light-weight, flexible, sturdy. Gives a smart new look to your gray, brown or blue suits. Style leadership at your neighborhood Walk-Over Shop.

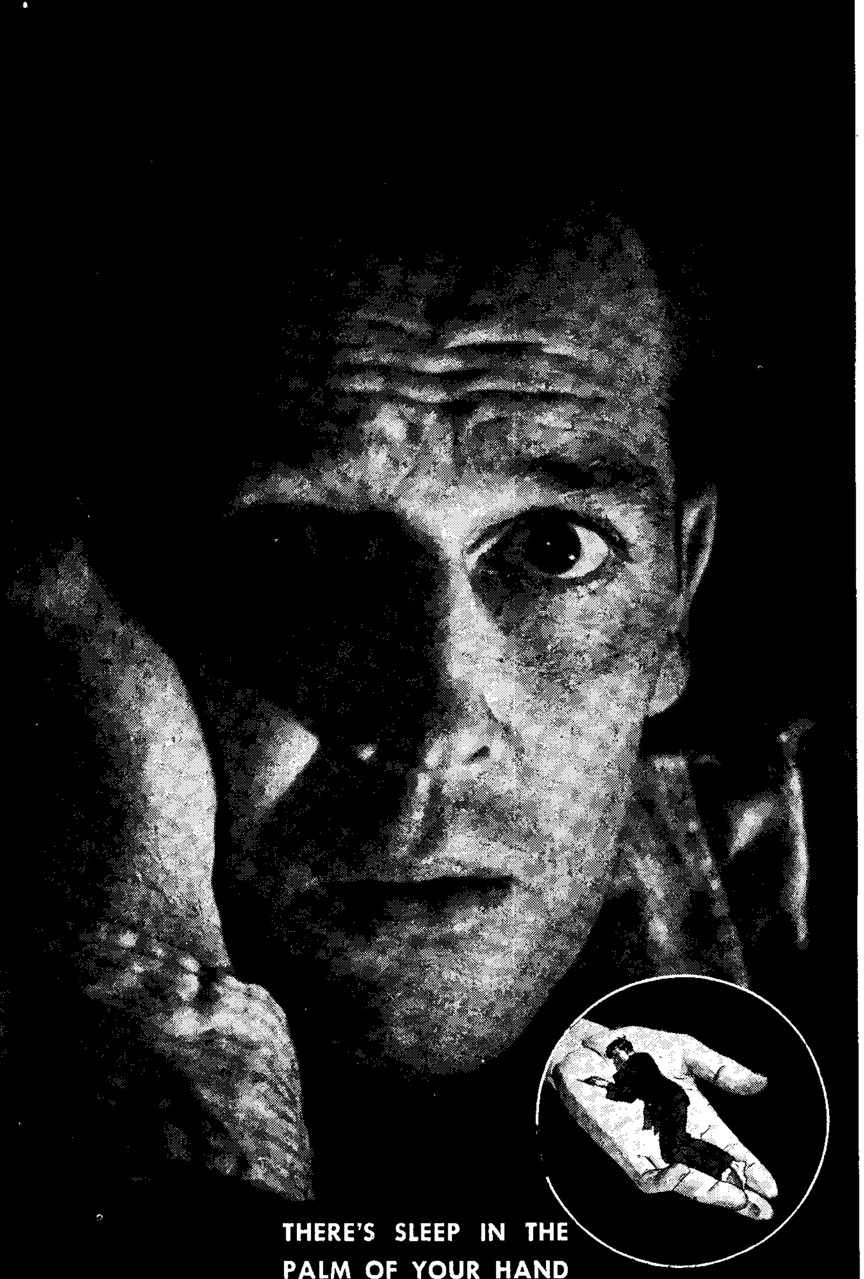
● SHEFFIELD (wing tip) and CLICK (straight tip) two new Walk-Over styles in Hylite Brown Calf. Also in black. And only $6.50

WALK·OVER

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.



Night is a long torment when you can't get to sleep — nerves taut, eyes staring into the dark. But here is an easy remedy, that 9 out of 10 who write us about it say gives them relief. Smooth a palmful of Absorbine Jr. on the back of the neck — in slow firm strokes. Then, relax for a night of sound slumber.

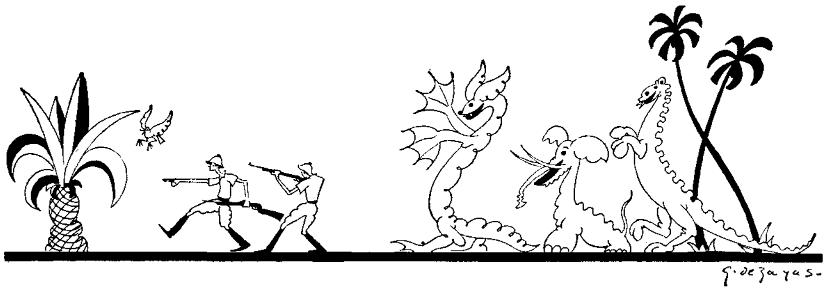


THERE'S SLEEP IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, "Athlete's Foot"

At all druggists, $1.25. Write for a sample—free. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A few animals of prehistoric times still exist today in remote parts of the world. One of them is the spectral tarsier. Although its fossil remains have been found in widely separated geological deposits that were at least ten million years old, no further trace of its existence through the ages was ever discovered until the animal was found alive a short time ago in a Borneo jungle.

Strange sights are seen on some of the roofs of Italy. Hundreds of marble caskets, backed by tombstones, lie in rows on the roof of a Genoa mausoleum; an automobile race track covers the circular roof of a Turin motor car factory; and a fine café is the main attraction on the roof of the Milan Cathedral.

Every six years the Sokols of Czechoslovakia, an organization of gymnasts comprising 700,000 men, women and children, stage a festival in Prague. At the last one in 1932, more than 140,000 of them participated, having been instructed for weeks in their home towns from a Prague radio station. In the gigantic 567-acre stadium, before 155,000 spectators, as many as 17,000 performed at a time.

An almost unbelievable fact about insects is that certain species of butterflies and moths live from 30 per cent to 60 per cent longer when their heads are cut off.—*By Hood Worthington, Wilmington, Delaware.*

One of the most drastic criminal codes ever conceived was enforced in China up to 2,000 years ago. The perpetration of a capital crime not only resulted in the execution of the guilty person but also every one of his near and distant relatives which sometimes comprised several hundred persons.—*By D. G. Perkins, Lockport, Illinois.*

Despite the claims of "handcuff kings" that they can open any pair of manacles ever invented, there are handcuffs that have never been picked by any one of the many experts who have tried to open them in this manner, and also at least one set that cannot be unlocked by the wearer, even when he has the key. —*By M. M. Feuerlicht, Jr., Chicago, Illinois.*

Outside of Paris, few know of the "wine book" which contains the history of every vintage of France since 1862. In a house on rue de Beaune, one man alone has, during these 72 years, kept a complete record of each vineyard in the country, even including every thunderstorm and its effect on the crops.

The territorial expansion of Imperial Russia into the largest single political unit in the world was one of the most remarkable achievements of mankind. Between 1500 and 1917, this empire grew at the rate of 20,440 square miles a year, or 56 square miles during every 24 hours.

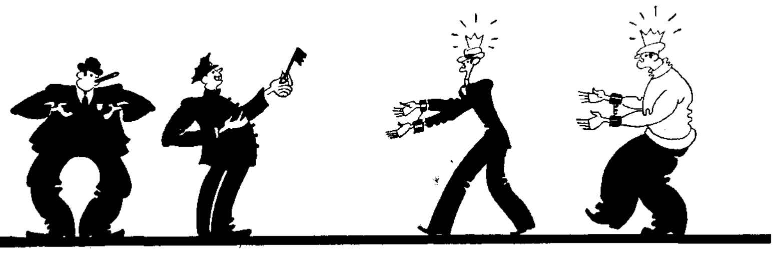
The appearance of drunkenness does not necessarily indicate the drinking of alcoholic liquors. Sometimes persons who seem to be intoxicated are suffering from epilepsy, fractured skull, intracranial hemorrhage, the toxemic coma of diabetes or uremia or even intense cold.

In a number of European and Asiatic cities today, many men and women earn a living by gathering cigarette butts from the gutter which they sell to "renovating" tobacco manufacturers. For example, there are 2,000 of these butt collectors in Canton, China, and they are organized into unions, each of which controls its own section of the city.—*By Al Taylor, U. S. Army Transport Grant.*

New inventions: a speedometer that has, as an extra feature, a device which records on a chart the rate of speed traveled in the preceding 2,200 feet; a small fire alarm for homes that is screwed into a light socket and works automatically; and a scientific instrument for law courts that quickly exposes fake cripples.

The greatest case of human fertility, it is believed, was that of a woman who gave birth to 13 sets of twins and six sets of triplets—a total of 44 children—in 33 years.—*By Peter Kurterovich, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 21

"The job's yours, Kernie," said the producer, "but you're sure you know what my business is? I'm a manager but not a pugilist. What I mean, I'm hiring you to get stuff in the papers about my shows, not to put on bouts in the Garden, or in night-clubs."

Kernochan laughed.

"What strange ideas you get, Donnie."

"No stranger than yours, you trying to put on a brawl with Jimmy Pottery. I don't want a man to go to work for me and have him gunned the next day."

"I'll be a good boy," promised Kernochan. "When do you want to see me?"

"Today, tomorrow, when you like."

"I'll be seeing you," said Kernochan.

For fully five minutes he sat before the phone. He had never, since his cub days, failed on an assignment. When his city editor had sent him out for a story, Kernochan had brought back the story if it existed. Now he was failing. And failure came after boasting on his part. His pride was hurt. It was a humiliating thing to have to confess to Rose Ames that he could not fulfill his confident promises. Nevertheless, to continue on the case was to accept money under false pretenses. He rang up her house, to be told that Mrs. Ames would not be in until five o'clock.

He looked at his watch, saw that it was not yet three, and pulled a manuscript out of a desk drawer. He read it through, this spare-time effort. He had not looked at it for several weeks, but it was as inept as it had been when last he read it. No wonder it had been rejected by half a dozen magazines. He tried to figure some new angle whereby the short story could be made better, and was in deep depression when the telephone rang. Laurette Marks was calling him.

"Do you know something, Kernie?" she asked.

"I know plenty of things," he answered. "One of them is that I'm a rotten writer."

"Ooh, modesty has attacked you at last. Have you taken your temperature? Better be careful. You haven't built up an immunity, you know. What put the idea in your head?"

"Telepathy. Six editors think the same thing and it finally got into my own mind. What is it you know, my pet?"

"You don't expect information free, do you?" she replied.

"WHAT'S the price on it?" he asked. "No one's dining with me tonight. Would you believe that Laurette Marks, the popular and lovely young gal-about-town, has a spare evening on her hands?"

"Half the men in town must have dropped dead," he said.

"I don't hear you asking me to dinner. And that's the price of my information."

"Is it good information?" he chuckled.

"It hasn't been cut. The real reliable stuff."

"We're dining together. What's the information?"

"You said you could find it out yourself, but I thought I'd do it for you. The man that took Callie Curtis home from the Nirvana last night was named Johnson."

"Not so good. I knew that when I phoned you."

"And we don't dine together?" There was honest disappointment in her voice.

"Sure we do. Where will it be?"

"I like the Humidor."

"So do I. Eight o'clock?"

"I'll meet you there," she said. "You're sweet to take me when my info wasn't so hot. You work fast, Kernie. How did you know the name of that hardware man?"

"Hardware man? You mean Johnson?"

"Of course. He runs a hardware shop on Lexington Avenue. At least, that's the blind. But I'll bet you could go in there and if you paid enough for a package of tacks he'd throw in a couple of machine guns and a crate of pineapples."

"Are you sure you know what you're talking about, Laurette?" he asked.

"You didn't know that? Then my information is worth a dinner after all, eh?"

"You're worth a dinner any time, Laurette," he told her.

HE PUT away the manuscript whose reading had so disconcerted him. Laurette's information made everything different. Once again he studied the pieces in the puzzle—pieces which, a few minutes ago, he had decided could not be fitted together, or even if they could be joined together would present no intelligible picture.

John Ames had kept a girl named Emily Trephon. Emily Trephon was the sweetheart of Jimmy Pottery. Ames had died a violent death. Ames had a butler. Johnson, the butler, was friendly with Callie Curtis, an intimate of Emily. Johnson, in addition to his domestic activities, ran a dubious hardware establishment where gangsters could supply themselves with the materials of war.

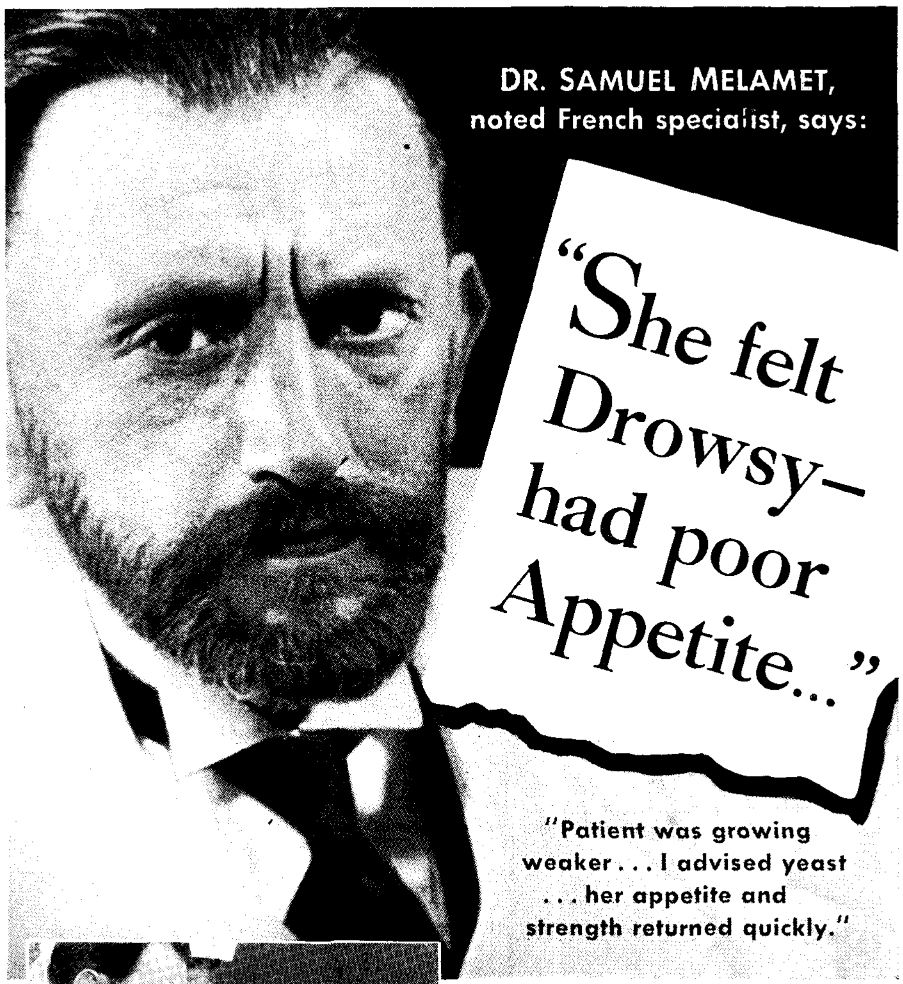
Why did a butler have such outside activities and interests? Could it be possible that he had made some mistake in his recognition of the butler last night? But that would be a strange coincidence, that the man whom he thought was the Ames butler should also be named Johnson. It was the sort of coincidence that wasn't quite credible. And the simple thing to do was to call upon Rose Ames and get a look at Johnson.

He had intended to call upon his employer anyway. But now he would not go there with the intention of withdrawing from the case. How the outside activities of Johnson could change the facts of Ames' death he could not see, but there had always been the incredible alternative, that a third person had killed Rose's husband. In vague search of that third solution he had begun investigating the habits of Ames. He had found out many interesting things, but this detail which Laurette Marks had just given to him was the most interesting of all.

And the most fascinating thing about this latest detail was that it made no more sense than the other things which he had discovered. Confidence in his own ability returned to him as swiftly as it had left him. There was always an explanation of everything, and the fact that the explanation seemed out of reach did not mean that it could not be grasped. Certainly he would not abandon the case until these strange matters had been cleared up. And promptly at five o'clock he rang the bell of the Ames house on East Sixty-third Street.

He was admitted by Johnson. The butler gravely took Kernochan's hat and coat, told him that Mrs. Ames was in, and left the caller in the drawing-room while he went to announce him.

(Continued on page 68)



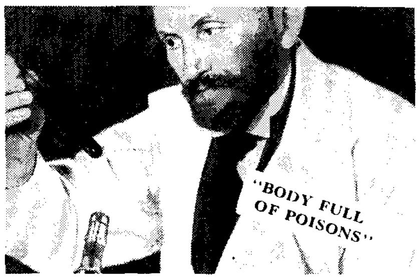
DR. SAMUEL MELAMET,
noted French specialist, says:

"She felt Drowsy—had poor Appetite..."

"Patient was growing weaker . . . I advised yeast . . . her appetite and strength returned quickly."

"HER TONGUE WAS FURRY"

"LOUISE P., 19 years old," Dr. Mélamet relates, "ate hardly anything, was dejected, losing weight, always tired, slept very badly, had poor color. Case referred to me by another doctor.



"I EXAMINED HER carefully. Made fluoroscope and X-ray tests. Found her trouble was due to constipation—*even though she had evacuations every day*. I advised her to eat yeast.

"TROUBLE GONE"

"IT WAS my only prescription. In a few weeks she had healthy color, didn't look so thin. Her appetite improved. Once again she was an active girl, full of energy . . . cheerful . . . happy."

"WHEN PATIENTS SAY, 'Doctor, I feel run-down . . . I can't eat as I used to,' my first suspicion is chronic constipation," the eminent consultant, Dr. Mélamet, states.

"Such symptoms as coated tongue, bad breath, general fatigue, and broken-out skin come from sluggish intestines.

"Steady use of laxatives only makes matters worse. They give temporary relief at the expense of weakening the intestines.

"If you want lasting relief from constipation, *yeast* is the natural way to correct it. The intestinal muscles are strengthened . . . waste is softened, moved out of the system without strain."

Instead of giving you energy, perhaps your food makes you feel drowsy . . . "heavy" inside . . . often causes you distress. Perhaps your skin is blotchy.

What you probably need

Then, by all means, try Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it right away, and keep it up. Directions are on the label.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. The richest of all foods in the group of vitamins B, D and G.

Fleischmann's Yeast has helped millions regain an abundance of energy . . . and the happiness that goes with health. It should help *you*, too! Get some today!

"I never miss any Fun now!"

"I was terribly run-down . . . tired all the time—had headaches, too," *writes* Miss Marthalee Grimes, *Columbus, O.* (right in photo). "Then a friend urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. It had not only cleared up her skin, but built up her strength, too. It soon cleaned out my system, stopped my headaches, helped my appetite. Now I can work all day, and still have pep at night."

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY
EAT PLAIN OR DISSOLVE IN WATER
YEAST'S
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
CONTAINING VITAMINS B·G·D
BEFORE OR BETWEEN MEALS
IT IS HEALTHFUL

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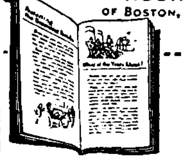

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(Continued from page 67)

Johnson was unquestionably the man who had taken Callie Curtis from the Nirvana last night. But his face had been grave with that imperturbability of the well-trained servant. He returned in a moment to usher Kernochan upstairs to the pretty sitting-room.

Coghlan Buell and his niece were seated on a couch. Before them was a low tea table, and as Kernochan arrived a maid placed a third cup on it. Old Buell arose and shook hands with Kernochan.

"I'd like to stay and talk with you, Mr. Kernochan," he said, "but I'm late for an appointment. Tell me, have you discovered anything?"

Kernochan shook his head.

"I haven't had much time, have I? I've learned some things. Perhaps they don't mean anything, and perhaps they do. I don't know. When I do I'll not delay in letting you know."

Old Buell bowed over his niece's hand. Kernochan looked after him as he went through the door.

"He's still regretful at the impulse that made him mention me to you, isn't he?"

Rose Ames smiled.

"He doesn't approve of our dining together. He thinks that my first appearance in public should have been at a larger party composed of old friends."

"He's probably right. Although it's unimportant, don't you think? The old boy is outdated a trifle."

"He couldn't be more wonderful," she said, flushing.

"I believe that. But just the same he isn't living in the Nineties. No one really cares about conventions."

She laughed.

"As if there ever had been any conventions applicable to a woman in my position. Tea or highball?"

"Tea, please," he replied. He sat down and stirred the sugar in his cup. "Do you know that I drank a cocktail and a glass of champagne last night?"

SHE frowned faintly; the momentary furrows in her lovely skin enhanced its smooth texture.

"Did you? I suppose you did. I really didn't notice."

"Neither did I. Will you permit me to do all my drinking with you, Mrs. Ames? Last night was the first time in years that I've had a drink without being aware of it, and without thinking I had to follow it with several more."

"I don't think I understand," she said.

"Neither do I. But it seems to mark a milestone. It looks as though you'd had a busy day." He nodded toward a pile of bills, each one with a check attached by a clip.

"A long accumulation. I left word that I was to be out to anyone who called until five. The accounts for the last six months had to be straightened. Uncle Coghlan had paid most of the bills but a lot remained. Human nature is most distressing, isn't it, Mr. Kernochan?"

Bewilderment was in his expression at her sudden change of subject.

"I suppose it is. But what occasioned your discovery of the fact?"

"I'm going to discharge my butler this evening," she answered. "He's been in my employ—and my parents'—for fifteen years. I trusted him implicitly. I'd have doubted Uncle Coggie almost as soon as I'd have distrusted Johnson. It's incredible to me that a person one likes, who apparently is devoted to one, should prove dishonest."

"Have you discovered that about him?"

"There isn't any doubt about it. During the last six months he has managed to steal from me at least ten thousand dollars. How much he has taken in the years before I can't guess."

"You're telling the police?"

She stared at him with something akin to horror in her eyes.

"The police? You mean—put Johnson in jail? I've been in jail, Mr. Kernochan. I couldn't possibly send anyone there for anything less than—murder." She paused before the last word and her ivory skin was whiter as she uttered it.

"You're just going to discharge him, eh? A couple of thousand a month is a lot of money, Mrs. Ames. I know the graft that goes on in the households of the rich but, after all, yours is a comparatively small establishment. I don't see how he could hope to get away with more than a couple of hundred a month."

"I don't, either. Except that he knew how firmly I believed in his honesty. So he grew careless. I hate to face him. I know I'm going to cry!"

"*He* won't, when he finds you're not going to prosecute him," said Kernochan cynically. "I think you ought to jail him. But I wish that, whatever you do, you'd postpone it awhile."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. Inconsequentially she noted that the shoulders were very wide, and that his body tapered to a slim waist and narrow hips, that the gray suit he wore fitted him well, and that his black hair, while still a bit unruly, was by no means untidy. Last night she had decided that he was quite attractive; today she suddenly discovered that while he wasn't handsome he had a charm that made up for an irregularity of features. His nose was good, his mouth mobile, his chin strong, and the gray eyes sunk below the jutting brows and broad forehead spoke of intellectuality.

"I'd like him here for a while."

She stared at him.

"*You'd* like him here?" Her eyes widened; in their gray depths he suddenly discovered a glint that seemed compounded of many colors, of blue and gold and deepest violet. And this was, of course, he told himself, an optical illusion. She leaned toward him. "Do you mean that he had anything to do—?"

"I don't mean anything at all, yet, except that I'd like to know that he was where I could find him if necessary. You don't think he realizes you suspect him?"

"I don't think so," she replied. "And, of course, I'll keep him if you insist. Are you—making progress?"

"I don't know. I think I'm on the track of something, but I don't know what it is."

"Something that will prove my—?" she stopped uncertainly.

"Something that will prove something, I hope."

HE COULD read the question in her eyes. She wanted him to say that he was on the track of something that would demonstrate the impossibility of her guilt. He was suddenly angry, more with himself than with her, because he realized that he could not look at her and think her guilty. Apart from her, unswayed by her beauty, by her appearance of complete honesty, he could retain his belief in her guilt. But with her, he could have no doubt of her innocence. He rose abruptly.

"Must you go?"

"I've something to do."

"You haven't told me why you came."

"Must there be any reason beside yourself?" he asked.

Her red lips pursed poutingly. The mouth of no other woman was kissable, he suddenly concluded.

"For you there would have to be another reason, wouldn't there? After all, isn't there some matter of fear of me? Didn't we go into that rather deeply last night?"

"That was last night," he said stiffly.

Her lips relaxed in a smile; beneath her gentle mockery he felt himself color.

"There was another reason," he said abruptly. "I'd decided that I couldn't do anything with the case; I've already accepted a job; I intended to return your fee. But now—don't ask me any questions, I'm sticking with it. I'll be seeing you."

Feeling like an awkward schoolboy, he turned away from the table and left the room. He would have felt still more awkward, yet perhaps a trifle elated, had he been able to see the smile on her face. Johnson, the butler, fetched his hat and coat, opened the door for him, and let him out. His mind in a turmoil, he walked to Fifth Avenue and took a bus to Eighth Street. He reviewed for the dozenth time the facts that he had gleaned. Now, as an added fact: Johnson had been robbing his mistress.

HE HAD gone to Rose Ames with the intention of telling her that Johnson was not the sort of character to be in her employ, but had changed his mind about that. Why had he changed his mind? Why did the fact that Johnson, an associate of gangsters, had robbed his mistress add anything to the puzzle? Yet it did. It gave a possible motive to Johnson. Suppose John Ames had discovered that the butler was a thief? John Ames might not have been as chary of inflicting punishment on a thief as was his wife. Could Johnson—?

He couldn't answer this uncompleted question. Once again he felt himself at an impasse. A tiny crevice had opened but seemed to have closed again. Yet there might be other crevices which would not close, but which would widen.

Laurette Marks had told him the name of the last inamorata of the late John Ames, and a queer, jumbled set of facts had come to his knowledge since then. But Laurette had also given him the names of two other girls who had been intimate with Ames—Amy Lanton and Gertie Maxwell, both members of floor shows at night clubs in New York.

Out of a meeting with Emily Trephon had come things whose meaning was not clear. But that these things had some meaning he was certain. Perhaps, if he met Amy Lanton and the Maxwell girl, other strange facts might come to light. They might furnish pieces of the puzzle which would make a comprehensive whole.

He looked at his watch. It was a quarter to seven. He picked up a book, read for three quarters of an hour, then bathed and dressed, and was in the lobby of the Humidor promptly at eight o'clock. Laurette came in as he was surrendering his hat and coat to an attendant.

She greeted him warmly and when they were seated at a table she permitted him to remove a fur from shoulders as lovely as any he had ever seen.

"No cocktail?" he asked in surprise.

"If you can do without one, I can," she said.

"I can take one," he told her.

"And then ten more," she jeered.

"You'd be surprised," he said.

"I'd drop dead."

"No, you wouldn't. I'll have one just to show you."

"Please, Kernie," she begged.

He smiled at her.

"But I promise you. I'm learning things about myself. I had one last night, took a glass of wine, too, and haven't had a drink today. These things happen to a man."

"In books or plays, maybe, but not in real life. You leave it alone. I'm not Rose Ames."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Oh, with a woman like that you might not like to drink too much. But with a woman like me—I never saw you quit at one or two. I suppose last night you were so overwhelmed by her that you couldn't possibly disgrace yourself. How was everyone at the Colony?"

"Same as ever, I guess."

"A lot of swells, eh? And I suppose you'll go back to them, now that you're so interested in Mrs. Ames, back where you belong. But Broadway will miss you, Kernie."

"I don't know why it will. I'm not going to leave it. Broadway is where I belong, Laurette."

She shook her head.

"No, you don't."

A waiter came and they gave their order. As the man went away she rested her elbows on the cloth, put her chin between her palms and stared at him.

"Kernie, give me the low-down. What is this Ames racket?"

"There isn't any racket," he said.

"Yes, there is. Don't try to fool Laurette. You came to me, and since then you're spending your time either with Mrs. Ames or with people associated with her husband. Kernie, I'm worried about you. You're mixing into funny business."

"WHAT'S funny about it?" he asked.

"I don't know. But this is straight and I'm the lassie that's been told to give it to you: Lay off Pottery, Trephon—and Mrs. Ames."

"Who told you to give it to me, Laurette?"

"Now don't be silly, Kernie. I like you; you're swell. Will you lay off?"

"Let's talk it over, Laurette," he smiled.

"I'd love to," she giggled. "Let's make it a long conversation."

"The night's before us," he grinned.

(To be continued next week)

A Wife in the League

Continued from page 15

Gibbs hurried to the Foxes' dugout. "What's going on?" he demanded of McKniff, in charge of the team when Devlin was absent.

"Soup's mad at the Boss," grinned the shortstop. "He's been eatin' raw meat."

"How's it go, Soup?" Gibbs inquired.

The pitcher looked up. "Mr. Gibbs," he pleaded. "Was it somethin' I done that touched off the Boss?"

The traveling secretary was embarrassed. He found it hard to explain the situation. He drew Taylor away from the others. "What did Devlin do to you?"

Tears came into the lanky one's bloodshot eyes. "He told me I wasn't no good. He told me he was shipping me back to the bushes."

Damn Gin Devlin, thought the secretary. Suppose this lug was going to jail. Nobody had to rub it in. "Listen, Soup. Never mind Gin. Pay attention to me. Are you really married to this blond dame in my office?"

"Sure I married her. She was a nice girl. We had a church wedding. When I was in the Anthracite League."

"Didn't you divorce her?"

"No, Mr. Gibbs. I didn't have no time. I was drafted up into the big league all of a sudden."

"You mean you walked off and left her?"

"No. I come away from there on the 'bus."

LEROY, batting first for the Foxes, was out on a liner to deep second.

"Soup," entreated the secretary, "you must have done something about this blond marriage, before you took on your brunette wife."

Taylor shook his head. "Didn't have to do anything. I knew Elsie'd know I was done with her when she heard."

"Don't you know it's against the law to have two wives?"

"Sure, Mr. Gibbs. Everybody is against that. But I ain't got two. I quit Elsie a whole year before I married Greta."

"Good Lord, man. You can't get rid of a wife by sneaking out on her."

The pitcher winked sagely. "Don't let 'em kid you, Mr. Gibbs. It's bein' done all the time."

Gibbs shrugged helplessly.

Lewinski reached first base on a scratchy hit, a fielder's choice.

"On deck there, Soup," called McKniff.

The lanky one nodded at the warning, wet his lips with a swallow of water from the bucket, picked up three four-ounce clubs to swing as a preliminary to batting. Then he spoke over his shoulder. "But, Mr. Gibbs," he reminded the other, "I wish you'd tell me what ails the Boss. You ain't got no idea how savage he talked to me."

Muller attempted to sacrifice, but hit into a double play, and the score was still tied as Gibbs returned to his office. He had an idea. It might not be so good, but perhaps it was worth trying.

"Mrs. Taylor, there's a pitchers' duel out there that's going into the book for a record. Let's catch an inning or two of it."

They dropped into two aisle chairs in an unoccupied section at the start of the seventh inning. The Stars' lead-off man, with two balls and two strikes called, was facing Soup.

"Watch him bear down with the next one, Mrs. Taylor. He'll throw that fast ball."

"Yeah. He used to talk about his fast one."

The batter also expected the fast one. He was set for it and drove a long foul into the first-base bleachers.

"He'll change his pace now."

"Yeah. Soup give me change of pace for supper."

The slow one floated up to the plate. "Out," barked the umpire. The batter had been too quick.

The crowd clapped.

"What's eatin' them?" demanded Mrs. Taylor. "It's only a baseball game."

"Don't you understand? Soup's making this a great game. A game in a thousand."

"I'm glad I didn't have to set through the others." She yawned.

"Soup's a great star."

She nodded. "So they tell me. Well, that must be why I didn't like the game."

The secretary was desperate. "At least, you can appreciate the hand he gets from the crowd."

"What's that amount to? The same bunch would tear up the seats for a fan dancer."

Gibbs reflected morosely that it was probably a mistake to bring her out.

Another Star batter returned hitless to the bench.

"Did you see that headwork?" exclaimed the secretary. "That left-hander always crowds the plate. Soup's curves drove him back off his balance."

Elsie looked at Gibbs with her chilly eyes. "Headwork? Whose head?" she asked crisply. "The catcher's?"

There was no profit in working on

(Continued on page 70)

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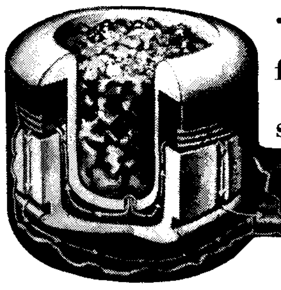

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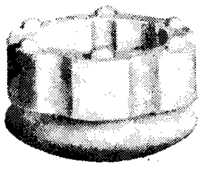

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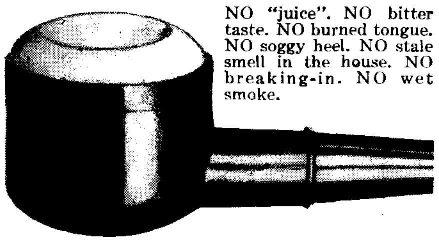

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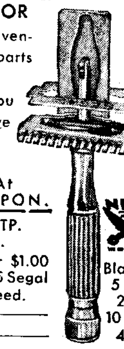

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(Continued from page 69)

this dame, decided the secretary. You couldn't soften her with a cube-steak machine. Nevertheless, he was going through with his act. He couldn't appeal to her as a baseball fan. She showed no signs of reawakened love for Soup Taylor. In fact, her love was dead and embalmed. But there was still her sporting instinct. A lady who played the ponies with a system must have that.

"Mrs. Taylor," he began, "I know Soup has treated you badly. I know it was a nasty trick to play upon a young wife. I realize he deserted you, just when his chance came to move up into the big show."

"Yeah?" returned the wronged wife.

"Yes, indeed, Elsie. Taylor ought to be punished for the way he's made you suffer."

"Didn't suffer that I know of. Had to earn my own living before I married him and the same way afterward. It was a relief when he pulled out."

SHE was colder than a certified public accountant discovering a shortage in the books. "I admire your spirit, Mrs. Taylor. And your courage. If I were in your place I'd feel just as you do."

"How do I feel?" she inquired.

"But, Mrs. Taylor," he went on, ignoring the question, "let's take a broader view of this. Remember Soup's strength *isn't in his mind but in his throwing* arm. Why, the way he's putting them over today he might be able to hang up an all-time pitching record. He might lead the list, ahead of Matty and all the others. Look at him down there now. He'll make that batter reach for a wide one and fan him out. Didn't I tell you? That's just what he's done."

"What of it?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

"It's up to you, Elsie. It's for you to decide whether this young man goes on, to become the—the—" he searched his vocabulary for adjectives, "yes, the idol of American boyhood. Or whether his career is cut short. . . ."

"Come back to the post, kid. Are you still talking about Soup Taylor?"

On the field below them the Stars took their positions. McKniff, scenting the score that would win the game, walked out to the plate. He grinned at the weary Star pitcher. "Here goes your luck, Cully," he called cheerfully. "Five to one we knock you out of the box."

It was not entirely bluff. The Stars' hurler had been weakening as he tired. Miraculous support had kept the Foxes' hits scattered and left their runners stranded on the bases. A consistently good hitter like McKniff is more dangerous in the eighth inning than in the first against any ordinary pitcher.

McKniff played his strategic ace. Usually a left-handed batter, he stepped across the plate and faced the mound as a right-hander. He could bat either way and he figured this unexpected move would confuse his opponent.

The pitcher hesitated, shaking his head slowly at his catcher's signal. The umpire called sharply that he was delaying the game.

The pitcher wound up, delivered the ball.

McKniff swung and met it squarely. It sailed higher and higher until it vanished over the left-field fence.

Mrs. Taylor jumped up. "Boy," she called to the sprinting shortstop. "There's a homer. Boy. I'm glad I came."

Gibbs also rose. "Soup's won his game. He has only six more batters to retire. He can coast in from here. And now, Elsie. Let's keep Soup in the game. Baseball needs him. Why can't you and I reach some agreement? I'll act for your husband. The club will guarantee—"

"Say." She took the gum from her mouth and stuck it on the under side of the seat she had occupied. "If you didn't want me talking to Soup, and if you was willing to take him a message, why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"Oh, if you want to see him, of course. . . ."

"I don't," said she sharply. "I don't never want to see him or hear from him again. That's why I'm here. I want him to distinctly understand that him and me ain't married any longer. I'm going to Reno next week for my papers. And as soon as my decree's in my hands I'll marry a regular guy."

The traveling secretary was silent.

For the first time a dreamy look came into her blue eyes. "My boy friend and me cleaned up at Churchill Downs. We banged the gong for seventy grand in five days. You tell Soup that he don't cut in for a cent of it, neither."

"Elsie," promised the man warmly, "I'll tell Soup. And if he ever should bother you. . . . Just let us know. That's all. Just notify the club."

"Much obliged." She took the wrappers from two fresh sticks of mint gum.

With a resolve that the club would send her an expensive pair of field glasses as a wedding present, glasses in an unmarked case that could be pawned, Gibbs shook her hand and then sprinted toward the box-office. He was late. He would have to take his admission figures from the Stars' treasurer, *instead of checking the turnstiles himself*. This game wouldn't last ten minutes longer. As soon as it was over he must be waiting in the clubhouse to pass out the envelopes, to pack the uniforms and equipment. He must have a fleet of taxis parked by the players' exit, a truck backed up to transfer the baggage.

In the corridor, a hand grabbed the secretary's shoulder and stopped him. "Walter. Where you been? I'm lookin' all over the park for you."

"Gin. Listen. I got great news. . . ."

"Keep it," chuckled Devlin. "I just talked to the owners, long distance. They said to tell you to arrange transportation and eats money for five more players. Here's a list of who they are and where they come from."

"But, Gin. We don't need any new men. We're carrying the limit now."

"Shhhhh," cautioned the manager. "Packenback is in there. He'll hear you. I just put it over on him."

"Put what over?" Gibbs started. An unwelcome suspicion entered his mind. "Gin Devlin, what have you done?"

"NOT so loud," the manager cautioned him. "I've let us out. Didn't Soup do his stuff for me? Why, I had that fool so scared he was working like old Matty himself. And I traded him to the Stars, wives and all. Only Packenback hasn't heard about the wives yet. Yes, sir. I swapped our bigamist for five fair players and twenty grand in cash. Now, you can tell that dame to lock Soup up whenever she pleases. We're done with Soup Taylor. He's the Stars' headache now."

Yes, thought Gibbs. All we'll have to do is bat against him.

Gin certainly had fixed it. And the laugh would come as the manager waited, day after day, for news of Soup Taylor's arrest. It wouldn't be long until Gin learned the truth. And then, whenever the manager mentioned "trunks," the traveling secretary would reply "Soup Taylor." That would hold him.

After all, any strong-armed fool could play baseball. Look at Soup Taylor. Any gypper could be a manager. Look at Gin Devlin. Walter L. Gibbs drew himself up proudly. To be a traveling secretary and keep track of the baggage a man had to know his claim checks.

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Rough Air

Continued from page 18

"I don't care!" Anne said with an abrupt vehemence. "I won't let Jim stand alone. I nearly spoke out at the hearing, but Jim's eyes kept warning me and I thought I'd be jeopardizing his chances if I said anything. But it would have been better than silence."

Sunshine had come to a conclusion. He went to the door, nodding to Gaynor to follow. In the hall he swung to say: "Don't tell it till you hear from me, Anne. At least promise me that."

"Yes," she agreed uncertainly.

The two men descended to the street and got in the car once more. "Do you believe it?" asked Gaynor.

"She didn't kill that mug," stated Sunshine.

Gaynor looked oddly at his companion. "I'm just as strong for Anne as you are, fellow. But don't let your loyalty get the best of you. People do damned nutty things in a jam. He might have made passes at her. She might have been all wound up about this divorce scandal. Stick around a police court a little while and you'll get a lot of illusions out of your system. But whether her story is true or not, it won't go over in front of a jury. Breed realizes it. That's why he's protecting her. I like that big mug."

"You suppose she's protecting him?" pondered Sunshine. "She might know more about what happened in that room than she's telling."

"The whole thing's screwy," brooded Gaynor. "You can imagine how it would sound in court. So Breed's got the best idea. Keep Anne out of it and let the thing stand like that. Draw up at that lunch wagon. I want to call the office."

"IT JUST doesn't add up," insisted Sunshine, stopping. Bill Gaynor went into the lunch-room and Sunshine, looking through the glass side of the place, saw him bend over the counter phone. Gaynor's terse, undramatic face moved slowly around a chew of gum; he spoke and listened. Then he slouched his body at a more uncomfortable angle and spoke again. Presently he hung up; he came back to the car.

"Screwy," said Bill Gaynor. "Just talking to Peck, who covers this stuff. Peck's been rummaging around Trent's room with the dicks. There was a lot of junk in Trent's desk. I guess his canceled checks would make damned good reading. There was one in his pocket—not cashed yet—made out for $500 to Wyn Andrews."

Sunshine turned on the engine. "That pegs Wyn Andrews. We'll go see her. Get her address."

But Bill Gaynor said, "Wait," and bent forward in his seat. His face, in the reflected light of the lunch counter, began to break out of its owlish cast. "Peck said they'd found a picture lying on the living-room table. Of Trent and Anne in front of Trent's cabin. A copy of that flashlight picture." He swung toward Sunshine. "I thought you fellows had burned all those."

"Those crooks must've hidden one that night."

"IT'S hot," said Bill Gaynor. He slapped his hands smartly together. "It's the first hot lead we've had. Only three people could have had that picture—the two guys of that Signet outfit and Dolly Vay, who paid 'em to get it. How did it get in his room? Gimme a quick answer."

"They blackmailed him into buying it."

"Did they?" purred Gaynor, hot on his scent. "Did they, now? Or were they just *trying* to blackmail him into buying it this evening about eight o'clock? He wouldn't leave it lying around, would he? It was fresh on that living-room table."

"Dolly Vay," said Sunshine.

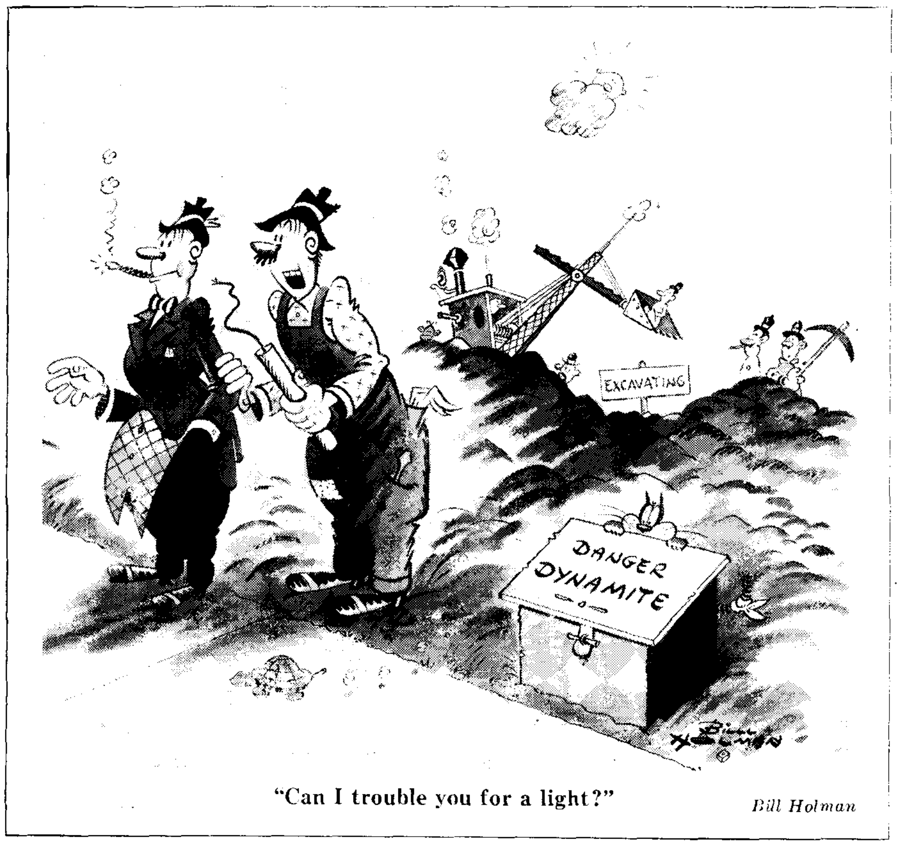
"Think again," urged Gaynor. "These two mugs had something. Would they split a fat shakedown fee with Dolly Vay? They'd work it themselves."

"It doesn't add up. First item—Anne said she heard a woman's voice with Trent. Second item—one of those two guys was laying against Breed's apartment around that time of night."

"It leaves the other one," pointed out Gaynor, "to do the trick. I tell you, we've got a lead. Wait a minute."

He ran back into the lunch-room

(Continued on page 72)



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(Continued from page 71)

and bent over the phone again, placing his body between it and the lone man behind the counter. His mouth puckered itself into the phone mouthpiece; afterwards he waited, staring up at the lunch counter's ceiling. There was a delay; and some answer finally from the far end. Bill Gaynor wrote on a suddenly produced bit of paper and hustled back to the car.

"The mug that said he was layin' against Trent's apartment house and saw all this is Tom Ween. Senior partner, Signet Investigation Agency. Home address, 1814 Palmecito. I got that from Peck. Step on it, Smith."

Sunshine threw the car ahead. They drummed down a dark lane between cheap houses, out through a small suburban business district. "But she heard a woman's voice," insisted Sunshine. "How you goin' to square that?"

"Slow up," ordered Bill Gaynor, and Sunshine pulled into the curb again. There was an all-night garage on the corner under an arc light. "Now this," added Bill, "is where we pull a fast one. Eighteen-fourteen Palmecito is about nine blocks away. I go in this garage and phone Tom Ween and say it's the district attorney's office that wants him back down at the courthouse for further questioning. Then we slide right along and pick him up as he comes out of his door. That saves us the trouble of going into his house after him—which might be damned difficult, he being the sort of an egg he is."

He was gone only a moment. When he returned to the car he circled it, opened the door on the driver's side. "I drive. You smack him if he gets tough."

"You think of everything," said Sunshine ironically, and surrendered the wheel.

"I SMELL a story," said Gaynor, shooting the car forward. "If it turns out to be one—it's mine." He nursed the machine around a corner, pulled it down to a crawl. "As a kid I cut my teeth on Richard Harding Davis' yarns of the newspaper shop in which the cub reporter was always turning in a scoop to beat every other sheet. Baloney, of course. It doesn't happen once in a lifetime. I've been in the racket fourteen years and never had a real Grade A scoop. Well, if this pans out, Smith, I got that mythical animal and I'll kill every damned cop in town to keep the thing from breaking till the seven-o'clock night Express street edition is on the presses." He had been crawling down Palmecito Street in low gear, but he threw the machine into high and fed the gas. At the end of the block a door opened and emitted a man who ran down a sloping bank to a car at the curb. "On the lam," muttered Gaynor, "or I'm a jackass. Take him, Smith."

He pulled ahead of the parked machine. Sunshine stepped out and wheeled to face a man half-crawled into the machine. The man backed out and peered through the dark. He said: "What the hell?" in a wary, nervous voice.

"Mr. Ween?" said Sunshine equably.

"Yeah?"

"District attorney sent us to drive you down."

"I got a car."

"This one, please," murmured Sunshine and went on. Ween suddenly reared back. He caught a distinct view of Sunshine's visage at the same moment Sunshine saw him. It was the older and slightly larger of the two stolid men in the serge suits. Ween grabbed for his back pocket.

"I thought so," he grunted. "Not this time, mister—"

Sunshine clipped him on the chin with one big fist, and bent over and caught the man at the arms; he reached around and got Ween's gun. He circled Ween and pushed him forward through the door of his, Sunshine's, car. He got in and shut the door.

"Nice goin' in there," applauded Gaynor.

The private detective heaved himself at Sunshine, and they wrestled wickedly around the back seat till Sunshine said with a slurred viciousness: "I'll smash your damned skull in a minute. Stop this acrobatic necking before I lose my temper. Get outa here, Bill, or a prowl car will see us."

"Where you goin'?" rasped the private detective. "Where you goin'—?"

"I know a swell empty warehouse," Gaynor told him, and laid the car down that street with a wide-open gas throttle.

SAM WEIN came into the visiting-room at the jail and grinned at Breed. "Boy, you sure go in for contrast. Yesterday, where was you—today, where are you? Keeping up with flyers—it will kill me yet."

"Where've you been?"

"Lookin' for you."

Breed smiled faintly. "Well, you'll have no trouble finding me the next few days."

Sam's good cheer, being wholly fictitious, melted off his homely face and left it wreathed in melancholy. "Trouble you got, Jim. Don't I know the right people in this town? Many times old Sam has got on the phone and said to certain parties, 'It's old Sam Wein talkin' and I got a little trouble for you to fix.' And just like that it's fixed. In the bag. See? What am I thirty-five years in publicity for if I don't know the right people? But since breakfast I been on the wire and it is no good. Suddenly I'm a leper, you'd think. I mention your name—and they hang up—bang! I can't fix it. Trouble you got."

Breed sat down and laced his hands across his chest; the steel-black stubble of a day-old beard darkened and toughened the appearance of his square cheeks; his ruffled, unruly hair dropped across his forehead. He remained still, eyes and lips passive. Sam Wein lighted a bulbous-shaped cigar and blew a gust of smoke into the room; then he washed one pudgy hand in front of his face as though to cut a way for his nearsighted vision through the fog.

"Would it be you're learning patience?" Sam Wein murmured shrewdly.

"Playing possum, maybe," Jim observed. "I never learn anything until it's beaten into my head by a bad fall.'

Sam Wein sopped the inevitable sweat from his soft jaws with a purple handkerchief. "Boy," he said, "I have got to tell you something. You know old Sam. Me, I do not like too much sunshine, I do not like too much cold, I do not like this nature business. Sam will stick to the cities. But I tell you—the cities are not good for you. It is not good for you to live inside of walls. All wild animals lose their hair and their fight in captivity. It's a thing I know—and you are like that. Your skin is thick and your bones are tough. You got to sweat to be healthy. And you got to be your own boss, all the time. Hollywood—now what is Hollywood for you? You got no business here. It will kill you, boy. Go on away."

"A fine way to talk to your meal ticket, Sam."

"Just so. We have made money, ain't we? But I got a heart and I hate to see you hurt."

Breed lowered his glance. "You're a good egg, Sam. I've had a lot of swell friends in my time."

Wein spread his arms outward and upward; he shrugged. "So we are sentimental. Well, friends are friends—and you will have 'em wherever you go. It comes from the heart, boy, not from the head." He consumed his cigar in furious blasts. He dashed the sweat irritably from his cheeks. "You did not do this thing. You are a hard mug, but you did not do it."

Sam Wein got up and walked toward the door. On the way out, he turned. "So much trouble we got, I didn't say something. A newspaper in Tokyo advertised a twenty-five-thousand-dollar purse to the first flyer making a solo hop from America to Japan. We talk that all over later."

Breed unclasped his hands; his torso swayed forward in the chair; long grooves of attention indented his forehead. "America to Japan?"

"Solo, non-stop."

Breed grinned. "Forty-nine hundred miles from Seattle to Yokohama. All over salt water. The Japs will keep that money a long time."

"See you after dinner," Sam said. "Now I got to see a fellow about a fellow."

Breed got up to return to his cell. But he stopped and leaned against a wall, subtle change showing on his face, eyes narrowing against inner thoughts. "The distance can be licked," he mused. "If the motor runs that long it can be done." A deputy came to the open door and looked in, but he shook his head when Breed made a move to follow. The deputy stepped back and said to somebody, "Right in there." Anne came in quickly and closed the door.

Breed pushed himself away from the wall. He drawled gently, "How are you, Anne?"

She said: "I've changed my mind, Jim."

"This room," he observed, "is probably wired for sound."

"It doesn't matter."

HE PUT his arms behind his back and watched the generous curves of her mouth slowly tighten; she looked proudly back at him, and her features reminded him then of a face looking out from a photograph. There was that clear, still, enigmatic look.

"Nothing," he said in a detached way, "is ever gained by turning back. There's no use in changing our story now. Stick by what we've said, and let it go."

"I can't. It is better to be honest. At least it is for me. The first of this affair came when I stepped out of character and tried deceit. Neither you nor I would be in this now if it weren't for that flashlight picture. It never would have been taken if I hadn't gone with Trent. And the only reason I went with Barry Trent that night was to prove to you I was the sort of woman I really couldn't be."

His voice flattened. "Do you suppose anybody would believe your story of hiding in a man's bedroom while somebody else shot him? Of being there and not knowing who did the killing? How can you explain why you were there? How would it sound?"

"Whether or not anybody believes it, it will be the truth."

"Your judgment is all tangled up in your conscience," he observed.

HE WAS hurting her and he knew it. A little of the pride went out of her face. "Is it necessary," she asked, "to hit at me like that?"

He picked his words with care. "I want to get this thing straight between us. We have meant certain things to each other, in our private lives. We have been set up in the scandal columns as meaning certain other things to each other. But there is just one picture I don't want the newspapers from Los Angeles to Boston to paint of us tomorrow morning: A cheating fiancée caught by a jealous lover in Trent's bedroom."

She said humbly: "Let them think it, Jim. I am not going to hide any longer."

"Don't you get this at all?" he demanded.

"I won't hide any longer," she repeated stubbornly.

"Look at it," he ordered her, increasingly brusque. "I'm not being noble about this thing. I'm thinking of my own neck. If you say nothing, they can't find the missing link in the case. If you tell them I found you there, they have got all the motive they need to hang me higher than a kite."

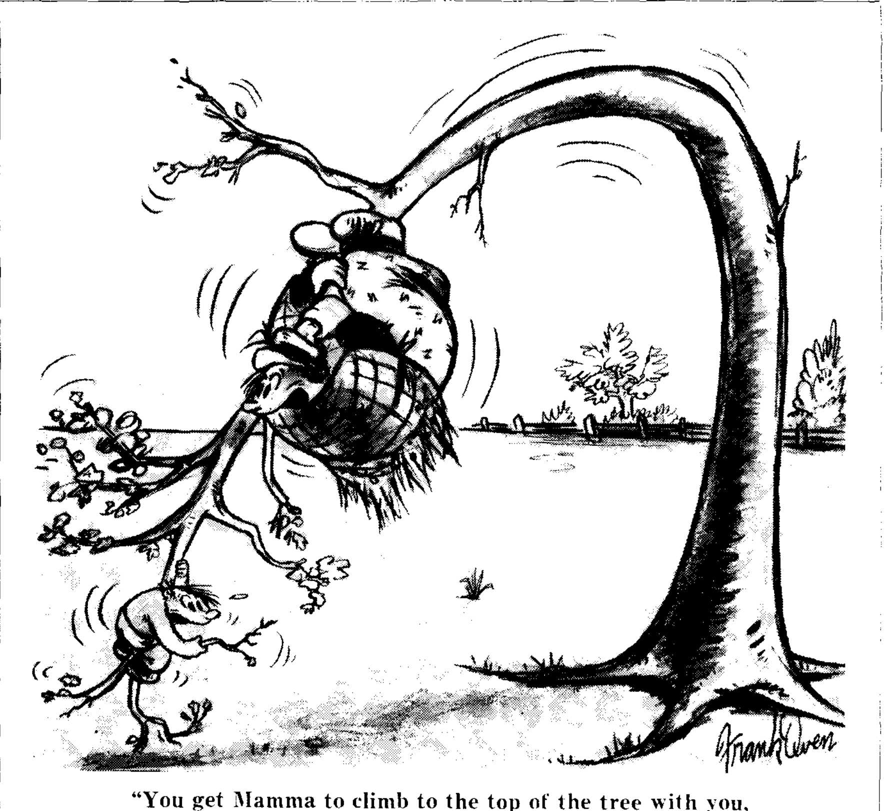
"Do you really wish it so?" she asked dispiritedly.

"Anne," he said, "we started out in the romantic manner and ended up a very dirty alley. There isn't anything left now but a few lies to keep things from getting worse. A few lies and a fade-out."

"You can be as bitter as anything in life," she whispered.

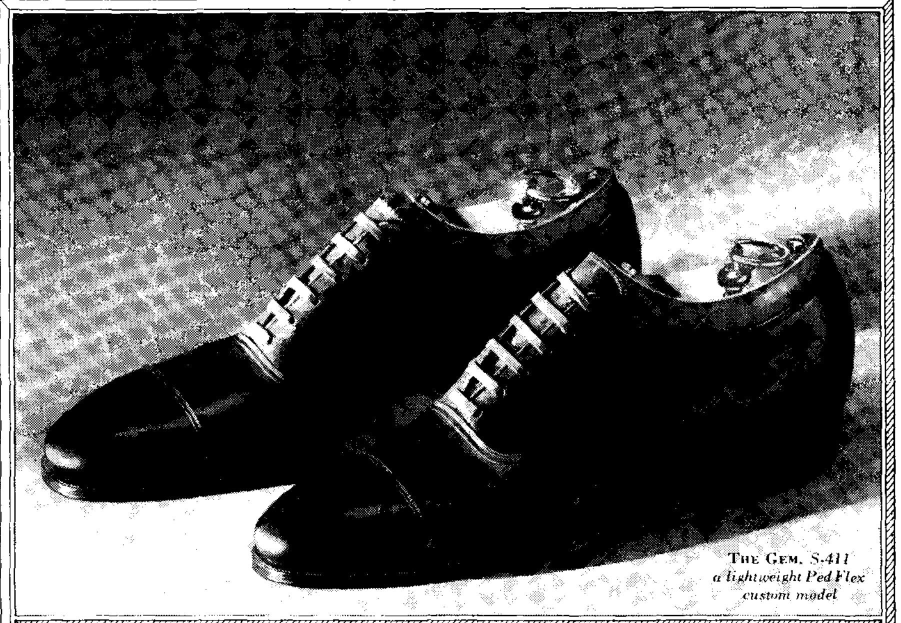
He looked stolidly at her sharp, darkly

(Continued on page 74)



"You get Mamma to climb to the top of the tree with you, and you can't see why you're back on the ground again!"

Frank Owen



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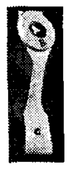

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(Continued from page 73)

shadowed face. "It's time to grow up, Anne."

She made an odd half-gesture of resignation. "So," she said, "we're—"

A deputy rapped and opened the door and put his head through. "The district attorney," he announced, "wants to see both of you."

Breed put his narrowed glance on Anne. "Let it ride like it is," he warned her.

Lenhover sat behind his desk, aggressive and unsympathetic features faintly amused. Sunshine Smith wheeled to look at Breed, and all at once he grinned. Bill Gaynor, his prematurely old cheeks showing fatigue, nodded gently toward Breed, but his attention switched immediately in Anne's direction and clung to her. Ween, the private detective, stood dumbly between two uniformed police; Wyn Andrews and a bronzed young fellow stood silent in another corner; and then Breed saw Dolly Vay beyond all these people, whimpering in a chair.

"Captain," said the district attorney, the biting quality still in his voice, "you have been playing a very dangerous game. I do not compliment your wisdom, but I admire your nerve. I suppose I ought to admire your chivalry, too, but that is a luxury no prosecutor can afford to indulge in. Chivalry and justice are poor partners. You came very near the rope—you do not know how near you came—by concealing something the law had a right to know. I guess that is all. The charge against you has been dropped. You're free to go."

BREED turned and put out his hand to Ann Carson's shoulder. She suddenly sighed deeply and put a hand across her eyes. She swayed; but at the touch of Breed's arm she straightened and drew away.

"We are holding Dolly Vay Trent," the district attorney added in his clipped, matter-of-fact manner, "for Barry Trent's murder. And Tom Ween as material witness." He stopped talking and looked around at the crowd for some show of reaction that never came. The silence hung on until the district attorney spoke again. "No tears, no demonstration of pleasure or relief? You are a very tight-lipped outfit." He put his eyes on Bill Gaynor, then. "You didn't come to me, Gaynor, as soon as you had this story."

Gaynor said coolly: "You didn't think I'd break it then for the afternoon papers to pick up, did you? The Express will be on the street in twenty minutes." And he grinned like a boy at everybody. "For a full and exclusive account of the Trent murder, read the Express."

"I ought to jail you, Gaynor, for subverting justice to your own ends."

"Before you do," Bill Gaynor countered, "read what I have said about District Attorney Stanley X. Lenhover, whose unceasing vigilance brought this case to a conclusion."

"All newspaper men are slightly crazy," retorted Lenhover.

"Tell me," murmured Gaynor, "what sanity is."

Breed turned and opened the door and went into the hall and was checked by the reporters. Sam Wein charged through their ranks headlong and gripped Breed's hand. "See," he said fervently, "like I said, you have a lucky life, and forever you will live." Sam pumped Breed's fist up and down and the homely, sentimental face glowed. The reporters crowded in again, but the rest of the party was coming from Lenhover's office and Bill Gaynor dealt out his judgment of his craft associates with a bland malice: "You're six hours late, as usual. This thing is all wrapped up. It's on the street now. Lenhover has got the leavings for you mugs, so go in there and cry."

Breed pushed through the circle with Sam Wein hanging resolutely to him. A flashlight silently exploded in his face and a photographer said, "Just a minute, Captain." Somebody touched his shoulder. Wyn Andrews stood in front of him, looking up with dark, half-wet eyes. The tall young man stood doggedly behind her.

"You saw me walk past Barry's apartment last night, didn't you?" Wyn murmured.

"Yes," Breed said quietly. "But forget it, Wyn."

She reached up, definitely in tears, and kissed him. "Thank you—for being kind!" she cried and reached back to draw the young man forward. "I want Captain Breed to know you," she said. "Captain, this is Mark Albrecht."

"Captain," Mark Albrecht said, "you're a square guy."

"So that makes two of us, Mark," drawled Breed. "What are you going to do with this girl?"

"It's up to her, Captain."

Wyn Andrews put her arm through Mark Albrecht's elbow. She looked over at Breed. She couldn't smile, but he saw the small glow spread along her pert face. "We are going back to San Fernando. Mark has a garage there."

A photographer called briskly, "Captain, look this way, please," and a brilliant flash licked through the darkening corridor again. People bumped against him and he swayed gently to the pressure, watching Wyn Andrews walk down the hall with Mark Albrecht. Sam was still hanging to his arm, to Breed's arm. Bill and Anne went on by to the elevators. Deputies came out with Tom Ween and Dolly Vay—and Dolly Vay had to be held up; her knees gave way and they had literally to drag her on. It hurt Breed to hear that forlorn and desperate whimpering. Sam said, "Let's go," and then Sunshine came up—and the three of them followed Bill Gaynor and Anne to the elevator.

In the street Sam pointed to a spectacular limousine parked at the curb with a driver waiting beside its opened door.

"Get in, all of you," said Sam, excitement radiating from him. "It is my party and I never hope to live to see such another!"

They were all silent; embarrassment touched them suddenly. Bill Gaynor said, "I'm not sure, Sam—"

"Oh, get in," grunted Sam. "A night like this—how often does it happen? I'm an old man from tryin' to keep up with you people. So don't I get a break?"

"Of course," Anne said.

"Anyhow, this chariot is costing me plenty," added the irrepressible Sam; and he stood with his bald head bare, a very homely sentimental man, watching them step into the car.

THEY were in the German beer parlor, the five of them sitting at a round table covered with its red-checkered cloth. The waiter had come with the meal, and had taken it away mostly untouched, leaving them to their beer and the common bowl of pretzels. Sam Wein had made a mistake in bringing them together; he knew he had, and he shook his head rather sadly. "It is not such a festive party, is it now?"

"The heat, Sam," Sunshine was kind enough to say.

"The heat, maybe," agreed Sam. But he cast a furtive glance from Breed to Anne, and made no further attempt to be cheerful.

"That flashlight picture," said Gaynor, "hooked them. It showed that either the Signet mugs or Dolly Vay had been in his apartment. It looked to me like the fellow who had been watching Trent's building—this Ween crook. So we flushed him from his house on a fake call." Gaynor's lips turned. "He was a sorta tough cooky at that."

"A little pressure, maybe?" Sam suggested.

"A little," admitted Bill Gaynor, looking across to Sunshine. "We took him out to an empty spaghetti factory near the airport. He opened up when we mentioned that picture being found in Trent's place. He squealed on Dolly Vay. Do you get it?"

His face mirrored the unpleasantness of the night before. He rubbed his hands along the table. "It didn't come out of him too easy. Well, we took Ween and went to this Vay woman's place. She saw it was all over and tried to lay the whole thing on Ween. It was a battle between 'em, but we got the truth, and took both of them to Sunshine's apartment and stayed there till five o'clock tonight. Why should I break a story like that in the middle of the morning for the afternoon sheets?"

ANNE spoke her first word since coming into the beer parlor. "What was behind it, Bill?"

"A shakedown, of course. This Ween guy had a young fortune in that picture. But he was afraid to face Trent. Too much chance of gun play—and he couldn't afford to risk it. So he sold the picture to Dolly, who went up to Trent's—that was when you were in the back room, Anne. Ween was hanging around the outside of the apartment. His money was to come when Dolly got hers from Trent. But Trent hung tough. Well, Dolly's desperate and she's off her nut. Trent knocks her down, and the next thing you know she's killed him. She must've had that in the back of her crazy head for some time. Else she wouldn't have taken a gun to his room."

Anne put her arms across her chest as though she were cold.

"But the clincher was Wyn Andrews' testimony. The poor kid was in trouble and went to Trent's place to get some help from him. I guess she didn't have the nerve to go in. But she was standing at the end of the block when she saw this Vay woman run out of the apartment house and down the alley. I guess she wouldn't have mentioned it except that the young fellow you saw with her, Mark Albrecht, read about the murder and looked her up. He knew it was Trent who'd caused all her trouble and he figured she was in a jam. When he heard what she'd seen he made her go to the district attorney. Sometimes you meet a man like that."

The talk ran out there. They sat, sober and constrained, around the table while a nickelodeon ground out a false cheer that fell flat between them. Breed slowly moved a silver dollar around the red cloth, his glance fixed to it. Sunshine stared taciturnly into his beer, high-bred cheeks outwardly bitter. Sam Wein, half obscured behind the smoke of his cigar, moved his head uncertainly from side to side. Suddenly Bill Gaynor stirred. "I've got to go back to the sheet. Take you home, Anne?"

"Yes, please." But the girl tipped her chin upward, looking around the circle slowly. "You have all been very gallant to me," she murmured. "You have been—so very kind." She stopped, touching her beer glass with a finger, not raising it. "How can I thank you? I can't, really. Whatever there is—the best of that for all of you."

"So long," Sunshine said, not looking at her.

She got up and started away and stopped to wait for Bill Gaynor, who was saying something quietly to Sunshine. Her eyes went over from him to Jim Breed, and remained a moment. Then she went on to the door. Gaynor said, "See you all later," and circled the table; but at that moment Breed got

(Continued on page 76)

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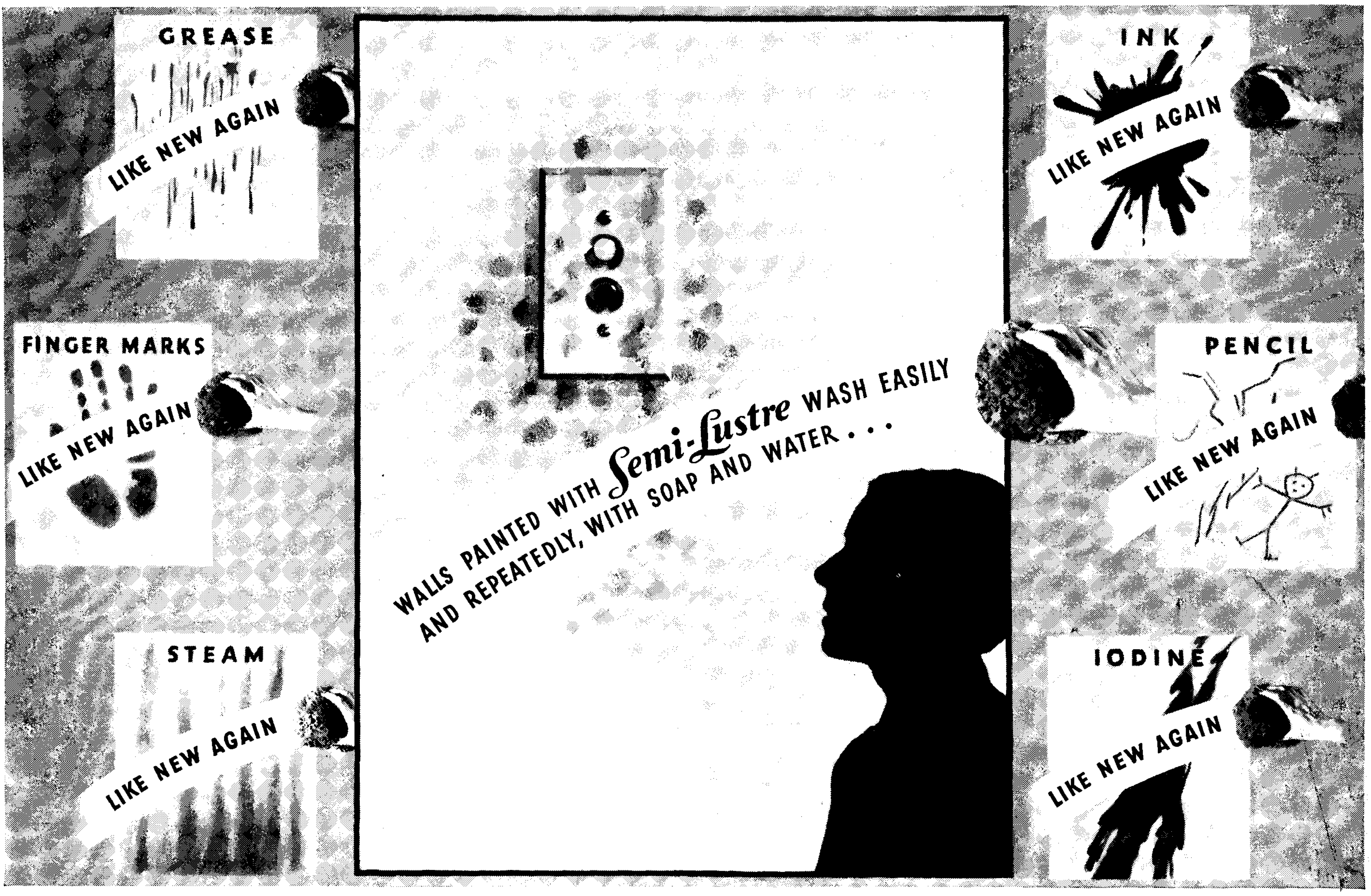
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Rough Air

Continued from page 74

up and walked toward the door, where Anne had stopped again. Observing this, Gaynor held his place.

Anne half turned as Breed stopped beside her. He held out his square, heavy hand. "Goodby."

"Nothing holds you long, does it?"

"You said that to me a long time ago."

"Not as long ago as it seems. But it was true then. I knew you rather well, from the beginning. You are not the kind to change."

"There's never anything new," he said. "Why should I change?"

"You are being bitter again." Then she spoke with a swift frankness. "I don't want you to go away nursing any illusions that would make you sad. I want you to look at it as you always have—one more girl in one more town, for a little while, and then—so long. After all, that's what it amounted to. We tried to make our affair work, but it wasn't possible."

"I REGRET all that's happened," he said.

"Don't," she answered almost sharply.

"No man can help regretting the loss of the only hope he ever had, Anne. It's like flying across a barren piece of country and seeing some hidden green valley—and never being able to find it again."

"You would never turn back to look for it, Jim."

"No, I guess not. I'd be afraid of spoiling it."

"Goodby."

She turned quickly and went out, her head lifted. Looking through the door he saw her alert, trim body swing down the street and pass from sight. Bill Gaynor came up from the back of the beer parlor, stared queerly at Breed, and hurried after Anne.

Breed went back to the table. He studied Sunshine with a close interest. "That confession from Ween sounded too easy, kid. What did you do to him?"

"I told him I'd tie his damned hands and feet and dump him loose in the ship and fly over the ocean and drop him."

"You'd have done that, too," Breed said.

"Yeah," grunted Sunshine. "I would."

"Let's get out of here."

The three of them piled into the limousine and were driven to Breed's place. Up in the room Sam rummaged out the liquor and ice, and they stood to a drink. "Happy days," Sam said without conviction.

"To whatever there is," amended Breed gently. "Never ask for anything, Sam, and you'll never be disappointed."

"Carol got back today from El Paso by plane," Sunshine observed.

BREED said nothing for a moment. He seemed engrossed in his thinking. Presently he looked at Sunshine. "What happened to that ship the Fleishmanns built for the Dole flight? The big baby, remember, they never used."

"Stored in Seattle."

"Have another drink," said Sam. He found the largest divan and sank into it, breathing out his relief. Breed took off his coat and went to the phone. He called the airport. He said: "Brixey? Brixey, will you have my crate gassed and turned over? I'll be out in a half-hour."

Sam's back stiffened. Sunshine's sharp glance whipped around. "So what?"

"I'm getting out of here for a couple of days."

But Sunshine's glance kept biting into Breed, into this big guy he knew better than any other human; and Sam Wein bent forward on the divan, lips pouched wonderingly. They watched Breed turn into the bathroom to shave. Sunshine put down his glass. "How about South America, kid?"

Breed didn't answer and Sunshine slowly recovered his glass and walked over to stare through the window. A street car's trucks banged across the near-by intersection. The paper boys were hallooing an extra beneath the window. Breed came across the room a little later, dressed to go; he threw a few pieces of clothing into an old bag and snapped the bag shut. Sunshine said, not turning around: "How about South America, guy?"

"Sunshine," Breed called, "I guess this is the end of something else."

Sunshine whirled, his arrogant, high-bred face queerly drawn. "Jim," he said roughly, "I never get to the bottom of you."

Breed faced his partner and in his faint smile was the mark of sadness and regret. "What's South America, Sunshine? A place to start all over again for seventeen more years of mistakes? I'm getting a little bit tired. All I see ahead is a lot of take-offs and a lot of landings. Here comes Breed and there goes Breed. I've been a headliner too long to sink out of sight by degrees. We all make the mistake of trying to stick on. But Old Man Time gets all of us. We're gradually pushed out of the spotlight, and we end up in South America, or somewhere else—like a bunch of fire horses turned to pasture. Looking over the fence at the young crop going by. I can't do it, kid. A clean-up and out. That's the only way. One last big bust, and then kiss the game goodby. I can't take it any more."

"What clean-up?" demanded Sunshine.

"I don't know," Breed said, indifferently. "I'm going over to Reno for a rest and I'll think it out. If South America's your dish, Sunshine, you hop to it."

"Listen," adjured Sunshine earnestly, "don't cook up something you'll regret. None of this death-or-glory stuff."

"No," said Breed quietly. "I'm just trying to find a way out. The profit's gone from this game and so has the fun. I've lost my steam, kid. I want to grow roots somewhere."

He picked up his grip and looked around him. Sam Wein, passing out, covertly watched Breed's face settle at the sight of the room and its objects; and in the hall he shook his head significantly at Sunshine. Breed snapped the lights and closed the door; they went down to the chauffered car—and drove to the airport.

BREED'S ship was on the line, its turning prop cutting a silver circle out of the flood-lighted night. Breed walked over and stowed away his grip and went on into the office, leaving Sunshine and Sam Wein waiting glumly at a wing tip. When he came back he seemed to be hurried and impatient. He shook Sam Wein's hand briefly and said, "So long." But Sunshine got Breed's arm and gripped it hard.

"Be seeing you in a couple days," Breed said. "So long, you mug."

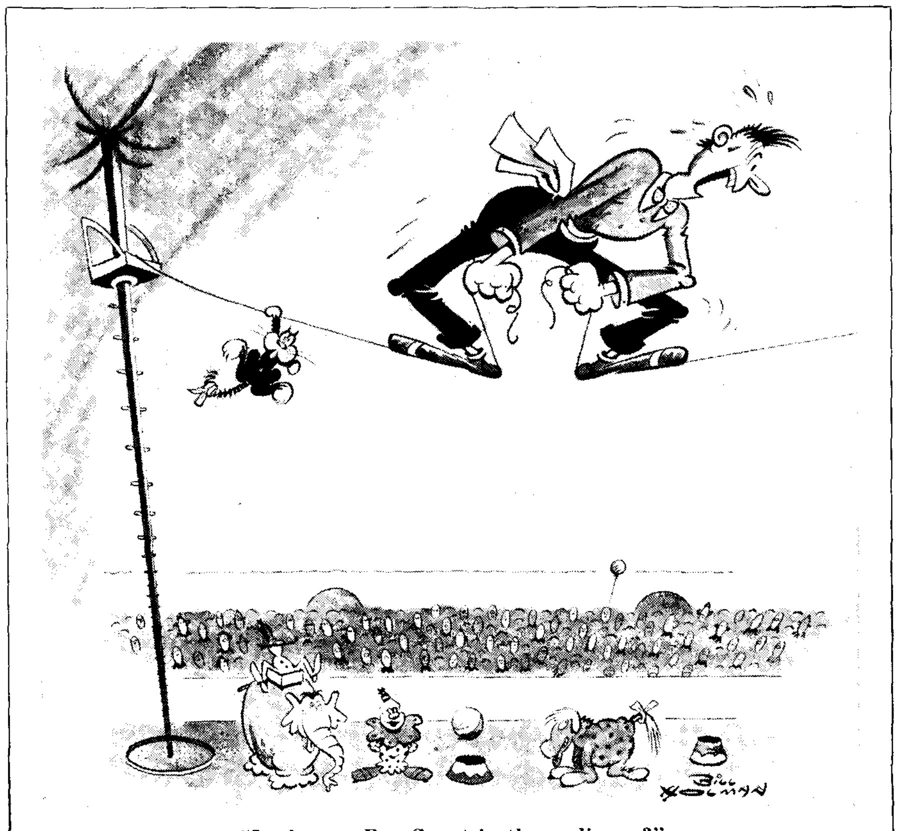
He turned and climbed into the cockpit and adjusted his belt. He revved the motor and his familiar grin, a reckless white streak across bronze, flashed down on them. He raised his hand and gunned the ship. It rolled across the field to the far end and taxied around; and then it rushed forward and struck cleanly into the dark, yonder sky.

"There goes a guy," Sam Wein muttered.

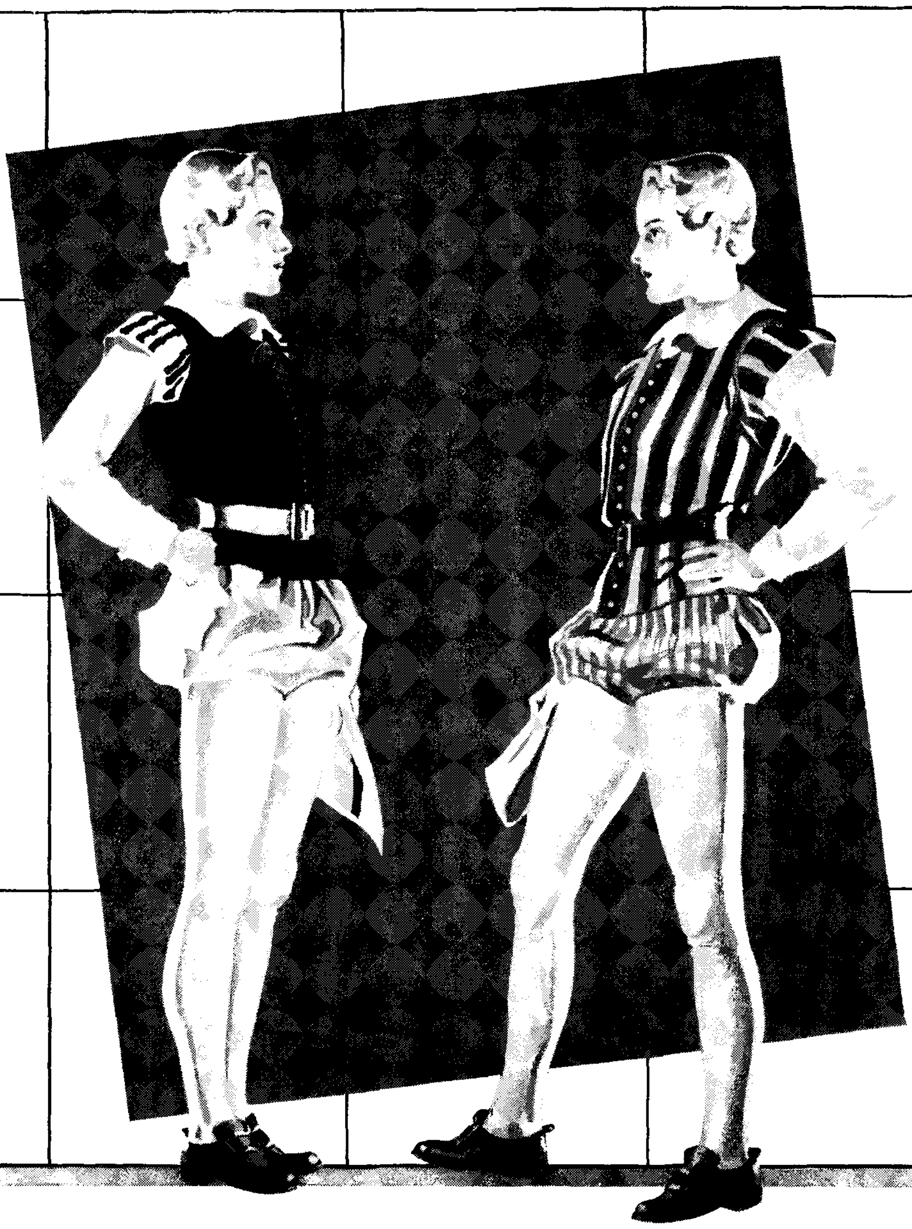
Sunshine dropped his cigarette and ground it beneath his heel. He stared at the thin and vanishing point of the ship's tail light. He swore so bitterly that Sam turned in surprise; and Sam saw then something he had never seen before. This tough, cold-blooded man's eyes were glittering with tears.

"There goes a guy," Sunshine muttered, "with a broken heart. Hollywood did that to him, Sam. Never mind what he says about coming back. He won't. He never comes back. We've seen the last of him."

(To be concluded next week)



"Is there a Boy Scout in the audience?" *Bill Holman*



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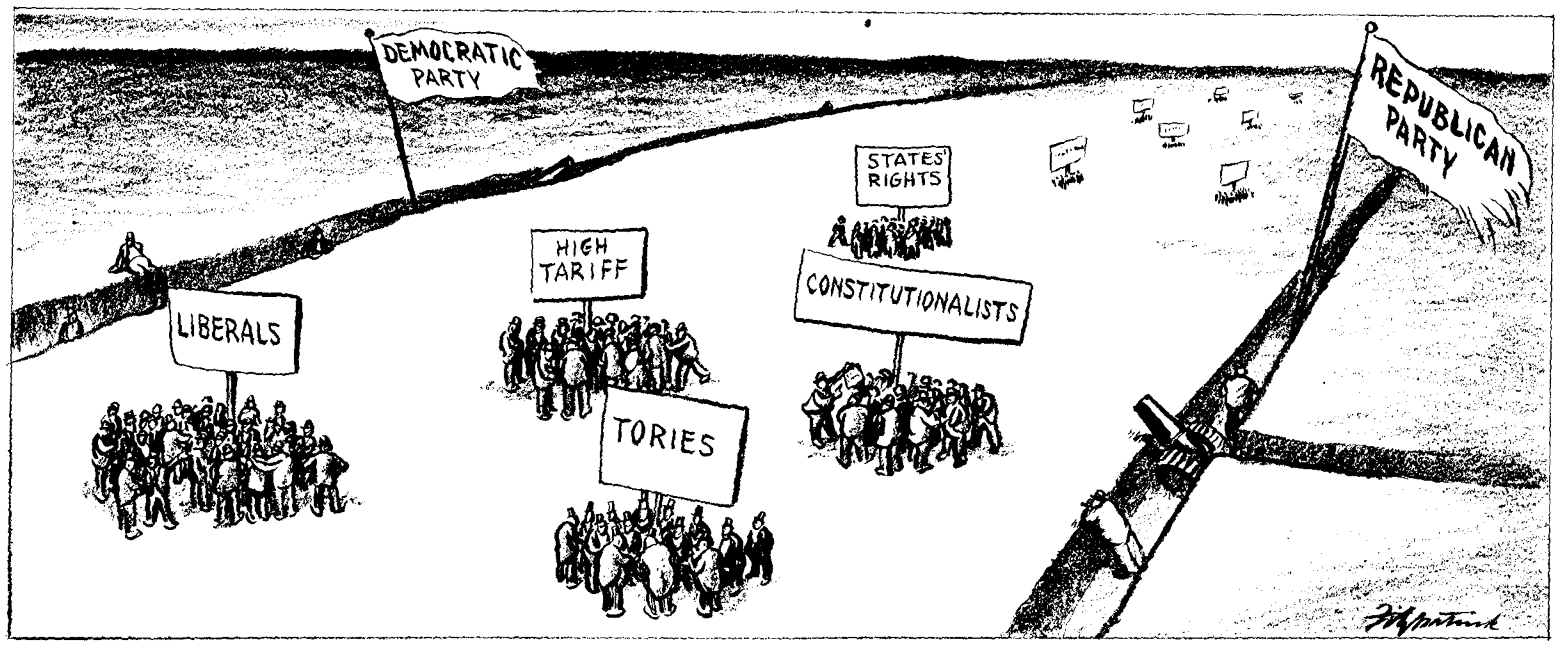

Life of the Party

IT IS getting harder to tell a Democrat from a Republican. They have taken to wearing the same sort of clothes, eating the same breakfast foods, marrying the same kind of women, thinking the same kind of thoughts and voting for the same kind of measures.

It is almost impossible to keep Republicans and Democrats separate even when they turn up in Congress. The fact that a man, or a woman for that matter, was elected under a particular party label means very little now in Washington. For the first time since the Civil War, partisan political lines are actually fading out at the Capitol. A new situation has developed.

The great majorities which President Roosevelt has in both houses of Congress can't be explained by the election of 1932. Herbert Hoover also had large majorities his first two years in the White House but political partisanship was active enough at that time. Republicans voted for Woodrow Wilson's war measures but there was no truce in the Republican-Democratic feud. In fact, there have been few political quarrels in our history fiercer than that which Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt had with Woodrow Wilson.

Something new is at hand and our political thinking and acting are being carried on outside the regular party channels. The national platforms adopted by Republicans and Democrats less than two years ago now read like remote historical documents. Both the Administration and the country are talking of other things.

President Roosevelt's bitterest political opposition is within the Democratic party. In New York his opposition is Tammany, and in other states organizations managed by Tammany methods—Huey Long in Louisiana, for instance—are against him. No question of political principle has arisen. Tammany, wherever it exists, has no principles. Its objective is power which can be used to obtain office and money—and chiefly money. Any principles which will persuade voters to repose power in the organization are good enough for the regular politicians.

These stalwart Democrats and Republicans, wherever found, are against the Administration and the Administration is against them. This is inevitable. There can be no compromise between the advocates of a New Deal and the politicians out for personal profit.

But behind the professionals who work at political organization solely for material rewards are the vast armies of voters, the few officeholders, the many mere citizens. They are the armies which have carried one party or the other to office and power. Now for them the old loyalties have died.

Public opinion is not now divided into Democratic and Republican sections. Some of the strongest supporters of the Administration are men and women who are still nominally Republicans. Hiram Johnson of California, Senator James Couzens of Michigan, Senator Norris of Nebraska, Senator Cutting of New Mexico, are all listed as Republicans but they are far more consistent supporters of Franklin D. Roosevelt than they were of Herbert C. Hoover. Even moderate regulars such as Senator Capper of Kansas generally vote for the Administration measures.

The real line of political cleavage here or anywhere is between liberals and conservatives. Our politics have been confused because neither the Republican nor the Democratic party has been one thing or the other. There are liberals in both parties and honest conservatives. Not even the tariff has actually separated Democrats and Republicans. Democrats in Congress are just as zealous in getting tariff protection for their home industries as are Republicans.

At the present time the liberal forces are on top. Ten years ago conservatives were in the saddle. There was little difference in social outlook between John W. Davis, the defeated Democratic candidate, and Calvin Coolidge, the successful Republican. Unless our political parties are reorganized, two liberal candidates for the presidency might fight each other in 1936.

We have never had a better chance to reorganize our major parties so that they may reflect the real differences in our thinking and hopes. It should be practicable to lay the foundations of an essentially new party system in the United States before the 1936 conventions are held.

The difficulties are obvious. Our country is so large that the mere business of getting the vote requires extensive organization. It is not easy to build new organizations overnight. The South is so habitually Democratic that even those bitterly opposed to current Democratic principles continue to call themselves Democrats. In the West and in New England men oppose the Republican party as long as they live, and still wear a Republican label.

In the congressional and senatorial elections this fall a real beginning may, however, be made. If the Democrats in California, as now appears probable, support Hiram W. Johnson, if the liberal forces in both parties unite in Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio and other states, new party tags may be invented. Certainly at the present time Franklin D. Roosevelt has enough popular strength to hold together a new party which will attract to itself the liberals of both old parties.

Under somewhat similar conditions the old separation into Democrats and Whigs was succeeded by the present division into Democrats and Republicans. People felt intensely enough to override their old loyalties and to establish new habits.

Our political life would be vastly better, more honest and more interesting, if during this time of intense feeling we realigned ourselves into parties which reflect our permanent and deep-seated differences of opinion.

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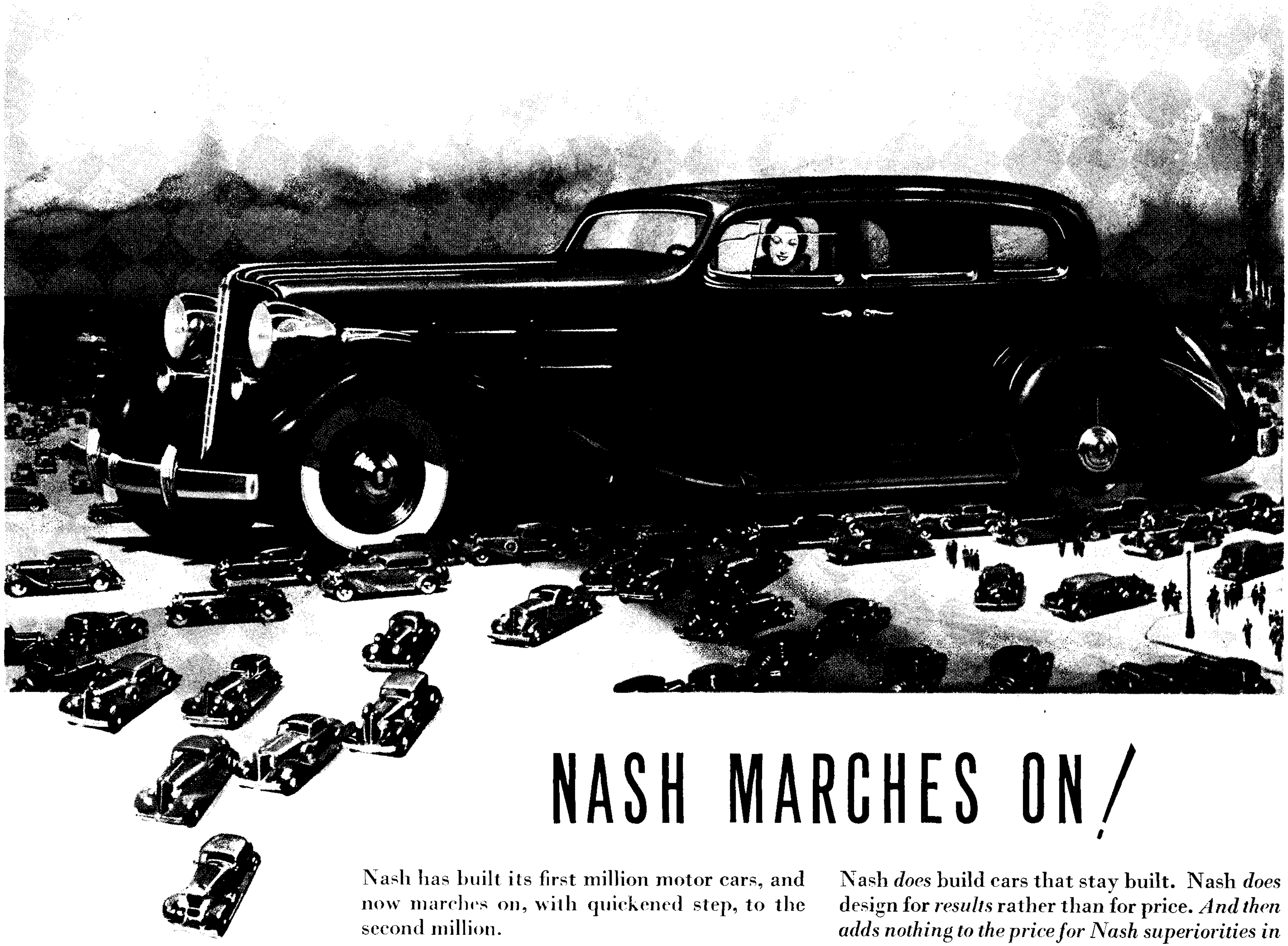

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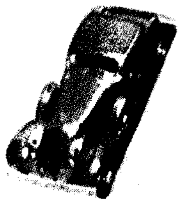

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